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H. D. Broughton

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# AINSWORTH'S

# MAGAZINE:

## A MISCELLANY OF ROMANCE,

### General Literature, & Art.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

ILLUSTRATED BY

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

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*With many Illustrations on Wood, by W. Alfred Delamotte.*

# TO OUR READERS.

From the progress of this Magazine, its Editor has derived a new lesson, teaching him that Success may have its trials and perplexities as well as Failure. Forewarned of one set of consequences, he was not forearmed against the other.

The promise of success with which this periodical commenced was speedily, or rather immediately, fulfilled. The extent of its sale, and the expression of public opinion in its favour, would indeed have justified higher anticipations than any that had been formed. But to merit, and to maintain, the course of prosperity assured by this universally-excited interest, a plan was early resorted to, which, it must be confessed, in its operation, too much resembled the ingenious experiment of pouring a quart of wine into a pint decanter. To give effect to the literary engagements that had been largely entered into, and to present in the Magazine that fulness and variety which the rank it had taken demanded, recourse was had to a smaller type and some additional pages; by which an extent of matter was comprised, more than equal to that of any embellished work ever published at the price. It was expected that this change, which an increased sale appeared to sanction, would have been final.

Objections, however, were afterwards made, and they have been found to come with increased force, not from the Readers only, but from the Writers. An author is seldom gratified at seeing his thoughts consigned to partial obscurity in a small type; and a purchaser is never pleased to find any portion of what he has paid for illegible to him, whatever it may be to others. A change, by which the general

eye, and the general taste, might be effectually accommodated, hence became desirable ; and in the PERMANENT ARRANGEMENT which the Conductor of this Magazine has now adopted, he trusts it has been found.

He is the more assured that this great final alteration, which the opening of a new volume introduces, will be approved by the subscribers, because it is the result of a wish very generally expressed. Upon his correspondents and supporters devolves, indeed, the larger share of the responsibility of the change; upon those who, resting on his pledge, so long ago given, and so lately renewed, to produce, with designs by the famous TONY JOHANNOT, the new romance of WINDSOR CASTLE, were anxious that its author's energies and interest should not be divided into two streams, by carrying on two monthly publications at the same time. Arrangements completed, and illustrations executed, rendered the production of the ROMANCE an immediate necessity; and it was a consideration of the circumstances just alluded to that prompted an adoption of the reiterated suggestion, to incorporate, at an addition to the Magazine of half the cost of the intended work, the ROMANCE and its ILLUSTRATIONS; securing thereby the means of improvement in the particulars complained of, and placing the Magazine on that established footing which so many cordial advisers had wished it to take in the first instance.

To the fair and liberal consideration of all his friends and readers, the Editor now commits what he feels to be almost a new undertaking—so largely has his design, in instituting a periodical, grown under his hands. Of the literary claims of the new romance now commenced, it is not, of course, for him to speak; but he should insult his readers if he did not rely with confidence upon that quick sense of the beautiful, which will enable them to appreciate the wonderful grace and vigour of the Illustrations by TONY JOHANNOT—who now, for the first time, appears as the etcher of his own designs—and of the extraordinary truthfulness and force of those by W. ALFRED DELAMOTTE—as it has been exercised hitherto, and ever will be, in appreciation of the masterly creations of the great English delineator, GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON, *June* 30 1842.

# AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

## THE MISER'S DAUGHTER.

A Tale.

BY THE EDITOR.

### BOOK THE SECOND.

#### CHAPTER THE FIRST.

A MAN-OF-THE-WORLD'S ADVICE ON A MATTER OF THE HEART. — THE VISIT TO THE HAYMARKET THEATRE, AND THE SUPPER AFTERWARDS WITH KITTY CONWAY.—RANDULPH AGAIN AWKWARDLY CIRCUMSTANCED WITH HILDA.—HIS CAREER OF GAIETY.—ABEL'S REMARKS UPON IT TO MR. JUKES.

On the morning succeeding the visit to Marylebone Gardens, commemorated in the preceding chapter, as Trussell and Randulph sat together after breakfast, the latter communicated to his uncle all that had occurred at the miser's the day before, and besought him to give him a hope of obtaining Hilda's hand.

"I wish I could do so, Randulph," replied Trussell, who had questioned him particularly as to the lady's deportment and manner during the interview; "but I don't see how it is possible. Were it an ordinary case, I should say, go on—make the attempt. Difficulties, especially in love matters, are always to be overcome by perseverance. But it is not so here. In the first place, you have forfeited the lady's esteem, and though that might be set to rights, if you had an opportunity for full explanation, yet as affairs now stand, it is awkward. Then—what is far more important—her father and my brother are averse to the match, and though it wouldn't signify displeasing one of them, it wont do to offend both."

Randulph sighed deeply.

"If, from an over-nice sense of honour, which, though I applaud, I can scarcely understand," pursued Trussell, "you had not given your property to your father's creditors, you might have had Hilda for asking."

"Were the choice still left me, I would act as I have done," replied Randulph, emphatically. "I was bound to clear my father's memory."

"Nay, I am far from meaning to upbraid you," replied Trussell. "I think your conduct singularly honourable and disinterested, and not the less so because it has been attended with the present result. But in regard to this union, upon which you seem to have set your heart, and about which you have consulted me,

I cannot seriously recommend you to indulge the thought of it for a moment. The two old gentlemen, who have the reins in their hands, set their faces against it so entirely, that, even if the lady's consent could be obtained, it would be the height of folly to proceed with it. You would only wed to beggary; and for Hilda's sake, as well as your own, that must never be."

"You are right!" cried Randulph, rising, and taking a turn round the room. "Is there no way of acquiring wealth expeditiously?"

"None that I am aware of," replied Trussell; "unless you choose to have recourse to the gaming-table, or the highway. You may, if you please, turn Jacobite, and obtain a commission from King James the Third. Such things, I hear, are now daily given away; and if he *should* come to the throne, your fortune will be made."

Randulph started; for this chance remark brought to his mind Cordwell Firebras's proposal, with which his uncle was wholly unacquainted. A means of obtaining Hilda's hand through the influence of this man, presented itself to him. But he rejected the idea as soon as conceived.

"Jesting apart, nephew," said Trussell, who had noticed his confusion, but attributed it to a different cause; "you must give up all idea of Hilda. She is a charming girl, no doubt; but she is not the only charming girl in the world; and you must fall in love with some one else as quickly as you can. It seems impossible at present, I make no doubt. But don't despair. You'll get over your disappointment in time. Why not begin with Lady Brabazon? She has given you plenty of encouragement; and is just the woman to initiate you into the ways of the world. It would be quite worth your while to devote yourself to her for a season; and by this means you will gain a reputation for gallantry, which is very desirable for a young man."

"I have no such ambition, uncle," replied Randulph. "Lady Brabazon is extremely fascinating, but my heart is otherwise engaged."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Trussell, "we don't live in the days of chivalry and eternal constancy. Men are no longer the preux chevaliers they used to be. Women like us all the better for a little infidelity. They fancy we're better worth having when others are running after us. One success leads to another. Nourish, if you please, a secret passion for Hilda, but amuse yourself as you think proper, in the meantime. If it answers no other purpose, it will prevent you from doing something desperate. By the bye, it just occurs to me that we are to meet your lady love at the drum to-night. Now let me advise you how to act."

Before the counsel could be given, Mr. Jukes entered the room, and delivering him a little perfumed billet, on a silver waiter, departed.

"From Lady Brab herself, I declare," cried Trussell, glancing at the superscription, and breaking open the note. "Egad! here's a disappointment. Old Scarve wont allow his daughter

to attend her ladyship's drum to night if we go there; and so, she prays us to dine with her to-morrow instead."

"And thus I shall miss my only chance of seeing Hilda, while she will be exposed to the assiduities of that daring impertinent, Beau Villiers!" cried Randulph.

"Very true," said Trussell, gravely.

"I wont receive the back-word," said Randulph. "I'll go in spite of her ladyship."

"Poh! poh! you mustn't think of such a thing," rejoined Trussell. "It would be an unheard of impropriety; and you would only expose yourself to insult. It's devilish unlucky, but it can't be helped. I've pointed out to you the remedy for the evil. Forget Hilda, and replace her image with that of Lady Brabazon. If the beau robs you of your mistress, you can soon be even with him. Ha! ha! And now, since the plans of the day are so entirely changed, suppose we go into the city, and see some of the sights there, and afterwards dine at one of the coffee-houses. Who knows but we may meet with some adventure which may completely divert the current of your thoughts."

Whatever Randulph might think of the probability of his uncle's notion being realized, he acquiesced in the suggestion, and not long after this, they sallied forth, and taking a boat at the Palace stairs, rowed to the Tower, near which they were landed. Conversant with every object of interest in the old fortress, Trussel proved an excellent guide to his nephew, and they spent some hours in examining its various fortifications, and in talking over its historical recollections, as well as in visiting its armories and its lions, and such matters as were then and much more recently exhibited to the public. From the Tower they proceeded to the Royal Exchange, where they likewise spent some time. As the day had begun to draw in, Trussell proposed an adjournment to Kivat's coffee-house, where, he averred, they were sure of a good dinner, and excellent wine. Randulph assented, and to Kivat's they repaired. Trussell's assertion was found to be well warranted; the dinner was capital, and the claret so good that, in spite of his nephew's remonstrances, he called for a second bottle. Randulph had already drank more than he was accustomed to, but he could not resist the bumpers pressed upon him by his jovial uncle, who assured him that the best way of getting rid of care was to drown it in the glass. A third bottle was called for, and disposed of; and Trussell then ordered a coach, and privately instructed the driver to take them to the Little Theatre in the Haymarket.

On arriving there, they were shewn, by Trussell's desire, into a box near the stage, and as they entered it, the house was ringing with the applauses bestowed on a song which had just been executed by a female singer. The reiterated cries of encore, were at length complied with by the fair object of them, who, advancing from the wings, whither she had retired, disclosed

the figure and features of Kitty Conway. She repeated the song with infinite archness and spirit, and Randulph, like the rest of the house, was in raptures with her. He applauded vehemently, and as Kitty gracefully courtseyed in return for the plaudits, she recognised him, and during the rest of the performance, scarcely ever removed her eye from him. In spite of his efforts to avoid it, Randulph could not be insensible to the witchery of her glance; neither was he blind to the perfect symmetry of her exquisite little figure, displayed to the greatest advantage in a pretty peasant dress, or her airy movements, nor deaf to her joyous laugh that rung like silver upon his ears. He was, therefore, almost glad when the curtain fell, and hid her from his view.

Trussell, who had noted with secret satisfaction the effect produced by the pretty actress upon his nephew, and who had, perhaps not undesignedly, placed him so near her, now launched into a rapturous panegyric of her charms and talent, declaring both to be unapproachable; and while Randulph was assenting to all he heard, an orange-woman entered the box, as was then the custom, and while affecting to offer her basket of fruit to the elder gentleman, slipped a note into the hands of the younger. She then withdrew, and Randulph, opening the billet, found, as he anticipated, that it came from Kitty Conway, and contained an invitation to him to sup with her after the play.

"You will go, of course," said Trussell, as his nephew shewed him the note.

Randulph looked perplexed.

"What! afraid of a pretty woman?" laughed Trussell. "I had a better opinion of you. I'll take care of you. Let me see where she lives. Oh, close by—at the corner of the Haymarket, next to Cockspur-street." By the bye, the note is not directed. She doesn't know your name. Ha! ha!"

"Well, I suppose I must go," said Randulph.

"To be sure you must," laughed Trussell. "You'll forfeit all claim to be considered a youth of spirit if you don't."

The entertainments of the evening were concluded by another light opera called, "Trapolin's Vagaries," in which Kitty Conway did not appear; and this over, they quitted the house, and repaired to the abode of the pretty actress. A footman in a rich livery admitted them, and ushered them into a small but exquisitely-furnished apartment, blazing with wax lights and mirrors, where they found Kitty seated on a couch, conversing with an old gentleman, who, as he looked up at their entrance, proved to be Sir Singleton Spinke. An elderly female, probably the fair actress's mother, was likewise present. The old beau seemed a little disconcerted on their appearance, but he instantly recovered himself. As to Kitty Conway, she sprang from the couch, and running towards Randulph, stretched out both hands to him with unfeigned joy, crying, "Oh! how very glad I am to see you! How kind in you to come! I had almost given you

up. And now you must introduce yourself to me in due form; for though I wrote to you, you may have perceived I didn't know how to address my billet."

"Permit me to have that honour, sweet Kitty," said Sir Singleton, stepping forward; "for both gentlemen are particular friends of mine. I was not aware they were coming, or I would have taken care to apprise you of their names. This is Mr. Randulph Crew, newly arrived from Cheshire, and with all the freshness—in every sense—of the country about him. And this is his uncle, Mr. Trussell Beechcroft."

"And his guardian also, I presume," laughed Kitty; "for it appears he wont let him stir without him."

"I ought to apologize for this intrusion, Mistress Conway," said Trussell, "and I can only excuse myself on the ground of my excessive desire to make your acquaintance."

"You are Mr. Crew's uncle, sir,—that is enough for me," replied Kitty. "I am delighted to see you."

Trussell bowed, and placed his hand upon his heart—a gesture peculiar to people who have very little heart to be so indicated.

"You have got the start of us, Sir Singleton," he said. "When we had the pleasure of seeing Mistress Conway at the Folly on the Thames, the other day, I fancied you were unknown to her."

"Our acquaintance is only of two days' date," said Kitty. "Sir Singleton was good enough to send me——"

"Hush! hush! sweet Kitty, I implore you," interrupted the old beau.

"Nay, I haven't been enjoined to secrecy," she rejoined. "He sent me a suit of diamonds worth five hundred pounds, entreating a moment's interview in return, which of course I could not refuse."

"Of course not," laughed Trussell. "Do you hear that, Randulph?" he whispered to his nephew. "Ah, you're a lucky dog!"

At this moment the servant entered the room, and announced supper. Kitty gave her arm to Randulph, and the old beau and Trussell contended for the elderly lady, who at length fell to the charge of the former.

Meanwhile, the pretty actress led her guest to the adjoining chamber, the walls of which were adorned with several choice paintings, most of them relating to theatrical subjects. Over the fireplace hung a portrait of Kitty herself in one of her favourite characters, and Randulph commented upon its resemblance to her with a warmth that brought the colour to her cheek, and caused her heart to palpitate against his arm. A round table stood in the middle of the room, loaded with cold chickens, cold ham, cold tongue, lobsters, pâtés, jellies, and salads. There were several sorts of wine on the table; ratafia, rosa solis, and usquebaugh on the side-board; and champagne in ice in the beaufet. As soon as the others made their appearance, Kitty dismissed the attendant.

"We can wait upon ourselves just as well," she said; "and the presence of a servant is always a restraint."

"I am quite of your opinion," said Trussell. "Allow me to offer you a wing of a chicken?"

"Thankye," replied Kitty. "Pray take care of yourself. Have you ever seen me play Flora before, Mr. Crew?"

"I am almost ashamed to confess that this is the first time I have ever been in a theatre in London," replied Randulph.

"I told you he was fresh from the country, Kitty," laughed the old beau; "very fresh."

"I like him all the better for it," she replied. "How singular I should be the first actress you have seen."

"Singularly delightful!" rejoined Randulph, gallantly.

And Trussell, who sat next him, nudged him in token of his approbation.

"By the bye, Sir Singleton," he said "I haven't yet inquired how we chance to see you here to-night. I thought you were engaged to Lady Brab's drum?"

"So I was," replied the old beau. "In fact, I have been there for a couple of hours, but I prefer a supper with Kitty Conway to all the parties in the universe."

"You flatter me!" rejoined the fair object of the compliment; "such a pretty speech deserves a glass of champagne. Will you join me and Mr. Crew in one?"

"With the greatest pleasure," replied Sir Singleton.

And springing up with an agility perfectly youthful, he took a bottle from the ice-pail, and poured its foaming contents into Kitty's glass.

"A thousand thanks, Sir Singleton," she said. "I'm concerned to give you so much trouble."

"Don't say a word," replied the old beau, bowing. "I'm enchanted to be your slave."

"I see no reason why we shouldn't follow their example, madam," said Trussell, taking the bottle from Randulph, and assisting the elderly lady.

"Nor I," she replied, returning his bow.

"By the bye, Mr. Crew," said Sir Singleton, "old Scarve the miser, and his daughter Hilda, were at Lady Brab's to-night."

"I understood they were expected," said the young man, setting down his glass.

"I hope the wine is not too much iced for you?" remarked Kitty, anxiously.

"Not in the least," he replied.

"She seemed to be greatly admired," resumed Sir Singleton; "but for my part, I agree with Clementina Brabazon in thinking her beauty over-rated. One thing, perhaps, might be against her—she was decidedly out of spirits."

Randulph finished his glass.

"Who are you speaking of?" asked Kitty, who, in her anxiety about Randulph, had not caught the previous remark.

"Hilda Scarve," replied Sir Singleton. "She is considered very beautiful. But she wont bear a comparison with some one I could point out."

"I accept the compliment, Sir Singleton," rejoined Kitty, smiling. "I have heard of this fair creature before. Give me some ratafia, Mr. Crew, and pledge me. I can play the hostess, you perceive."

"To perfection—as you play everything else," returned Randulph.

"Why, you have only seen me in one part, and can't therefore judge," she replied. "However, I accept the compliment, as I have just done Sir Singleton's."

Trussell had felt some uneasiness about his nephew during the latter part of the conversation, but he now hoped the danger was past. He was mistaken.

"I forgot to say, Mr. Crew," remarked Sir Singleton, with a little covert malice, "that Villiers paid the miser's daughter very marked attention, and devoted himself to her almost exclusively during the whole time I remained."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Randulph, turning pale.

"And how did she receive his attentions?" interposed Trussell, adroitly.

"Why, coldly enough, I must say," replied Sir Singleton.

"Was her father with her?—did he sit near her?" asked Randulph, breathlessly.

"No; he was at cards, and thereby hangs a tale, which I will tell you anon. She was attended by Sir Norfolk Salusbury, who, I believe, is a relation of her's."

"Sir Norfolk is her cousin on the mother's side," remarked Trussell.

"He is a stiff, punctilious old fellow," laughed Sir Singleton. "He didn't seem in the least to approve of Villiers' attentions to Hilda, and I shouldn't wonder if they fight about her to-morrow. But now for the story I promised you. Old Scarve, who, it seems, is a capital whist player—"

"He was always so reputed," observed Trussell.

"And with reason, as you will find," rejoined Sir Singleton. "Well, he sat down to cards, in the early part of the evening, with Sir Bulkeley Price, and in less than an hour won twelve thousand pounds of him."

"Twelve thousand pounds! Sir Singleton," exclaimed Trussell. "You amaze me."

"It amazed everybody else, too, I assure you," replied Sir Singleton. "Sir Bulkeley had had too much wine; and he went on losing and doubling his bets until his losses amounted to the sum I've mentioned. I tried to stop him; but it was of no avail. You should have seen the old miser rise from the table after his success. I never beheld such fearful exultation. His eyes literally blazed, and he walked like a young man. Sir Bulkeley got up at the same time with a very flushed face, and said, 'You shall have

your winnings to-morrow, Mr. Scarve.' To which the miser replied, with a bitter sneer, 'The mortgage will do as well, Sir Bulkeley.'"

"A home thrust! and just like him," said Trussell. "Well, I've lost some money in my time, but never anything like this."

"I wish I could have such luck as the miser," said Kitty, "I'd leave off acting, and take to gaming. But you've been talking so hard, that you've forgotten to eat, gentlemen. For my own part, I should be glad of some champagne."

Her glass was instantly filled by Randulph, and Sir Singleton challenged the elderly lady. The conversation then became very lively; Kitty presently volunteered a song, which she executed so charmingly, that it quite ravished her auditors. In fact, her sprightliness, beauty, and accomplishments, coupled with her winning manners and good-nature, made her almost irresistible—and so Randulph found. The champagne circulated freely, and its effects began to be slightly manifest on the two elderly gentlemen. Again Kitty poured forth her clear and melodious voice in song, when the door opened, and a young man entered the room. It was Philip Frewin. He looked surprised and annoyed at seeing the party, and a flush of anger rose to his cheek as he recognised Randulph. Kitty Conway carelessly motioned him to a chair, which he took almost mechanically. Sir Singleton and Trussell slightly acknowledged his presence, but Randulph sternly regarded him.

"I believe, sir," he said, "you are the person I saw at Mr. Scarve's, and whom I previously met at the Folly on the Thames. May I ask the meaning of the masquerade attire you assumed yesterday?"

"You are under some mistake, sir," rejoined Philip, with great effrontery. "I know nothing of Mr. Scarve."

"Not know him!" cried Randulph, in amazement. "I understood you were his nephew, Philip Frewin."

"I am no relation to Mr. Scarve, and my name is not Philip Frewin," replied the other.

Kitty Conway here burst into a loud laugh, which she continued in spite of Philip's angry looks.

"Will you oblige me with your real name, then?" demanded Randulph, after a pause.

"No, sir, I will not," replied Philip. "What the devil is it to you what I am called? I am not accountable to you for my actions. How comes this impertinent fellow here, Kitty?" he added, turning to her.

"He comes by my invitation," she rejoined. "And if you do not like his company, you can leave the house."

"It is for him to leave the house, not me," replied Philip. "If he wont go out quietly, I shall be under the necessity of turning him out."

Kitty uttered a faint scream, and Randulph sprang to his feet,

while the rest of the party regarded each other in dismay, as if in expectation of a scene.

Under the influence of excessive passion, which supplied him with a courage foreign to his craven nature, Philip strode towards Randulph, apparently with the intention of carrying his threat into execution; but before he could reach him, Kitty threw herself between them. Under her shelter, Philip became so violent in his manner, and offensive in his language, that at last Randulph lost his patience, and snatching Sir Singleton's clouded cane from him, he pushed Kitty aside, and began to lay it with considerable energy upon Philip's shoulders. Roaring lustily, the latter made for the door, and Randulph pursued him, Kitty following closely after them, to see that no mischief ensued. In this way, they hurried along the lobby, where Philip got open the street door, and darted out with such rapidity that he ran against a tall man who chanced to be passing at the time, and who instantly caught hold of him. Before his captor walked two other persons, preceded by a link-boy, and the latter hearing the noise, turned round, and threw his light full upon the party. The persons in advance were the miser and his daughter, who were returning from Lady Brabazon's, and the tall man was no other than Jacob Post. At this moment, Randulph rushed forth; but on seeing the miser and his daughter, he halted in dismay, which was not diminished as Kitty Conway came up and caught hold of his arm. It was an embarrassing situation certainly, and Randulph was so confounded that he could not utter a word.

Jacob, meanwhile, had discovered the prize he had caught, and he lost no time in announcing his good luck.

"Look here, sir!" he cried, triumphantly; "look at your miserly nephew! I have him fast enough. Look at the clothes he has on. Mayhap, he'll deny himself now. Look at him, I say, sir! and satisfy yourself that it's him, for he'll outswear afterwards if you don't."

"What! Philip!" cried the miser, "is it really you?"

"It is, sir," replied Philip. "And if you will order your servant to release me, I will explain how I came to be here, and in this dress. I have been put in peril of my life by Randulph Crew, who stands there with his mistress."

"Release him, Jacob," said the miser.

"I'd rather you'd let me take him to Saint James's Roundhouse," replied Jacob; "I'm sure it's the fittest place for him."

"Do as I bid you, rascal!" cried Scarve, authoritatively. "Now then, what is the meaning of all this, Philip?"

"Do not inquire further, father," cried Hilda, trembling violently. "Come away, I beseech you."

Seeing that Randulph was unable to speak, Kitty Conway advanced towards the miser.

"I can explain what has happened in a moment," she said.

"Father!" said Hilda, in a determined tone, "if you will not accompany me, I will walk forward by myself."

"I'm ready to go with you," said Jacob.

"Well, well, I'm coming," replied the miser—"some other time, nephew—some other time."

As the miser and his daughter moved off in one direction, Philip, fearful of the consequences of remaining, ran off in the other. At this moment, Trussell and Sir Singleton appeared at the door.

"Well, have you got rid of him?" cried the former.

"Look where he runs," laughed Kitty. "Who, think you, chanced to be passing at the very time we came forth?"

"Perhaps the miser and his daughter," said Trussell.

"A good guess," replied Kitty.

"The devil!" exclaimed Trussell—"and they saw you with my nephew? Why, this is worse than the Folly on the Thames!"

"Far worse!" groaned Randulph. "My hopes are now utterly destroyed!"

"I don't understand you," said Kitty; "but come into the house."

"No," replied Randulph, bitterly; "and I would I had never entered it!"

"For Heaven's sake, Randulph, consider what you are about," cried Trussell—"this rudeness to a pretty woman, who has shewn you so much kindness! I blush for you."

"I am no longer master of myself," cried Randulph.

And murmuring some apology to Kitty, he bade her good night, and walked off with his uncle.

"Well, here's a pretty conclusion to the supper," said Kitty to the old beau. "I don't know whether to laugh or cry; but perhaps I'd better laugh. Randulph Crew is an odd young man, but he's very handsome, and that makes up for a thousand singularities."

"He has very bad taste, Kitty," replied Sir Singleton, "for he's blind to your attractions, and adores Hilda Scarve."

"So it seems," she replied, in a tone of pique. "And now, good night, Sir Singleton."

"Not just yet, sweet Kitty," he cried, following her. "I've a great deal to say to you. I shall make you another handsome present to-morrow."

"Then keep what you have to say till then," she rejoined, slapping the door unceremoniously in his face.

Randulph's reflections on awaking the next morning were not of the most enviable kind; and bitterly did he reproach himself for his imprudence. Fate seemed determined to place an insurmountable bar between him and the object of his hopes, and he, at last, in some degree, consoled himself, as many others have done before him, by thinking that he was rather the victim of necessity than of his own misconduct. Throughout the early part of the day, he continued in a state of deep depression, from which Trussell in vain tried to rouse him. As to Abel, having ascertained from Mr. Jukes the cause of his despondency, he forbore to question him about it, and even feigned not to notice it. It required some little persuasion to induce him to dine with

Lady Brabazon that day; but once in the atmosphere of her ladyship's wit and pleasantry, he soon revived. Divining, with true feminine tact, the cause of his dejection, she speedily dissipated it by her fine powers of raillery; and, to his own surprise, he passed a very agreeable evening, and quitted the house more than half in love with its fair mistress. Satisfied of the impression she had produced, Lady Brabazon did not fail to improve it. She included him in all her parties for a month to come, and took care to involve him in such a round of gaiety and fashionable dissipation, that he could not by any means extricate himself from it. The effect of this was soon manifest in his habits, in his attire, and in his manners; and though the change was mightily approved of by Trussell, it was viewed in a very different light by his more sagacious and far-sighted uncle.

"Well, Jukes," said the latter, one day to his butler, "my first opinion of Randulph is fully borne out by his conduct."

"Why he is rather gay, to be sure," replied Mr. Jukes. "But I don't give him up yet. Young men, as Mr. Trussell says, will be young men."

"But there's no occasion for them to be young rakes," cried Abel, sharply. "My nephew is a sad dissipated dog. Lady Brabazon seems to have got him completely into her toils."

"Ah! she's a dangerous woman!" said Mr. Jukes, lifting up his hands—"a dangerous woman!"

"And the pretty actress, Kitty Conway?" pursued Abel. "He sups with her occasionally, eh?"

"I fear he does, sir," replied Mr. Jukes.

"*Fear*—you *know* he does, sirrah," cried Abel. "Why attempt to equivocate? What masquerade were they talking of at breakfast this morning?"

"What, haven't you heard of it, sir?" replied the butler. "It's a grand masquerade to be held at Ranelagh on Thursday. All the world is going there; and, amongst others, my graceless nephew, Crackenthorpe Cripps."

"What! in his master's clothes, as before?" said Abel.

"No, sir," replied Mr. Jukes; "as harlequin."

"Harlequin!" echoed Abel; "that will suit him exactly. And I hope the silly widow he is paying his addresses to will go as Columbine."

"Precisely what she means to do, sir," laughed Mr. Jukes.

"Get me a domino before Thursday, Jukes; I'll go to this masquerade myself," said Abel.

"Why, sir, you're becoming as great a rake as your nephew," returned Mr. Jukes, laughingly, "If I might be permitted, I should like to go with you to Ranelagh. I wish to have an eye on Crackenthorpe. Ah, sir! our nephews are sad plagues to us—sad plagues!"

"My nephew shall not plague me much longer," replied Abel. "I'll give him another month, and then——"

"You'll give him another after that," interrupted the butler.

"No I wont," rejoined Abel; "I wont give him a day, nor an hour longer. I've spent nearly a hundred pounds upon him already—upon his dress—his amusements—his profligacies. No, I'll pack him off into the country. By the bye, his mother has written to say she is coming to town. I've endeavoured to dissuade her from the step, but she says she is uneasy about Randulph."

"Well, I hope she'll come," returned Mr. Jukes; "I'm sure she's wanted just now."

"I've no wish to see her," said Abel, sternly. "There has been a coolness between us for years."

"Then the sooner it is got rid of the better," rejoined the butler. "Don't let the grave close over it. Her presence, I think, is very desirable. And on her son's account, as well as yours, I'm glad she's coming."

"Don't calculate upon it," cried Abel, "for I don't think it likely. If I can hinder it, I will."

"While we're on confidential matters, sir," said Mr. Jukes, "may I ask how Miss Scarve is getting on?"

"Well enough, for aught I know," rejoined Abel, testily; "I've neither heard from her, nor seen her, since my visit to her father. And now I wish to be alone. Take care to get me a domino before Thursday."

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## AN ARISTOCRATIC DINNER-PARTY IN NEW YORK.

BY UNCLE SAM.

RAT-TAT-A-RARY! So this is the mansion of a republican aristocrat, a New York merchant! What a splendid marble *facade!* These smooth white marble pillars, of American architecture (Corinthian column and Indian-corn capitals)—this iron work round the area in imitation of a vine-tree—these splendid bronzed lamp posts on each side the marble steps, having or-molu lamps within the plate glazing; those damask silk curtains with bullion fringe, seen through the open window—and this nigger, in his black suit of clothes and black silk stockings!—"Am I too late?"

"No, sa; Missa Shippensburg in de liddle parla wib two genelmen. Name, sa? Hab de honna to 'nounce, sa. Can't read de name on de card quite plain, sa, so a'll take it in."

"How do you do, sir? Glad to see you, sir? Come early—I'm glad of it. Only two minutes' work here, and we'll go up stairs. Dr. Seth Briggs, sir, of New Brighton; Mr. Alpheus Pogue, solicitor, Waverley-square. You'll find this a comfortable easy; and wont mind sitting two minutes while we read a report. Presume you haven't any burial shares in this country?—Glad of it, sir—very uncertain things, I assure you. This is a report on a cemetery, in which we three are interested. Go a-head, Mr. Secretary Pogue, if you please."

MR. POGUE (*reads*). "Report of the Directors of the Grand Necropolitan Caucus Hill Freehold Joint Stock Burial Company. It will be in the recollection of the proprietors that, at the last Annual Meeting, which followed after a peculiarly healthy season, the directors expressed their regret that circumstances, *over which they had no control*,

did not enable them to offer any congratulation on the state of the Grand Necropolitan Caucus Hill Joint Stock Burial Company's affairs. The proprietors were informed that, unless the Company were in receipt for 104 burials per annum, the shares would not rise above par; and that there must be 156 interments per annum, to enable the shareholders to clear ten per cent. on their outlay. It is, then, with the most unmixed satisfaction, that the directors have to announce receipts during the past year from 180 burials; and a consequent dividend of $12\frac{1}{8}$ per cent., with $17.25 to be carried to the next account." Now, I guess, we may safely say, the applause will come in there.

Mr. Briggs. You should mention how many graves—I mean the prospects, the calculation, the estimate of numbers for the next fall season.

Mr. Pogue. That you will find hinted at in the next paragraph. "It is well known the fall bids fair to be particularly malevolent. Dr. Briggs, of New Brighton (a good authority), states, that considerable of malaria and a few yellow cases have already occurred. Your directors have also the pleasure to announce the arrangement of a contract with the Military Lunatic Hospital; and one with a very spirited Fire Hose Company, whose accidental deaths are generally very numerous. An increase of prosperity may therefore be expected, progressing the dividend two or three per cent., a result which must be highly satisfactory to the whole body of the Grand Necropolitan Caucus Hill Freehold Joint Stock Burial Company. In conclusion, the directors cannot avoid expressing their conviction, that the more the eligibility of the site is examined, the more convinced will every proprietor be, that no ground on Manhattan Island can be more advantageous for the use of the Company than Caucus Hill, between the Second and Third Avenues, and opposite the Fever Hospital: it is quiet and secluded, the ground dry, the earth easily turned by the spade, the prospect is agreeable, and the neighbourhood highly respectable."

Mr. Shippensburg. Ah, that will do very nicely. We'll now go up stairs. This way if you please — (*Rat-tat-a-rary*) — Hoboken, open the door, sir. This is my friend, Colonel Warboys: I know him by his knock. Just in time — glad to see you. This is Colonel Worboys, sir, of the regular United States' army. Mr. Dalrymple, Colonel, an Englishman; *but*, I assure you, a liberal-minded man, and quite an admirer of our great country.

Colonel Worboys. I am very proud, sir, to shake hands with such an Englishman.

Mr. Shippensburg. Quite a snug party to day, gentlemen—only six of us, and one lady, to keep Mrs. Shippensburg company—Miss Selina Homodgeon, cousin to our friend, Titus Offley Champkin, the editor, who will be here presently.—My dear, you know all these gentlemen, except Mr. Dalrymple, a friend of mine from England. A very poor look out here, sir, or, I'm told, this block of building would be very similar to the mansions of your lords, in Regent's Park, London; only we have the advantage of having real na-*tive* marble instead of bricks.—Ah, Champkin! how are you?—Mr. Dalrymple, this is Mr. Titus Offley Champkin, one of the most patriotic whig editors of this State; a terror to all the locofocoes, soap-locks, loafers, and nullifiers; a friend of internal improvement laws, Texian annexation, and all the truly American institutions. Great with the pen, great in Tammany Hall.

New York owes him a debt of lasting gratitude. It's an honour to shake hands with such a gentleman of the profession.

Mr. Dalrymple. Allow me to say, I appreciate the honour as one of your daily readers.

Mr. Champkin. Late from England, I estimate from your speech, sir. How do you like our great country, sir?

Mr. Dalrymple. Very much, indeed, but for the heat; and the mosquitoes plague me sadly.

Mr. Champkin. Indeed!—that's singular, sir; they never annoy me in the least. In fact, I like the musical whiz which accompanies their evolutions. Sometimes when I'm sleepless, I fancy them singing regular tunes,—"Star-spangled banner," and "Hail! Columbia." They never touch me, sir; but I expect they *may* bite an Englishman —considerable smart too, when first arrived here.

*Tha dinna ib on de table, sa.*

Buz, buz,—Mrs. Shippensburg,—refreshing air from the open window—the plants in exquisite order,—have you seen the patent flower-pots?—No, sir; but some of our American *pans* are said to be made of very superior clay: really those we used to have from England were very odious things.—Ah, odious shapes, indeed! but the patent flower-pots are classically elegant.—But these patent *pans* will no doubt be imitated and improved upon by some of our enlightened citizens—No doubt, ma'am—Will you sit on my right, sir? Selina, dear! Colonel Worboys will sit there: come and support me on this side. What do you think of our York market, sir? Did the great abundance of everything astonish you at all?

Mr. Dalrymple. An excellent market, indeed.

Mrs. Shippensburg. But I guess you have pretty good markets in London, though some of our American gentlemen who have been over there, give ours the preference. Pine-apples there, are three dollars a piece, they say; the lobsters are very small, and the oysters ate quite coppery.

Mr. Dalrymple. Only the common oysters. Those we call the natives are very delicate. British oysters were celebrated, even in the time of the Romans.

Mrs. Shippensburg. But the Romans never tasted *our fresh water long oyster*. You have no corn, too, they say—one of our finest *vegetables* for the table.

Mr. Dalrymple. No Indian corn, no mush, and no sweet potatoes; but you will smile when I tell you I cannot fancy either of these three dishes.

Mrs. Shippensburg. What a singular taste you must have! Do you like terrapin?

Mr. Dalrymple. Very much: we have not any in England, but we import abundance of turtle instead.

Mr. Champkin. Splendid beef! How do you like our American beef, sir?

Mr. Dalrymple. Very good, indeed; but I can't say the same of your mutton.

Mr. Champkin. Oh, we have splendid mutton, too, sir! But, I calculate, our beef is truly superb. I shall never forget the beef my father used to raise near Sandy Hollow. Not a piece ever came to table under five years old: it was the full-grown, mature, horned ox—

that's a fact. Solid and full-bodied beef; you could swear it really *was* beef, at first sight. His plan of raising it was this:—He let the animal procure its own living for one year, and then supported it with luxuries the second year; worked it at the plough the third year; let it graze, and worked it in marketing the fourth year; and stall-fed it the fifth year, when it came to table handsome as beef should do. Five years old, to a day, and no better beef from Maine to Georgia.

MRS. SHIPPENSBURG. Have you seen the new confectionary store in Broadway? The proprietor says there is nothing so handsome in that way in London.

MR. DALRYMPLE. It is very handsome, indeed.

MRS. SHIPPENSBURG. But *is* there anything as handsome in London?

MR. DALRYMPLE. Oh, certainly! a good many.

MRS. SHIPPENSBURG. Dear me, what people you English are! What have we handsomer than you have in England?

MR. DALRYMPLE. *One circumstance*, which would more than outweigh a thousand others—the working classes here are better dressed, and look more comfortable and happy than our working classes.

MRS. SHIPPENSBURG. And that is all you admire here! I expected our general style of elegance, our broad, handsome streets, filled with every kind of vehicle, from the sulky to the gilded sleigh, our churches and city hall, were superior to anything you have in England.

MR. DALRYMPLE. Not exactly. But New York is a very handsome city, certainly; superior to most of our provincial towns in England.

MRS. SHIPPENSBURG. But not equal to London? Of course, London is a size or so larger than York.

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Dinner is over, and we have a magnificent display of fruit and wines. The company are quiet, and the ladies retire. The five American gentlemen are then anxious to hear the Englishmen praise their country, which, of course, I do to as great an extent as my conscience will permit. General marks of admiration and praise are easily afforded, particularly where, as in America, they are so well deserved. I was in company, however, where general remarks passed current only for the moment; from the general we ascended (or descended) to the particular, and the conversation shortly caused me to be marked as a "regular John Bull" by Mr. Titus Offley Champkin, the editor.

DR. BRIGGS. A very curious case of lethargy in New Brighton. The patient has created a great sensation, and kept his funeral waiting the last ten weeks. About two years ago, he was seized with absence of mind, and couldn't tell, for six months, whether he was awake or asleep. Then he went to sleep, in right down good earnest, for three weeks, and awoke in a very exhausted state. Absence of mind again for six months, and then slept for seven weeks, waking a complete skeleton. Then he dozed on for several months, all the faculty, far and near, exercising on him, but they could only make him open his eyes and shut them again. At last I thought of a powerful remedy. I obtained two Chinese gongs, and made a communication between them and the patient's ears with copper wire, helically coiled with silk; put his feet in boiling hot water; let off a shower-bath of iced water

on his head; galvanized his two shoulder bones; put mustard plasters on his back and chest, and poured a strong decoction of brandy and sarsaparilla down the thoracic duct—two students, at the time, beating Washington's march on the gongs. In less than two minutes, he opened his eyes and awoke, but was very weak, and complained of a pain in all his joints. We repeated these stimulants daily for some time, and partly cured him; but soon after he went to sleep again, and he can never recover—he is too weak.

Mr. Pogue. You know Mr. Bompard?

Mr. Shippensburg. Lawyer and counsel?—Yes.

Mr. Pogue. He is in disgrace with his honour, Judge Murphy.

Mr. Shippensburg. Possible!—How so?

Mr. Pogue. Why, there was a case of justifiable libel last Thursday. Bompard was defending the libel, and said to the jury—" I will bring the case home to you, gentlemen. I will imagine that, instead of being respectable citizens, you are most notorious vagabonds, first-rate thieves; that one of you has been a convicted incendiary; another, the keeper of a house of unquestionable immorality; that a third has been a store and wharf sneak; a fourth, the receiver of goods gouged by domestic helps from their boses; that a fifth is a soap-lock and loafer—" He was running on at this speed, out of all reasonable calculation, when the foreman of the jury started up, put on his hat, and swore that he would not sit and listen to such reflections. Judge Murphy, however, interposed, and told the jury not to be offended, as the learned gentleman was merely putting a case in supposition. " Never mind," said Bompard, " if the jury object, I will shift my argument, and put the case to your honour. I will suppose, sir, that *you* are a man of infamous character; that *you* are a man out of the pale of all religion—all morality ; that your heart and conduct are equally vile; that you are a disgrace to society, a prodigal son, a perjured husband, and a brutal father; that you are an incendiary, a robber by profession, a soap-lock, and a loafer—" Judge Murphy squinted most fiercely whilst all this was being said, but as soon as Bompard pronounced *loafer*, he gulped down an entire glass of water, and stopped him short, telling him he was insulting the bench and the State constitution in his person, and he would agree with the foreman of the jury, that such reflections ought not to be tolerated. By-the-bye, Mr. Dalrymple, you have a curious common law in England respecting libels. Upon what principle does it work, sir?

Mr. Dalrymple. Why, sir, upon this principle:—The common law says, that no man shall be judge, jury, and executioner. If Tom knows Dick to be a great scoundrel, and publishes the fact, the law steps forward, and says to Tom—" How dare you insult the majesty of public authority, by undertaking to punish offences? Dick must be punished only by a legal tribunal, and not by individuals who volunteer their services in vindication of a wrong done to the commonwealth." I do not mean to say our libel law does not require alteration and improvement, but I say it is *founded* on a just principle.

Colonel Worboys. I should like to ask you, sir, as an Englishman, a few questions.

Mr. Dalrymple. A whole history, sir, if you please.

Colonel Worboys. Ahem! Is it true that some of your lords and noble dukes and most noble earls have a thousand dollars a day?

MR. DALRYMPLE. I believe it is.

COLONEL WORBOYS. Is it true that some of the industrious population of England do not taste better food than bread and potatoes for weeks together?

MR. DALRYMPLE. Quite true, I am sorry to say.

COLONEL WORBOYS. And is it true, sir, that women are to be seen in London cleaning the streets, and in the country breaking stones on the highway?

MR. DALRYMPLE. I am ashamed to confess that such things are sometimes seen.

COLONEL WORBOYS. Ahem! Have you seen such things in our free country, sir?

MR. DALRYMPLE. Certainly not.

COLONEL WORBOYS. Thank you, sir. Ahem! I guess I have established a case against England; infamous—that is bad, outrageous enough to-to-to-sink, sir, sink an island tw—twice as large if—if—

MR. DALRYMPLE. If the character of the generality of the inhabitants did not render them superior to censure for circumstances arising from a redundant population, and ancient customs, laws, and institutions, those things so difficult to modify, much less to uproot. England is a small place, and the destitute crowd into the towns; in the States, when the destitute appear in your towns, they are philanthropically recommended by friends, relations, and strangers, to retire into the West. We are full of journeymen tailors, shoemakers, and carpenters, (say the inhabitants of the Atlantic seaboard,) go the West: when there, they are told to go further West, and when a thousand miles from the starting point, they are told to go into the farthest West, to brave the swamps, the jungle, the burning forests, and the invaded Indians. If a destitute American steal, he is put into solitary confinement, to ruminate on his destitution until he becomes a madman or an idiot.

COLONEL WORBOYS. You are a real John Bull, sir—ahem!

MR. SHIPPENSBURG. Titus Offley Champkin, I call upon you to state the latest unpublished case of absence of mind.

MR. CHAMPKIN. Oh! I have a capital one: I shall put it into my daily to-morrow or next day. I calculate it will make the tour of all the Exchange papers, except Bucknell's Reporter. Miss Angelina Spifflenberg, an old lady who keeps the Fox Indian Tomahawk, a sporting temperance hotel, at Big-bone-lick, near Brandywine Springs, State of Virginia, besides having a cork leg, has one of the most powerful squinting or screw eyes in this or any other country. With this screw eye she can take off her cork leg with a single glance, and screw the cork out of any bottle to which she takes a fancy. One day, being seized with absence of mind, she mistook a Monongahela whisky bottle for a stomachic cordial, and unscrewed the cork with her eye as usual; but instead of putting the right cork back again, she jammed the toe of her cork leg quite tight into the bottle, and did not discover her mistake until the spirit had made her leg so intoxicated that she could not stand.

DR. BRIGGS. A very interesting medical case, indeed; but it would sound more scientifically, if you used the word *strabismus* instead of screw-eye.

MR. CHAMPKIN. There was a curious attempt at Lynching, the

other day, at Pittsburg. Bill Shipton, the English melo-dramatic actor, was enacting a British officer in "Early Life of Washington," but got so stupidly intoxicated, that when Miss Cuff, who played the youthful hero, had to fight and kill him in a duel, Bill Shipton wouldn't die; he even said loudly on the stage, that he would see the audience darned *first*, and *then* he wouldn't!" Mary Cuff fought on until she was ready to faint; and after she had repeated his cue for dying—which was "Cowardly hired assassin!"—for the fourteenth time, he absolutely jumped off the stage, not even pretending to be on the point of death. Our indignant citizens then chased him all over the house, and he only escaped by jumping into the coffin which they bring on in Hamlet, Romeo, and Richard.*

Colonel Worboys. Pity they didn't catch him!

Mr. Dalrymple. What, sir! are you a friend to "that worst of tyrants, a usurping crowd," as Pope makes Homer say?

Mr. Champkin. He would have been killed in good earnest if they had nosed him. He saved his life by burying himself in the coffin.

*The ladies ub stars hab de honna to 'nounce coffee ib waiten.*

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## THE SIEGE OF RADICOFANI.

### A LEGEND OF THE WARS OF THE GUELPHS AND THE GHIBELLINES.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

In the time of the wars—not the Civil, nor those
Where each chose his party by choosing a rose,
Not the Thirty Years' War, nor the Peloponnesian;
Not Marathon, nor indeed anything Grecian;
Not Punic, Peninsular, Trojan, Burmese;
Not Jugurthine, American, Dutch, nor Chinese;
Not the war in La Vendée, which swept off whole families;
Nor that, where France got a dressing at Ramillies—
If none of these, what can tempt me to scribble lines?
What but the wars of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines!

'Twas in those times,
Those good olden times,
So famous for glory, so fertile in crimes,
When despoil'd by her own sons, fair Italy lay,
And her loveliness faded 'neath anarchy's sway;
'Twas then lived a captain, to whom all brave men owe a
Tribute of homage, Cuornero of Genoa.

Now pray, don't fancy
That you plainly can see
In your mind's eye a "nice man," sweet Laura or Nancy:
Imagine a short figure, squat, I may say,
With but *one* eye, and that looking always one way;
A Dutch teapot nose
As red as a rose,
But whence came the redness?—we can but suppose:
A fine two-inch beard, for this warrior brave
Had a strange trick of daily forgetting to shave;
A mouth like a shark's, and a head nearly bare,
Save some curious rat-tails the Captain call'd hair.

* The actor mentioned (under an assumed name) in this anecdote is now in London.

Imagine all this,
And I'll owe you a kiss
If you say I have sketch'd a rough portrait amiss:
'Tis an excellent likeness,—in fact, Ladies, all but
As good as the best of Daguerre or Fox Talbot.

Now gallant Cuornero had one fault, or rather
One weakness, but don't let it go any farther,
I wouldn't—oh no!
For a kingdom act so,
If I thought from my hints any scandal could grow;
'Twas perhaps a report, and reports often lie,
But they *did* say (mind, this is between you and I,
For if you *should* blab, a nice hobble I'm in,)
That the valiant Cuornero was too fond of tin.
Not exactly the metal
To make a tea-kettle,
But one which, unless I my learning forget all,
Is call'd by these names, and by more, for aught I know,
Bobs, bulls, and goldfinches, stumpy and rhino.

Now 'twas sheer love of money, and money alone,
That made him from Genoa haste to be gone,
And, packing up all he possess'd of his own,
Canter off on his steed, a magnificent roan,
Such a creature! half blood and the other half bone;
And as at a moderate pace he rode on
Strangers turn'd to remark
How his stern brow grew dark.
But why frown'd the Captain
A brown study wrapt in—
Why threw he the rein
On his steed's shaggy mane,
And pondered in silent and gloomy abstraction,
Like a schoolboy beginning his first "compound fraction"?
Let his own mouth declare
What his secret thoughts were,
As he muttered, with grave face and look almost Sibylline,
"Shall I be Guelph now—or shall I be Ghibelline?"

Money, money, there's nothing like money—
Brighter than sunbeams, sweeter than honey.
Whether in form of ducats, nobles,
Scudi, guineas, thalers, roubles,
Bank-notes, sequins, and rupees,
Coins Egyptian, coins Chinese,
Coins from Cairo, Lapland, Joppa,
Gold or silver, brass or copper—
From the moidore, best of any,
Down to the kreuzer, three a penny—
Money's money, wherever we go;
And Captain Cuornero of old thought so,
When for chinking pelf
He hired himself,
And became a regular, rightdown Guelph.

On a very steep hill, rather more than half way
From Florence to Rome, there exists to this day
A mean little village, where travellers stop
At an inn about five hundred yards from the top:
Beneath lies a convent, (Franciscan, I think,)
With a clear spring hard by, for the Fathers to drink:
Above is a ruin, to which tourists climb,
And guess its decay is the work of old Time.
Ah! if gallant Cuornero could speak from his coffin, he
Might tell rare stories about Radicofani.

With all his men,
Just threescore and ten,
The Captain march'd into the castle, for then
What now is a ruin was in good repair,
With courts, halls, and chambers enough, and to spare,
And ramparts and battlements, turret and tower,
Where sentries were posted, relieved every hour,
And dungeons, with smart sets of chains fit to fetter a
King, besides thumbscrews in plenty, *et cætera.*

"Halt!" cried Cuornero, and halt they all did,
For the soldier's first lesson is, "Do as you're bid;"
And, moreover, they knew he as soon would as not,
If a man stopp'd to think, shoot him dead on the spot,
And while all around stared for fear, like Tom Noddy,
Tell somebody coolly to put out the body.

"Comrades, brave brothers in arms!" said Cuornero,
(In a voice like the showman's in "Bartlemy Fair O,")
"Unaccustom'd as I,—
I repeat it, as I
Am to all public speaking—ahem!—yet I'll try
In a few words to state
That—(a scratch on the pate)
That since 'tis my hard lot—I mean my blest fate,
To command you, ye scoundrels—ahem! my bold fellows,
I doubt not you'll all in my service be zealous,
Obedient, loyal, and—that sort of thing;
For if you are not, 'pon my life you shall swing:
And you'll very soon see
There's no trifling with *me*—
My orders obeyed on the instant must be;
A moment's delay, mind, I'll never look over, nor
Pardon, while I'm Radicofani's Governor."

Time speeds on slowly, and wearily, too,
When a man for six long months has nothing to do;
Left without a good book—without even a bad one,
(Though the Captain could scarcely have read, if he'd had one:)
Without e'er a ride,
Save the steep mountain side,
Where he may break his neck if he hasn't a guide;
With the chance, if he should dare indulge in a trot,
Of being cut off by an enemy's shot:
Add to this, not the least hope of booty or pillage,
No ripe fields of corn, no rich pastures, no tillage.
Put yourself in his place, and you'll fancy how often he
Swore he'd change quarters, and cut Radicofani.

Tramp! tramp!—in the valley below,
The sun is setting with golden glow,
And the last bright beams of daylight shew
Cavaliers armed from top to toe,
And knights on horseback, three in a row,
And infantry marching steady and slow,
While the guard, on the walls cries out, "Hollo!
By the holy poker, it must be the foe!"
"So it is!" says Cuornero, who that instant sees a
Choice troop in the van with the banner of Pisa.
"Ho, ho!" cried the Captain—"we'll have sport at last;
I'll wager they think they have caged us all fast—
Ha! ha! ha! let 'em try,
I'll not stop them, not I—
So come on, my fine fellows, and never say die;
But mark me, before you our citadel pop in,
I give you fair warning—look out for a whopping!"
Up marched the Ghibellines, two and two,
With a most astounding hullabaloo

Of trumpets, drums, and thund'ring cannon,
To cheer the heroes as they ran on;
For half the heroes were looking blue,
A sort of indefinite shiv'ring hue,
As though they thought their leaders rash,
So boldly against the fort to dash,
Where the Guelphs were preparing to settle their hash,
And blow them all to "tarnation smash;"
For the ramparts bristled with well-arm'd men,
And the Captain's voice was heard now and then—
"Bustle, boys, bustle,
Hurrah for a tussle;
Don't let 'em get in, or they're sure to use us ill—
Tomaso, Bernardo,
Matteo, Riccardo,
If they do put their heads near the wall, hit 'em hard O!
Crouch snugly behind this old buttress that sticks out—
Ten crowns for the man who an officer picks out!"

Nearer they come,
Roll goes the drum,
Bang go the cannons—some totter, and some
Limp on with a hop,
Till they one by one drop,
Like leaves from a tree as they get near the top;
A few, more or less hurt, at last reach the summit,
And try to mount farther, but find they can't come it:
Bang, bang, goes Bernardo,
And crack goes Riccardo,
And "Huzza!" cries Cuornero, in tone of bravado;
"Huzza! they turn tail,
Drive 'em down to the vale—
That's a fine shot—the leader's as dead as a nail;
By my patron, San Siro, (to whom be the *gloria,*)
We've done the trick, my lads, hurrah! Victoria!"

The fight was o'er, at least till day,
And Guelph and Ghibelline sleeping lay,
Till Cuornero woke, as the cold grey dawn,
Dim herald of lovely blushing morn,
Shed a feeble light o'er the vale below,
Where stood the camp of the beaten foe.
He gazed, but why
Did he rub his eye,
As he looked from his mountain castle high?
"Why what the deuce
Can be the use
Of their coming to *me* with a flag of truce?"
Sure enough he was right, for a party of ten,
One officer bearing a flag, and nine men,
(Looking back with regret to their tents which afar lay,)
March'd up to the gate, and demanded a parley.

It was pleasant to see
How Cuornero, when he
Thought proper, good-humoured and civil could be:
How he bow'd to the officer with such a grace,
That you might almost fancy him (barring the face,
For nothing could ever make *that comme il faut*)
A very respectable middle-aged beau.
"I'm a man, sir," said he,
"In my speech plain and free,
And fine words and sentiments don't do for me;
But pray take a seat," (this was in his own hall,
Where the stranger was shewn into, men, flag, and all,)

" And allow me to ask," (his voice trying to soften, he
Croak'd like a frog,) " how d'ye like Radicofani?"

" Hem!" said the envoy, " a word in your ear,
I like it so much, I would fain command here;
And as it's quite clear
That the time's very near
When you and your men *must* surrender, for fear
Of starvation, (for *we* have supplies for a year,)
Don't you think 'twould be prudent, my dear sir—I pray
Take a true friend's advice—if you march'd out to-day?"
" Ho! ho! ho!" said the Captain, " I *do* love a joke,"
(And he laugh'd till his laugh died away in a croak,)
" Supplies for a year! why, we've corn here for ten,
And when that's all eaten, where will you be then?
March out, and to-day! you are pleased to be funny."
" If you wont go for love, will you do it for *money?*"

" Signor!!! do you dare?
By San Siro, I swear,
As sure as a sword at my left side I wear,
My honour to touch,
Who could conceive such
Audacious impertinence—*would he give much?*"
This was said *sotto voce*, and 'tis very clear
Not intended at all for the other to hear;
But the officer being attentive and shrewd, he
Did hear it, and answered quick, " Two thousand scudi."

" *È poco*, 'twont do."—
" Three thousand."—" Pooh, pooh,
Ten thousand or nothing!"—" 'Tis yours, every *sou;*
And hark ye, when we bring the money to-night
You'll march out?"—" We will."—" Honour?"—" Oh, honour bright."

Away went the Ghibellines back again,
And the officer felt not a little vain,
And scarce could his huge delight contain,
Though he tried a serious look to feign;
But his joyous step and his smile shew'd plain
That he thought it no trifle a fort to gain
Which had seem'd till then as hard to attain
As to plough a field with King Charles's wain.—
But how felt Cuornero? Did he with pain
Regret his bargain, and wish to remain
In possession?—Not he, nor could he refrain
From laughing, and why? *He was laying a train.*

Tomaso, Bernardo,
Matteo, Riccardo,
And ten more at least whose names ended in *ardo*,
(Though I recollect none except Edaardo,)
Pietro, Enrico,
Besides Domenico,
And I know not how many more ending in *ico*,'
Not to mention Francesco, by some nicknamed Chico,
Were rolling great barrels of powder along,
And the Governor stood in the midst of the throng,
With a small tinder-box,
Like another Guy Fawkes,
And oh! such a grin,
Such a horrible grin,
You might fancy from it a rare rage he was in;
Though the men, who of him and his queer features knew more,
Pronounced him at one glance in excellent humour.

Night came, and the clock in the castle struck ten,
When Cuornero with trumpet blast summon'd his men,

For his ear
Very clear
In the distance could hear
The quick tramp of footsteps, in haste marching near;
For the chill mountain air allow'd no one to lag,
Save ten luckless wretches, each arm'd with a bag,
Who began when half-way up to breathe hard, and pant all, as
Each eyed his treasure with looks *à la* Tantalus.

"Open the gate,
Don't let 'em wait,
For they're knocking away at a deuce of a rate:
Matteo, my honey,
While I count the money,
The fit moment you'll catch
To light the slow match,
When nobody's looking, and when you have done
Blow a note on your horn, and we'll all cut and run."

In two minutes more
The bags on the floor
Were untied, and the Captain survey'd the rich store,
And counted them carefully, "One, two, three, four,
Five thousand, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, all right—
*Molte grazie, Signori*, I wish you good night."
And he put the ten bags
On ten very stout nags,
That they mightn't slip down in descending the crags,
When the sound of a horn made him suddenly jump, an' he
Trotted away at the head of his company.

Off rode the Guelphs like a pack in full cry,
And the Ghibelline sentry on guard rubb'd his eye,
And mutter'd "Oh my!
What can make 'em fly
As if old Nick were nigh?
I wish"—what he wish'd I can't tell you? and why?
Because with a clap that with thunder might vie
The fortress that moment blew up to the sky,
Shooting all who were in it full half-a-mile high;
While Cuornero afar at his ease did espy
The flames madly blazing, and walls split asunder,
And chuckled, "How likes he his bargain, I wonder!"

Many years since that night are flown,
And brave Cuornero sleeps alone;
Still is the wand'ring stranger shewn
Near Genoa's walls his fun'ral stone,
Defaced and with green moss o'ergrown,
But how he died was never known.
And still
If you will
You may see the hill,
So barren, that none seek the earth to till:
But good reader and crony,
Take no *cicerone*,
For as sure as you live, if he gets you alone, he
Will tell you, denying my statements *in toto*,
That the fort was capsized by "*un gran terremuoto*."
But pray
Don't delay,
Not even a day—
Get a passport, for which you a trifle must pay,
If you go by Ostend, much the pleasantest way;
And when you the hill and its ruins survey,
Write a line—if the post's paid, I sha'nt care how often I
Hear from my friends how they like Radicofani.

# THAT'S NEAR ENOUGH!

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

" And teach the rustic moralist to *lie.*"
(*Not* GRAY, *but near enough.*)

How many Leanders have been drowned in the numberless little Hellesponts of life, through a blind and persevering reliance upon the excellence of the doctrine which the words here written indicate—" That's near enough!" How have the strong been borne headlong away in mid-channel, when most secure that the opposite bank was within reach;—how have the confident sunk, when just touching the shore, for want of the small final effort, the extra stroke, the determination to make sure, that seemed superfluous!

" That's near enough!" is nothing less than English for rocks and quicksands, cramps and exhaustion—spasms amidst hey-day merriment, foundering in sight of port, and defeat under the very nose of victory. In spite of hourly warnings to the contrary, people will insist upon interpreting " It's near enough," into something synonymous with " All's right." In one point of view the translation *is* near enough. We know what " All right" too often means upon a railroad; and on the moral highways of humanity " It's near enough" frequently means the same thing—crash, smash, just as Safety has taken her seat, and Precaution seems an impertinence.

The awkward and frequently fatal mistakes into which people fall by recklessly putting trust in this doctrine, are seen as well in their sayings as in their doings. Both orders of mistake may be very well exemplified in the story which the philosopher relates of the countryman and the traveller, when the waters were out and the stream was to be crossed. " Bear to the left," advised the countryman; but being afterwards told that the traveller was drowned, " Ah!" said he, " he mistook my direction ; I meant *my* left." But *the* left seemed near enough to the traveller, who thought it meant *his*.

People who are always satisfied with " that's near enough," may see their own image in the person of Cinderella's too confident sister, who was quite sure, for her part, that she could get her foot into the slipper, and did—all but the heel.

They rest on their oars, trusting to the tide to carry them at full sweep through the bridge, satisfied with " that will do," just as their rivals shoot by them. They bet on the horse that is beaten within a neck of the winning-post, convinced that " that's near enough."

But first of their sayings. Speech is scarcely more common to mankind, than is the loose habit of not speaking precisely as the intended meaning requires—the practice of misusing words, a regular system of inexactness. But this is so notorious as to amount to about nothing. The mischief is, that not a few wear their ordinary loose habits on the most solemn occasions. They cannot get within an inch of a positive fact, even upon their oaths; they rush into the witness-box only to discover that their evidence does not bear upon the question, or that it overthrows the very point they were called to establish.

If by chance they happen to have stumbled on a definite idea, their

language is so gross a misfit, that dress becomes a disguise, and renders it indefinite. As for diving after truth and fishing her up from the bottom, as Hotspur would have plucked up "drowned honour," they never so much as ventured to the edge of the well to look down. A mile off is quite near enough. They can't bear people who are too particular; and they have no patience with formal fellows who are always splitting hairs, calling for names and dates, and pinning men down to their statements.

Yet they are apt to be excessively positive, and have always something particularly important to communicate. They are ready to swear that they are right, in at least one particular. Say, for example, that they possess the organ of locality in strong prominence, and have testimony to give. They can say nothing about the how, or the when; these they leave to others; but as to the *where*, they know the very place, the precise spot, and they modestly confess that they do pretend to speak with some little accuracy and exactness upon that point. And when to the point they are brought, a million to one that their idea of locality, their sure guidance of your "unacquainted feet," (in Milton's phrase,) to the exact spot with which you wish them to be on intimate terms, merges at last in the satisfactory intelligence, "It was in *that* street which runs out of Seven-dials."

Catch them in *which* street, if you can. No closer to the explanatory point can you draw or drive them. In *that* street they take their stand, and will die at the stake rather than stir. They insist as of old —"that's near enough." You will never teach a man of this sort his way to the temple of useful knowledge. You may apply a stick as thick as his head to his boasted organ of locality, but you will never make the bump bigger.

Courts of law, and courts of justice, (for with wonderful candour it is admitted that courts are of two kinds,) daily exhibit instances of a species of evidence which "*that* street running out of Seven-dials" very literally exemplifies. A witness starts up to swear to the receipt of a letter, the seal of which was composed of red wax, bearing the impression of the head of George the Third. But presently you find that he has no particular reason for supposing that it was the head of George the Third, and indeed he doesn't know that it was a head of anybody; he conjectures that it was the impression of a thimble, and rather believes that the letter was sealed with a wafer, without any red wax at all. As he observes to himself, however, when told to stand down, "What a toil about trifles—it was near enough!"

Judges are bound to be especially guarded in their expressions. When a prisoner lately petitioned for a respite of a week, the judge told him he would make a minute of it.

This incidental reference to our law courts reminds me (has the reader forgotten him?) of a famous witness of the near-enough order—an impracticable fellow, whom no counsel, though of a forty-bully power, could ever have brought to specify with any precision or accuracy. He had seen a stone flung, but he knew nothing about the size of it. He thought it did not look much like a house, and that description he conceived to be quite near enough. It was a stone of a magnitude between a pebble and one of the pyramids. *He* should say that it was a biggish stone—some people might think it bigger than that,

and some smaller. He really believed, and wouldn't mind swearing, that it wasn't quite so huge as anything of a larger size. Still the cross-questioning counsel did not think this went near enough, and still he pressed for a closer explanation. Still, however, the evasive witness, leaving no stone unturned, avoided every comparison that could convey a definite idea of magnitude; until at length the subtle counsel, forcing him by mingled coaxing and threats to liken the stone to some one object in nature which everybody had seen, extracted an explicit declaration that "it was about the size of *a lump of chalk*." It must be admitted that this fairly illustrates the near-enough principle.

On the stage we see it perpetually illustrated; not merely in the half-conception of character, and the careless style of execution, which the actor evidently thinks "will do"—intending to atone for all fallings off by a flash of effect here and there, and a point made in the expected place—but even in the less difficult particular of accuracy in rendering the text. The *Cassio* whom we lately saw deemed himself, beyond all doubt, quite near enough, when in reply to the *Moor's* admission of having contrived against his life,—

"Dear general, I never gave you cause,"

he addressed the astonished *Othello* in a free translation of the line—

"Dear general, you never had the least occasion whatever."

The sporting gentleman, who made his appearance upon the stage in the character of Hamlet, (having very handsomely backed himself to play the part in eighteen minutes less than Mr. Young,) was doubtless a victim to a whimsical and unlucky association of ideas, when he inadvertently introduced a new reading into the famous soliloquy—

"———'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep;
To sleep!—perchance to dream! Ay, that's coming to the scratch;
For in that sleep of death," &c.

All misquoters have not the same excuse; and, in misquotation, of all things, the principle under discussion is continually seen in its full glory. Witness the well-known specimen of ingenious inaccuracy which a popular member of the Lower House once conceived to be quite near enough to the text of Shakspeare, when he delivered a pathetic admonition to the listening minister opposite:—"I address myself to the right honourable gentleman with 'a countenance more in regret than irritation,' I tell him that his 'leaping ambition' will be of no avail; and I warn him, in the language of the immortal bard whom I have just quoted,—

"'Lay not that flattering ointment to your breast!'"

If, in courts of law, on the stage, and in the senate, this loose habit prevails, how is it to be expected that people will cast it off in the ordinary intercourse of life, during which, when a passage from the poets turns up, it passes from mouth to mouth, taking a new turn upon every repetition, as a beggar's coat takes patches, until the last turn comes, which is inside out. Thus one line in its time plays many parts, and becomes as flexible of feature as that which Betterton and the

rest of the Elysian debaters are so amusingly discussing at this very hour in the *Journey from this World to the Next.*

Volumes might easily be filled with accredited jokes at the expense of translators, French, Dutch, and Otaheitan, who may often have blundered from the sublime to the ridiculous, and done nothing very wonderful after all ; but what an appendix would be wanted for our home-manglers and mutilators, who, like sage Mrs. Malaprop, remember the front of Job and the eye like March, together with something about kissing on a hill,—all which they think quite near enough.

But respectable prosy people will tell us that it is no crime to misquote a poet. No; but it is, at the same time, a suspicious circumstance. If we find a man adopting this or that form of expression instead of the exact one, when upon his oath, we cannot expect him to be scrupulously accurate in his ordinary communications, whether important or not ; and, by the same rule, when people fail to note, or are careless about repeating, the close, guarded, measured, and felicitous language of poetry, we should in vain look for correctness in their reports of the looser and more informal and rambling phraseology of prose.

And so it is. Not only is it impossible, as we all experience, to obtain from two persons the same account of a transaction with which both are equally well acquainted, having seen it from a like point of view ; but we cannot even find a man reporting it twice in the same terms. The whole gist of the argument, the point of the story, may absolutely depend on a close adherence to one set form of words—the employment of one particular phrase; yet will he vary it. When a deviation from the right line, a little extra colour or emphasis will spoil all, his notion of "that's near enough" prevails, and everything goes wrong. When Goldsmith, according to the old anecdote, told the waiter to take the peas to Hammersmith, he little thought how very far he was from "Turn'em-green"—he imagined he was quite near enough. The quickest-witted persons are sometimes slow to perceive the importance of nice distinctions, and a rigid adherence to the text.

There is a licence granted in all cases of story-telling, ample enough for every legitimate vagary of the imagination, and each repeater of the tale in succession is allowed to add one black crow to it, and no more ; but with matters of fact no such liberty and indulgence should be claimed or granted. If an idle word be dropped, the reporter must not be permitted to make two of it ; if a little hot breath escape, its historian cannot be allowed to fan it into a flame. It is wonderful how much confusion and mischief—nay, how much sin and wretchedness, the world owes to the free translations and speculative paraphrases of credible witnesses—witnesses of undoubted veracity, who yet think a little more than the truth, or a little less, as it may happen, quite near enough.

"That's near enough" is often a very long way off. When a man of the average class, however well meaning, comes to you to report words uttered in his presence, and seriously affecting your interests, write the words down, and set a friend to ask him in the evening what the words were. You will then, it is more than probable, get a second version of them. Next morning, through the medium of another communicant, you will obtain a third ; and, in the course of four-and-

twenty hours, may be in possession of half a dozen different editions, although it be a case in which a verbatim report, the *ipsissima verba*, were imperatively required. Thus you will discover, that your informant, though veracious and well-intentioned, has a memory so little retentive, and an observation so liable to err, that you cannot attach any great value to his wavering reports and indistinct impressions.

"Near enough" does not always reach half-way; and, if the captain who had engaged to carry you safely into port, were to bid you disembark in the middle of the Atlantic ocean, telling you at the same time that "it was near enough," he would but imitate a practice that prevails extensively on shore.

Run any risk rather than trust your reputation, or your life, or anything that may be dear to you, in the keeping of one of these near enough people. If you sit to them for your portrait, they will work carefully at the likeness for some time, and then, dashing a most abominable obliquity into one of the eyes, they will tell you it is quite near enough. If they owe you guineas, they will pay you pounds—light sovereigns, and tell you it is near enough. Commission them to buy you a choice edition of an author, in twelve volumes; they will bid for a broken set, send you home eleven out of the dozen, and consider it to be near enough. Rich as Crœsus though they be, if you ask them for champagne they hand you gooseberry—and here perhaps you will feel disposed to admit that they *are* "near enough." They remember to have heard, only the day before, something very greatly to your advantage, but what it was, or where said, they cannot recollect—however, that's near enough. If they catch you at cards two nights running, they report that you play every evening regularly throughout the year—high;—which rumour, though not precisely truth, they are pleased to think near enough. Were they to hear that your grandfather had made a fortune by selling figs, they would go about telling everybody that you never had a grandfather—and people would think it near enough. Tell them that you had seen Mrs. —— at the opera, quite plain—and they will report to Mrs. —— that you said you had seen her looking quite plain at the opera; a version of your remark which they of course pronounce to be near enough. They keep half a score of famished people waiting for dinner, and, arriving three quarters of an hour after time, call it near enough.

There is no blunder or barbarism too gross for them to perpetrate under this plea; they care not how wide of the mark they may be, while they can raise up this excuse; they would deem themselves near enough in protesting that Jonah swallowed a whale, retaining it on his stomach for three days. When they have settled, in their felicitous way of reckoning, that two and two are five, they esteem the account to be quite near enough.

I may exaggerate the danger to be apprehended from this fraternity; but, for my part, I always feel, if one of them happen to be within hearing, that he is rather *too* near—when he is outside the door, he is quite near enough.

[*Not* 1*st* JULY—*but near enough.*

# THE OLD FAMILY PLACE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

IN THREE PARTS.

## PART I.—THE HEIR OF ELMWOOD-HOLMES.

Oh! Elmwood-Holmes, once beautiful! How dull and desolate
The mournful grass along the road seen through thy old park gate!
How lone, in all thy avenues, shines out the summer sun,
With nothing that hath life or breath to shed his beams upon;
Except the wild bird, singing loud among the branches high,
Or squirrel leaping fearlessly, no human footstep nigh!
How rank thy lawns, that once were kept so shaven-smooth and green—
How grey, on urns and statues white, the lichen-damp is seen—
How dismal looks the marble fount, where now no waters play—
Its dusty basin choked and dry, in ruinous decay!
And round thy silent terraces neglected roses grow,
Their very beauty making worse the melancholy show,
As, toss'd upon the ruffling breeze, untrain'd the branches fling
Their flexile sprays, like grieving arms, that seek in vain to cling
Once more round some beloved support, where long ago they lean'd,
Safe shadow'd from the summer heat,—from wintry tempest screen'd!

Closed are the windows, one and all,—the house looks blank and blind—
Within its empty, echoing courts, no sound but moaning wind.
Hot, creaking, and uncarpeted, the burnished oaken floors
And faded pictures dimly smile along the corridors,
The only image now, of man, in that forsaken place,
The lingering memories left of what was once a stately race.
Was once?—Hath, then, that noble park no owner and no heir?
Where's he should dwell at Elmwood-Holmes? The echo answers—"*Where?*"

Beneath a bright Italian sky his infant footsteps roam,
As happy in that foreign land as though he were at home.
*He* hath no memories—no regrets—to him it is all one:
Dear are the radiant flowers—though pluck'd beneath a foreign sun—
The orange bowers and ilex groves, where he may freely stray,
The scatter'd olive grounds, which leave blue glimpses of the bay;
And the dark cypress, soft and tall, that points above his head
To that calm heaven his fancy fills with angels of the dead.
No tears, no aching thoughts, for *him* the landscape hath awoke;
Unmoved he sees the heavy pine replace the British oak.
But oh! his mother's look of grief no firmness can control,—
It tells how deep the iron shaft hath enter'd in her soul.
For *her*, old terraces, old walks, old English lanes arise,
And force the colour from her cheek—the teardrop to her eyes.
In vain she stifles all she feels, and struggles *not* to think—
She sees the glades in Elmwood Park, where deer came down to drink;

The long cool twilight seems to hang above the river-side,
The sheep-bell tinkles from the hill, the white swans gently glide;
The sights of home—the sounds of home—they haunt her once again:
She cannot bear it,—she *must* weep, or die of inward pain!
And down she droops her wailing head upon her wasted hands;
Then rising up, she leads him forth, who, spoil'd of house and lands,
Goes, trilling like a little bird, some snatch of merry song,
Unconscious of the grief of her who guides his steps along,—
Unconscious that his father's life of wild luxurious joy
Hath made a beggar of his heir—an exile of his boy!

His father! Oh! how loud the world, how eager in its blame,
How scornfully and sneeringly it speaks that father's name!
She only who hath suffer'd most, refrains from speaking ill:
The one just voice that *might* complain—*that* voice is hush'd and still;
Yea, even the ruin that hath reach'd her helpless orphan's head,
Hath fail'd to make the widow slur the mem'ry of the dead.
"Wild,—selfish,—proud,—extravagant:"—she knows that this is truth;
But, oh! he was her early choice—the husband of her youth!
And what's the worth of love that straight begins to pause and halt
As soon as it discov'ry makes of some untoward fault?
What colder thing can strangers do, unknit by ties of blood—
(With every right to change their mien according to their mood)—
What colder thing can strangers do, than leave us when they find
All is not perfect in the heart or noble in the mind?
Heaven bless the deep and earnest love, which, like a constant river,
Where once it frays itself a course, will roll therein for ever!
Not doling measured kindness out, as if it were *reward*,
Not keeping tenderness encaged, with reason for its guard;
Not steering, under careful sail, some calculated course,
But humbly true to simple vows, "for better or for worse."
For, oh! no matter what the cause—how justly disapproved—
The heart that joins the world in blame forsaketh its beloved!
Too close, on equal ground, true love should stand, for looking down;
That erring heart, with all its faults, should beat too near our own,
To give us leave to act as though we filled a judgment-seat,
Condemning and absolving it,—a suppliant at our feet!
Affection! humblest parasite that ever fed on air,
Asks not, if what it once entwines, be worthy of its care;
Vainly, by prying, wondering hands, 'tis plucked aside to know
What bids such freshening loveliness with sapless ruin grow;*
Released, it droops and clings again, e'en where it clung before—
Its root of gentle life is *there*,—the wisest learn no more!

So loved, through sunshine, cloud, and storm, the lady of my lay—
So clung, when every other friend thought fit to fall away;
And still with tenderness she thinks of him for ever gone,
Though Elmwood-Holmes, her orphan's right, is desert, waste, and lone.

* See the description given by botanists of the beautiful race of air-plants.

## THE JEWISH MARRIAGE.

"My shildren, gader yourshelves round my kneesh, and I vill tell you a pratty little shtory of a shircumshtansh vich vonce happened to our peoplesh.

"It vas a long, long time ago, and did not take plashe in dis shtupid country of England, vere de Normansh, and plaguesh take 'em, vere killing and robbing our faders at that time, but in de beautiful country called Shpain—you know, vere de orangesh come from."

"We have always been partial to *de Spanish*," here remarked Rabbi Sloman, a young wag, whose impudence has raised him from the duty of carrying the bag, to that of seizing upon the luckless street-passenger in Holywell-street, and dragging him into the shop of Mr. Aminadab, Sloman's worthy employer.

"Get out, Rabbi Sloman!" said the venerable Solomons; "you vill shplit my old shides vid laughing, you vicked rogue, you; leaf me to myshelf, and to tell my shtory my own vay." Rachel, Miriam, pretty peach-cheeked Rose Moss, and the rest of the dark-eyed girls of Jewry, gathered round the venerable old man, and turning their lovely backs upon the punster, plainly shewed that they considered his pleasantry in this instance (as, indeed, in many others) excessively ill-timed.

Sloman, rather rebuffed, went to the window, and pretended to be intensely occupied by a green coat with brass buttons, that was lighted up by the last rays of the sun, on the opposite side of Holywell-street to that on which the good old Solomons sate, with his grand-daughters and friends about him. The patriarch meanwhile, (whose accent we may pretermit, for the language of a kindly soul, be it that of a Turk, Jew, or cockney, shall never be ridiculed by us,) continued his little tale.

"In the beautiful city of Grenada, and in the reign of Bobadil El Chico, there lived a worthy man of our people, Jehoiadah, the son of Jonadab, who was the physician of Bobadil the king.

"He was a learned man, and good, and, withal, a famous leech. Many a time he had arrested—

("O, fie! its'h low to talk about de shop," said a gentleman from Cursitor-street, Chancery-lane.)

"—Had arrested the angel of death, as he was in the very act of seizing his prey; dragging him away from the gaping wounds of warriors, whose brave blood he was drinking; tearing him from the fair breasts of young maidens, who were withering in his icy embraces; or from the innocent bosoms of little babes, that were choking and dying under his horrible grasp. He was a famous doctor, in a word, loved throughout the land, and, moreover, as jovial in humour as he was handsome in person and wise in experience and wit.

"Bobadil the king would take no other physic but his, and loaded him with wealth and honour, and the nine hundred and ninety-nine ladies of the king's court had to the full as high an opinion of him. Many a white arm, my dears, was held out, for no other purpose, as I fear, but that the handsome doctor might feel its trembling, silly pulse; many a veil was withdrawn, that the famous Jehoiadah

might have a glimpse, not so much of the tongue, but of the lovely face of the wearer.

"But he did not care for the prettiest faces of the court, nor did he value all the honours and jewels that the king gave him half as much as one little jewel he had at home, and that was Sarah, the daughter of Adonijah, the son of Benjamin. Now Sarah was Jehoiadah's wife.

"My dears, how shall I describe her beauties to you? There is little Moses here, at my knee, who sells sealing-wax at the coaches—Sarah's lips were as red, and her hair as black, as the very best of his ware; each eye shot out rays of brilliance like a six-bladed knife, but they wounded nobody; her voice was as sweet as that of the blackbird, that hangs up at Mr. Samuel's shop yonder; and as for her shape, it was so naturally graceful and elegant, that you would have thought she had taken lessons of Rabbi Baron Nathan all her life.

"She was the pearl of our people, and happy was the man around whose neck she hung.

"But as all human life is subject to sorrow, and even the best of us are not exempt from it, there lay a great grief upon Sarah and Jehoiadah, and this was, that they had no offspring. She was barren among the wives of Israel, and this was for a term of reproach to her, and both she and Jehoiadah took it bitterly to heart; and year after year passed, and still no child came to make them glad. When she went to synagogue, the women sneered together, and said, 'Look at the barren one!' and when he appeared at the feast, the men cried, 'Tush! he has no children.'

"Now Jehoiadah the physician had a mother, who being proud, ugly, and old herself, loved little one who was young, and lovely, and humble; for Sarah was not of so great family as Jehoiadah, whose descent was from the kings of Israel. But though Sarah was kind and duteous to her husband's mother, yet the woman loved her not, but nourished hate against her, and hated her the more because she brought this disgrace upon them.

"Love sometimes droops, but hate never does; and day and night Jehoiadah's mother cast this reproach into his ear, saying, 'My son, send this woman from you: take away this shame from our house; let not Jehoiadah, the son of Jonadab, the son of Jochanan, go to the grave, and leave no heir to his father's house.'

"And to Sarah she said, 'You pretend to love Jehoiadah—is this love, to prefer thy pleasure to his honour? See, he is sad and care-worn because he has no children. Wilt thou, O hard-hearted one, send him childless to his grave? Get up, woman, and go from among us; go back to thy lowly race, and marry one of thy degree. Doves do not mate with eagles. Why hast thou come into the house of Jehoiadah?'

"But Sarah would not go.

"But what can compare with the perseverance of woman? Sarah would not yield, and Jehoiadah's mother would not yield; and lo! as it is common, Jehoiadah did. Now the king's treasurer and chief minister was also of our people; and he had a daughter, whose name was Judith, and she, too, was of rare beauty. And Jehoiadah said, 'Shall I not marry Judith, and become the greatest in the land, and raise children to my house?'

"But when he thought of Sarah, his soul grew very sad; and as he dared not to meet her when thinking of these things, and as he cared

not to see his mother, he would sit of nights in his chamber alone, that is, with one bad companion, the wine-cup.

" And he would drink and drink, until he forgot his cares for the night. But when he was sobered of a morning, the cares became stronger, and the courage to bear them weaker; for so, my sons, will it be with him who seeks to drive off sorrow by wine.

" Bear with it, then. If thou canst not overcome misfortune by looking it in the face, canst thou turn it aside by flying before it? I tell thee, it is pitiless and a coward: it bends before the strong, but it will trample on thee, grovel thou ever so much in the ground.

" And so Jehoiadah's mother prevailed. And he went to Rabbi Manasseh, who had married him to Sarah, and he said unto him, ' Rabbi, you know that I have well and truly loved Sarah, my wife, that I might have had wealth and honour but for her, but that I clave unto her more than to honour and wealth.'

" ' My son,' said Rabbi Manasseh, ' what wealth is like a virtuous woman, and what honour like that of possessing her?'

" ' Go to,' answered Jehoiadah; ' what is a treasure that beareth no interest? Is it an honour to have a wife that brings no children to Israel? I will put her away from me, and get me another woman, and not go down childless to my grave. But Sarah, my wife, has been for ten years a good and loving spouse to me, and my heart is weak, and I cannot tell her this to her face; nor must my mother tell her, for she is a hard woman, and I would not that Sarah's heart should be vexed too sore. Go you, therefore, Rabbi Manasseh, and break these things gently to her.' And with this, Jehoiadah went away, and he tried to drown the grief that was within him with wine; but the grief floated above the wine.

" Rabbi Manasseh then went to Sarah, Jehoiadah's wife, and he told her all, speaking gently, for he loved her much, as all the good and all the poor did.

" And when he had told her, she said only, ' Be it as my lord will;' and she went up to her chamber, and no one followed her; and when she came out to meet Jehoiadah, as he came from the wine-house, he saw by her face that she knew all, and he turned away.

" But Manasseh said, ' My son, it is not so that you must part from Sarah, your wife: there is no wrong in her; and what you do is from duty, and not from any fault you find with her. Send, therefore, to your friends and kindred, and call a feast, and make merry, and treat Sarah with honour before them, and tell them how good and fond a wife she has been. If you part with her, you love and honour her still; dismiss her, then, with presents, as becomes you and her.'

" And Jehoiadah said, ' She may take all she will.'

" Then Jehoiadah sent out, and called his friends and kindred together, and made a great feast; and Jaël his mother sate at the table in her richest garments, and her heart was glad, and Sarah sate by the side of her husband, and uttered no word of complaint. And Jehoiadah, though he was flushed with wine, was no happier than she; but he spoke to his kindred of Sarah's virtues and love, as Manasseh told him, and said that she might carry away with her, as a token, the best things she liked in the house;—and though Jaël his mother said, ' Nay, there is much gold and treasure in the house,—what need has one of her poor sort of treasure and gold?'

"Jehoiadah said, 'Yes, it shall be so.' And all the friends drank and were merry, and departed.

"But when Sarah rose to go, Jehoiadah's heart failed him, and he said, 'Not yet.' And at length, Jaël, too, went away, and only Manasseh and Sarah remained with him.

"But always when Sarah wished to go, Jehoiadah said, 'Not yet;' and she stayed. And he drank more wine, and Manasseh filled his cup for him, and at last his head sunk down, and he was drunk, and he slept.

"And when he was sound asleep, Manasseh said to Sarah, 'Now, go home.'

* * * * *

"When Jehoiadah woke in the morning, behold, he was in a strange place; and he started up wildly, and cried 'Where am I?' and lo! Sarah was watching at the foot of the bed.

"And Sarah cast down her eyes to the ground, and said, 'My lord, you are in the house of my parents, in the house of Sarah, your servant. Last night, my lord said, Let Sarah carry with her from my house that which she likes best — and I love you better than diamonds and gold; and you slept, and I took you up, and carried you, and brought you hither.'

"Then when Jehoiadah heard this, he sprung from the bed, and went to Sarah, and took her in his arms, and kissed and blessed her, and vowed a vow, that from that day forth he and she should never part, and they never did. And the prayers of Sarah were heard, and she had many children, and Jaël, Jehoiadah's mother, went away from the house."

Here the old man paused, and there were tears in Rose Moss's eyes as he finished the tale, and Miriam flung her arms round his neck, and kissed his snow-white beard.

He put his hat on his head, and took his staff and his sack, and went forth; and I think his voice quivered a little, as he uttered his accustomed cry of

OLD CLO.

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## THE ROSE OF JERICHO.

*(From the German of Ferdinand Brunold.)**

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

ALONE there sits an old man within his knightly hall;
The goblet stands before him—his fathers deck the wall;
The wine he cannot relish—nay, sure a tear-drop ran
Adown the pallid cheek of that old and lonely man.

His hands are dry and wither'd; a single rose they bear—
A rose that long has faded,—upon it falls the tear.
Yet o'er those pallid features a smile of pleasure creeps;
Unwillingly and slowly, thus speak his aged lips:—

"You promised when you gave me this token, lady mine,
This rose so fair and blooming in holy Palestine—
I then was Jesu's warrior—I found you in your youth;
You gave the rose of Jericho, the token of your truth—

* This poet was born at Pyritz, in Pomerania, in 1811.

"Oh yes, 'twas then you promised, my bosom's only choice,
Love sparkled in your eyes, sweet, and trembled in your voice—
You promised I should see you, when others all were gone,
And I was left, an old man, forgotten and alone.

"Again, love, I shall see you—your own lips told me so,
When, though we loved so truly, we parted long ago:
This was to be the token, the true, undoubted sign,—
The rose should once more open, in warm and glowing wine.

"And now I am an old man, oh shew yourself at last—
For thus the rose of Jericho into the cup I cast!
The wine shall glow more warmly, the rose once more be young!
Then hasten back, you dear one, whom I have miss'd so long!"

His wither'd hands, that tremble with joy and yet with awe,
Still nearer and still nearer the goblet slowly draw;
The lamp aright he places—it will but dimly shine;
And then the rose he kisses, and drops it in the wine.

Behold! the wine is sparkling—the rose a perfume gives,
And more and more expanded are swelling forth its leaves.
Fix'd on the rose and goblet the old man's eye is gleaming—
It is hope's joyous lustre that in his eye is beaming.

And fuller, ever fuller, the fragrant rose-leaves blow;
And gladder, and still gladder, the old man's features glow.
The radiance is increasing, the light has fill'd the room,
—There stands the rose, unfolded, amid the goblet's fume!

Back in his chair the old man has slowly sunk at last.
He long is left unheeded—'tis thought he slumbers fast;
But in the morn his servants have found him leaning, dead—
The rose is in the goblet, still blooming, fresh, and red.

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## A VISIT TO THE CITY OF THE KHALIFS.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

The great plain of Babylon is terminated to the north by the Median wall, traces of which still exist; and by low rocky hills, the passes of which constituted the Pylæ of Xenophon, a few miles north of the ill-fated field of Cunaxa. Below these, on the banks of the great river is, in the present day, the Arab fort of Feluja, at or near the site of the Macepracta of Ammianus Marcellinus, and the Anbar of the Khalifate. Near the same point the largest of the existing canals in Babylonia takes its start, to pour its waters into the Khor, or lake of Akka Kuf, from whence they are led away by the Daoudiyeh canal to the Tigris. This canal has been navigated throughout its whole length by the Euphrates steamer.

I was one of a party who, on the arrival of the above-mentioned steamer at Feluja, were allowed to visit the city of the Khalifs, with orders to recross the plain to the south, and rejoin at Hillah, an Arab town on the site of ancient Babylon. We accordingly started at two in the morning of the 5th of June, a period of the year, when the cool

of daybreak is a great desideratum on the level, burning plain of Babylonia. For two hours, we travelled over a desert, stony tract, beyond which, we came to an Arab encampment, and some cultivation, and at this point we crossed the canal by a temporary bridge. There was a great mound of ruins to the south of us. We continued through the same kind of country, cultivation, and encampments, alternating with desert land, and dried-up canals of irrigation; for, in the time of Artaxerxes (Ardashír), as in that of the Khalifate, all this great plain—ever fertile, amid its various fortunes—was populated and cultivated. Some of the land was inundated, and the soil lately left by the waters cracked into a great irregular polygonal pavement, or rose up in piles of dust, that travelled about in spiral forms, sweeping upon their own axis, and yet having an onward movement superadded.

Throughout almost the whole length of the ride, we had the colossal fragment of a ruin, called the Akka Kuf, rising like a broken pile of rock out of the distant horizon, or towering out of the shining waves of the Schrab, or mirage, contorted into a hundred different shapes; at times thrown up into the air, as a long irregular pillar, and then again broken into pieces, and scattered like so many masses of rock over the plain. Still, however altered and variable the appearances which it assumed, it was always visible, and served us as an infallible guide. This is, no doubt, the key to the meaning of these lofty eminences on the plain; which, by guiding the fathers of the human race from Accad (Akka Kuf) to Babel, and from Babel to Erech or Ur, prevented their being scattered abroad upon the face of the earth till this was accomplished, for wise purposes, by the direct interposition of the Almighty.

The tower of Accad,* like other Babylonian ruins, is built of sun-dried bricks, alternating with reeds and bitumen, but differing somewhat in the arrangement of these, and still more from all other mounds, as these, although in the centre, formed of solid bricks, are, from the decay of the surface, fallen off into mere heaps of earth, while the tower of Akka Kuf is, on the contrary, a fragment of one of these great mounds, and rises out of the plain a solid mass of building, with perpendicular or broken walls of brick, the holes in which are the safe resort of owls and birds of prey. All around, far and wide, are traces of extensive ruins, now level with the ground, and intersected by ancient beds of canals of irrigation, or washed by the waters of the Khor, the reed-clad banks of which shelter herds of wild boar.

Near to the ruins of Accad, was an Arab castellated farm, called Kaleh Yusuf Agha, (Mr. Joseph's Castle,) and not far from this, we arrived at a little isolated mound, surrounded by the waters of the lake, where we expected to find a boat to convey us to Baghdad; but it had just started, and the more we fired guns and pistols to endeavour to bring it back, the more it sped onward to be out of our reach. We were thus left to pass the night on this water-environed mound. The site of Baghdad was visible on the other side of the lake, where it appeared as a long grove of date trees, with here and there an occasional glimpse of rampart or flat-roofed houses, towered over by white-washed

* "And the beginning of his kingdom was Babel, and Erech, and Accad, and Calneh, in the land of Shinar."—Genesis, x. 10.

menarehs; while to the north, the splendid gilded tomb, and richly-ornamented towers of the Kazimein, glittered in the setting sun.

This is a holy place on the banks of the Tigris, sacred to a leader of the Shiite, or Persian Mohammedans. It is a place of refuge, and hence inhabited by the princes who some years back visited this country; and it is also a site where the bodies of Persians, who are conveyed to their burial at Mesjid Ali, beyond the Euphrates, tarry for a day, to derive additional sanctity from such a post-mortem pilgrimage—posthumous it is not. These pilgrimages present to the stranger, who happens to meet one, a not very inviting spectacle. They generally consist of from five hundred to one thousand mules, each carrying two dead bodies, and seldom attended by any, save the hired muleteer; at times, however, a forlorn widower or childless mother is to be seen, wrapped in a long dark dress, following the mournful convoy on foot, and persevering, amid dust, heat, and thirst, in traversing the desert tracts that lie between the frontiers of Persia and the tomb of Ali, in Arabia. The coffins are often carelessly made—sometimes a few planks hastily thrown together—the bodies scarcely embalmed, and collected at a distance, and at long intervals from one another; both often break upon so long a journey; and it is, therefore, needless to remark, that these caravans of the dead are followed by hosts of jackals and vultures, and still greater myriads of wasps and carnivorous flies.

Sleep on the mound, on which we were perched, was put out of the question by myriads of mosquitoes, besides that we were otherwise engaged; for some Arabs, whom we had sent early in the evening in search of provisions, did not return till midnight, when their bread cakes and sour milk, notwithstanding the sleepy hour, received every attention. The sun rose, and we were obliged to remain exposed to its scorching beams, till past the meridian; it was three P.M. before the welcome boat came to our delivery. The wind was in our favour; but having but a sorry square sail, it took us three hours to cross the lake. At times the Arab crew assisted by pulling a little, on which occasions they added the stimulus of song, shouts, and yells, the former consisted of a few simple stanzas:—

> "Haste, let us home, our mothers are waiting for us;
> Haste, let us home, the sun will abandon us!"

A welcome was also sung in grand chorus, to our interpreter, Sayid Ali, who had married a native of Baghdad; the words were pretty nearly—

> "Somebody is now arriving,
> Sayid Ali, Sayid Ali.
> Ah! who is now expecting
> Sayid Ali, Sayid Ali?
> May they soon together be,
> Sayid Ali, Sayid Ali!"

We landed at sunset, by the tomb of Zobeida, the beautiful wife of Harun Al Rashid, whose name is as familiar in London as in Baghdad. The monument erected to her memory is an exquisite specimen of Saracenic architecture, but is more beautiful in its interior and skilful in its details than it is striking in appearance. Passing through

the suburbs of the city, we gained its long bridge of boats, flanked by coffee-houses with open balconies, verandahed mansions, and solemn-looking madresehs, or colleges; while the rapid river, with its circular coracles flitting about, swept past, to lose itself in an interminable forest of date-trees; a few steps more, and the musquito mound of the Babylonian lake was exchanged for the carpeted saloons of the British Resident, and we were gliding in pumps and silk stockings to a savoury repast, served up in the cellar, or serdaub, where a current of air was kept up by two enormous punkahs, or fans, suspended from the ceiling, and worked by machinery from without.

The next morning, after visiting the curiosities of the Residency, which possesses a stud of horses of various Arab breeds, several wild beasts and birds, (among the former of which were a lion of the Tigris and a beautiful tame hunting-tiger,) a good library, and admirable garden, we prepared to visit the Pasha, who was encamped with his troops outside the city, in anticipation of an expedition against the Kurd Bey of Rowandiz.

We proceeded through the bazaars in procession:—first, a kawass, with silver stick and scarlet coat; second, a green-silk-garmented gentleman, a sub-secretary of the Residency; next the dragoman of the Residency; then four ordinary kawasses, in scarlet uniform, on foot; lastly, the officers of our party within a file of sipahis, and mounted on horses gaily decorated with a profusion of scarlet and purple satin saddle-cloths and harness glittering with brass, enough to delight the eye even of a native of sumptuous Baghdad.

Ali Pasha received us in a capacious time-worn tent, on the floor of which water had been thrown to cool the air, till it formed so many puddles. He was a fine old man, very fat, but his eye animated, his forehead good, his aspect benevolent, and manners courteous. He was very anxious that we should see his guns and warlike preparations; and when he rose to walk with us, his appearance partook highly of the ridiculous. His full trousers did not reach to his ankles, and made him appear like a fat boy just breeched; a light, and almost transparent mashallah, or cloak, was thrown over his shoulders, the train of which was upheld by bearers, while the inverted cone which his figure represented, was terminated by a pair of European shoes, which did not tally with the Oriental portions of his habiliments.

We next visited the General commanding the troops, who was honoured by the title of Sarkosh Pasha, or the drunken pasha, a poor, weak, debilitated looking wretch, who had won his title by his habits, and his rank by a mad feat of courage, in capturing a Russian officer. The ceremonies of visits over, we had time to proceed to a somewhat hurried exploration of the bazaars, khans, jamis, colleges, and other curiosities of this renowned city, but which have been too often made the object of description to detain us long on paper. The cupolas of some of the jamis are superbly decorated with coloured brick-work laid in mosaic, as are also some of the menarehs. The houses are flat-roofed, and the roofs, whither in summer the inhabitants repair to sleep, are surrounded by a low wall. The evening hour displayed to us no small number of beauties, both of the lily and the ebony kinds, and who, loving the sunset and the long shadows of the date-trees, stole occasional glances from their circumscribed domiciles that overhung the

silent river banks, with a quick eye and elastic step, somewhat after the fashion of the jerboa of the plain, but with a lustrous glance and a movement of grace which belongs to woman only.

It is only on arriving at Baghdad, that the European coming from the north, either by the Tigris or the Euphrates, feels that he has at length got fully and really into the East. He has passed towns that are Oriental, houses and garments that are Oriental, and jamis and menarehs that are Oriental, yet the very greensward and every flowering plant reminds him of home; but, at Baghdad, there is no longer any greensward; and the rich deep green of the first long forest of palm-trees that he has met, with the bright blossoms of pomegranate and orange bursting into view below, lend to what else is Oriental that only which can fill up the cup of his anticipations; and no where does the sun set so beautifully—in such a clear, vivid blue green atmosphere—as behind a boundless level forest of palms.

But with these exceptions, which belong to nature and not to art, Baghdad, like most Mohammedan cities, is no longer what it was; its very magnificence is ruinous, and its ruins are crumbling into dust. The condition of a Mohammedan city is, now-a-days, the picture of Mohammedanism itself; and in no one place in the East is there any stay to the universal decay that pervades everything, except where the civilization of Christianity is rising upon the ashes of a faith which has involved in similar ruin the mind of man, the edifices which he constructs, and the country that he inhabits.

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## A FAREWELL.

BY EDWARD KENEALY, ESQ.

"How woke he from the wildness of that dream?
Alas! he told not; but he did awake,
To curse the wither'd heart that would not break."—BYRON.

TAKE back the ivy-leaf
Which once thy gentle bosom bore,—
My soul is fill'd with grief,
Its golden dream of bliss is o'er.
Yet as this leaf shall be,
Though sere and broken, green for aye,
Thy image shall to me
Be always clothed i' the light of May.

If e'er thou tread'st again
Those cloister'd halls and pictured cells,
As once beside me, when
Thy smiles threw o'er my soul their spells,
Think of my spirit's bliss,
While thy sweet nymph-like form beside;—
Ah, did I dream of this?—
That fate such hearts should soon divide.

Think, while these simple lines
Traced by Affection's hand thou'lt see,
Of one who still enshrines
In his heart's temple only *thee;*
Think—though no more to meet—
How thou didst grow unto his heart;
In all his visions sweet,
The loveliest—dearest—purest part.

Could'st thou but inly feel
Aught of my bosom's deep, deep woe,
Or watch the tears that steal
Down from mine eyes in ceaseless flow,
E'en *thou* might'st shed with me
One little tear, that fate should rend
Hearts twin in sympathy—
Hearts form'd by nature's self to blend.

Farewell!—alas! farewell—
That word of sorrow must be breath'd!
Every bright pleasure dwell
Round thee, and with thy life be wreath'd!
Give me a passing thought
At times—I ask no more. But thou
So with my soul art wrought,
I'll love thee always even as now!

## A PAPER ON PUFFING.

That this is essentially the age of invention and progression, few will, we imagine, be tempted to deny. Horses are superseded by hot water, favourable winds by machinery, sails by paddles, and "fair trade" by companies. The Indian-rubber which used to efface our false lines now protects our weak loins; the wood with which we were wont to light our fires now paves our streets; the ice, which in the good old times used to come in its season, is now forced by a congeries of salts; and the skating, that was erewhile compelled to await a temperature calculated below zero, now takes place in an atmosphere of eighty degrees, when a primrose-coloured glove is "all too heating;" vessels which have been sunk "ten fathoms deep" for years, are blown up again by gunpowder, and a vomit successfully applied to old Ocean, which had hitherto been principally noted for its capacity of retention; beaver hats are manufactured out of old silk dresses, shoes blacked with French varnish, swamps turned into squares, and pauperism and poverty put down by act of parliament.

It is, in sooth, a surprising century; but we wish to make light of a subject which, philosophically considered, might become ponderous; and as to the moralist, even although he may chance to be a merry one, no subject is too slight for consideration, we have, on this occasion, fixed our attention on the immense and ingenious advance of the science of Puffing. Do you smile, reader, at our application of the term "science?" and do you think that we should have said "trade?" We will reply to your look in the words of the celebrated French grammarian, when he was dying in the arms of his friend,—"*L'un et l'autre se dit.*" Is there no science, we will ask in our turn, in the elaborately-worded and elegantly epigrammatized announcements of Mr. George Robins? Is there not deep-seated science in the concoction of a modern play-bill? Is nothing to be said in praise of the "Emporiums" and "Repositories" and "Divans," which formerly were mere insignificant tailors', toymen's, and tobacconists' shops? Is the transition from the barber's pole to the revolving bust of the perruquier, nothing?—the leap from the bare counter-traversed shop to the carpeted and mirrored saloon of trade, nothing? Are they not, one and all, practical puffs, intended to invest commerce with elegance, and to throw a halo round extravagance? Who, then, shall cavil at the word of which we have availed ourselves? or refuse to admit that we are treating of science, and that our dictum should be respected accordingly?

*Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum!*

In order to illustrate our position, we had prepared a list of proofs in every branch of the science, (we love the word because it recurs so naturally,) but, alas! it became almost as long as the pension-list, ere we had registered one half the variety of puffs which bore testimony to the inventiveness of speculative mankind, and we were consequently compelled, however reluctantly, to follow the lead of Mr. Whittle Harvey, and cut it short; to content ourselves, on the present occasion, with doing injustice to our "very worthy and approved good masters," the booksellers, who, for copiousness of fancy, daringness of inference, and well-turned periods, are unapproachable by all the rest

of the craft; and to present our readers with a specimen of the—Puff Literary.

But we beg pardon! The Puff Literary means nothing, says nothing, proves nothing sufficiently special or definite, to give to THE *Trade* its proper supremacy of station in the world of puffs. We must work closer to our text; we must divide and sub-divide the Puff Literary, in order to bring out its several excellences, and by no means attempt to embody in one generic appellation so various and ramificatory a branch of the science: the Puff Literary is hydra-headed, and every Cerberus should have a sop. It may be classified thus:—

The Puff Preliminary; the Puff Negative; the Puff Mysterious; the Puff Deprecatory; and the Puff Pugnacious.

The Puff Preliminary is known to the gentlemen irreverently designated as "printer's devils," by the less euphonous title of "a blind advertisement." The most eligible position for this production is the columns of a morning paper,—the most economical, the fly-leaf of a periodical appertaining to the bibliopole who is to produce the work; and in any and every case, it is a matter which induces (and most justly!) his best invention. It is the publisher's first shot—the discharge which commences the campaign—and like other experienced generals, who deal with blood instead of ink, and with lives instead of sentences, he sometimes pays dearly for it. As its name implies, it precedes the appearance of a work, and infers a second-sight which cannot fail to excite the admiration and curiosity of the good-tempered, easy, gullible portion of the public. One individual in *The Trade* was for years unrivalled in the art and mystery of Puffing, and most deservedly did he enjoy the reputation which he had, as after-events proved, very expensively earned; a younger Professor started forth, and made a bold push for the chair of President only a short time since, but his endeavour to get up a successful opposition failed lamentably; for although he displayed considerable talent for a beginner, as a matter of rivalry it was a signal failure; for of Mr. ——, it may be truly said that—

"None but himself can be his parallel!"

But we digress; and will at once apologize, by introducing our readers to the

PUFF PRELIMINARY.

"We understand that the forthcoming novel, entitled 'Fitz-Henry Fitz-Hildebrand,' is the *chef-d'œuvre* of its accomplished author, whose long and intimate acquaintance with the most refined and aristocratic society renders him perhaps the fittest person in England to paint them 'in their habits as they live.' We have been led to expect some piquant passages on Parisian exclusiveness; and here we know that the author will be at home, as his name has long been an 'open sesame' to every *salon* in the French capital. His late visit to Palermo will also, doubtless, throw some light on the complicated sulphur question, for his powers of observation have long been generally understood and acknowledged; and it is self-evident that a dash of statistics cannot fail to help a work of fiction very materially with the thinking public; while a distinct and peculiar charm will be flung over its pages, by the graphic descriptions of scenery and manners which are, we have been assured, most admirably blent with the thread of the fable, thus min-

gling the real and the ideal in a manner which cannot fail to render the work one of universal interest."—*Evening Paper.*

Three days after this modest paragraph, the book is published; and then the

PUFF NEGATIVE

appears in one or two popular journals, also purporting to be an extract from the "Evening Paper" which, for obvious reasons, is never specified. Here it is:—"It is not true that the talented author of 'Fitz-Henry Fitz-Hildebrand' has disposed of the copyright of that charming work to his publisher for 1000*l.* We have authority for stating that no such arrangement was ever contemplated; nor is it a fact that the duel, fought the day before yesterday at Wimbledon, had any connexion whatever with the contents of these witty volumes."

The public, and especially the young ladies, must be hard-hearted indeed, if they do not run wild after a book which was supposed to have cost the publisher upwards of a shilling a line, and had even been accused of causing an attempt at murder; but, should they still hesitate, the

PUFF MYSTERIOUS

must inevitably bring them to their senses:—

"It has been hinted, that a certain noble duke, whose splendid establishment has long been the admiration of the *bon ton*, and whose exquisite taste in the fine arts is universally acknowledged by the foreign *cognoscenti*, has been unable to conceal from himself that certain passages in *the* new novel just published in —— Street, bear reference to himself; and that some of them are highly calculated to cause a rupture with the beautiful and fascinating *Contessa*, to whom he has been so long devoted; and who had hitherto flattered herself that the details of her *liaison* with his Grace, had been a profound secret. It would be well if a certain lordling, who resides not a hundred miles from Grosvenor Square, and who has also sat for his picture in this literary portrait-gallery, were to profit by the witty and caustic lessons of the author."

Then comes the

PUFF DEPRECATORY,

looking like the spontaneous sentiment of the editor of the journal in which it appears; when he is, in reality, as guiltless of tormenting himself about the fate of the book as though it had never been written.

"We sincerely trust that the public will not suffer its mind to be biassed by the report now current, that the novel entitled 'Fitz-Henry Fitz-Hildebrand,' which has excited so great and universal a sensation in the most distinguished circles, is not the production of its reputed author, but that they will read the work, and judge fairly for themselves. All that we have to say upon the subject is, that if it be not written by our old favourite, another literary Brutus has risen up, who will make even him look to his laurels."

But the

PUFF PUGNACIOUS,

is the crowning effort of the whole. It is a mingled combat, where the smooth and polished small sword is occasionally laid aside to make way for the rough and heavy mace, and then resumed, as if in very

scorn of the weakness of the enemy. The public have only to look on, while the two or more publishers who wish to cram different editions of the same work down the throats of their purchasers bring each their respective property into notice, by endeavouring to depreciate that of the rival party; and we will give the "amber-immortalization" of our own article to a specimen of two literary duck-puddles in a storm, in order to work out our position intelligibly. The correspondence duly appears in the shape of a succession of advertisements in some influential morning paper; and thus it runs:—

NO. I.—LIFE OF JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.

Mr. Hawk will publish on the first of next month, with the magazines, in two neat 8vo volumes, "The Life, Correspondence, and Writings, of Jack the Giant-killer;" being the cream and essence of the large quarto edition in three thick vols., published by Mr. Owl, and sold at 3*l.* 3*s.* Mr. Hawk, in addition to the most salient points of the original history of this distinguished individual, carefully and judiciously selected from a mass of crude and uninteresting matter, and the talented preface appended to the quarto vols. by the well-known Mr. Firefly, is happy to be enabled to enrich his own edition with several highly important facts connected with the heroic Jack, never before published, and a correct translation, furnished by one of his immediate descendants, of the appalling "Fe-fo-fum" of the first giant with whom he came in contact.

In two vols. post 8vo, neatly bound in cloth, price six shillings and sixpence.

NO. II.—LIFE OF JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.

Mr. Owl has been surprised by the appearance of an advertisement, setting forth the intention of Mr. Hawk to publish on the first day of the approaching month, a spurious, abridged, and imperfect history of "Jack the Giant-killer." Mr. Owl is sorry that Mr. Hawk should condescend at once to peril the reputation of that truly great and noble-hearted man, and his own claim to probity. The preface, written by Mr. Firefly, and forming a most attractive feature in the elegant quarto edition of Mr. Owl, was never meant as an appendage to the meagre volumes of Mr. Hawk; and Mr. Owl would venture to inquire upon what code of honour Mr. Hawk bases his literary theft? Mr. Owl would also take the liberty of asking what Mr. Hawk understands by the "cream and essence" of a work, which is admirable throughout? and of which every page is essentially necessary to the perfect appreciation and comprehension of the whole? and *where* Mr. Hawk has been fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of one of the "immediate descendants" of a hero who died childless?

A few copies of the legitimate edition of "The Life, Correspondence, and Writings of Jack the Giant Killer," in 3 vols. small quarto, price £3 3s., containing ALL the circumstances of the public and private career of that eminent person, are still on sale.

NO. III.—LIFE OF JACK THE GIANT KILLER.

Mr. Hawk cannot see without pain that his endeavour to save the public from one of the most barefaced impositions ever attempted in

THE trade, by the publication of a rambling, irrelevant, and expensive "Life" of the hero whose revered name heads this paragraph, has aroused the ire of Mr. Owl, whose ponderous tomes are groaning on their shelves, from lack of motion; and in reply to the querulous questions of that gentleman, begs concisely to state that his (Mr. Hawk's) "code of honour" is so perfectly understood and valued by the public, that he does not feel himself called upon to explain its foundation to Mr. Owl; and that by "cream and essence" he understands the best portion of any given article;—in short, to follow up the metaphor, and yet make himself intelligible, even to Mr. Owl, he meant to say that he had—milked his cow; and Mr. Owl is welcome to both the expletives. Nor is Mr. Hawk at any loss to offer an equally lucid solution of Mr. Owl's closing doubt; and he, Mr. Hawk, the publisher of the cheap and condensed edition of "The Life, Correspondence, and Writings of Jack the Giant-killer," has much pleasure in informing his more costly and voluminous chronicler, that the illustrious Jack married *a Widow*:—the inference is obvious.

Mr. Hawk, moreover, takes this opportunity of informing Mr. Owl, that should he attempt, either directly or indirectly, to injure the sale of his, Mr. Hawk's abridged edition of "The Life, Correspondence, and Writings of Jack the Giant-killer," after this public notice, he, Mr. Hawk, being quite aware that Mr. Owl has no good and solid claim on the copyright of the said work, as edited by Mr. Firefly, will, in order to prove himself in the right and to vindicate his "code of honour," publish it ALL in three 8vo vols., at 7s. 6d. the set!

It is not yet too late.

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Surely we have now shewn enough to prove that the science of Puffing is by no means so unimportant and contemptible as some persons may, in their sagacity, have been tempted to believe; for when it is remembered that nine-tenths of what is facetiously called the "reading" (in contradistinction, as we imagine, to the "thinking") public always build up their critical judgment on the foundation of the journal or periodical which forms one of their *Penati*, it will be at once conceded that great results must be accomplished by these infinitesimally veracious paragraphs, which, while they produce a small revenue to the actual and tangible journals that echo the invisible and impalpable "Evening Paper" of THE TRADE, and boldly fling off every trammel of respectability and truth, do undying honour to the disinterestedness of purpose and earnestness of assertion of those by whom they are put forth, with a modesty as admirable as their genius, there being no single instance on record, save in the case of the "Puff Pugnacious," (which is necessarily a species of goose-quill *duello*,) wherein the commendatory and generous professor ever reveals himself in his subject; his shrinking self-depreciation constantly leading him to make his own greatness appear to reflect from some other and equally invisible agent.

There is, however, one species of puff, perhaps the most difficult in its composition, and decidedly the most bitter in its tone, which, however, as a matter of science, and even of utility, is a decided failure; we allude to the

PUFF UNCOMFORTABLE,

in which, despite affected humour and assumed superiority, the leaven of ill-nature and the gall of disappointment neutralize every effort at wit, and negative every exertion at self-government. This peculiar description of puff always appears after the secession of some popular writer from the pages of the work in which it is inserted; and consists in calling names, and ridiculing talents of which it formerly made its boast. So far from being done to order, like the others, by the square foot, the Puff Uncomfortable has such a tight-booted, overheated character about it, that you feel at once that it is the spontaneous effect of suffering and annoyance, and by no means subjected to the sober, measured, civil restraints of those formerly noticed. When intended to be especially severe, it is sometimes put into doggerel verse, such as occasionally figures in the advertisements of the celebrated Mr. Rowland's Macassar Oil and Kalydor. Viewed in this phase, the puff uncomfortable is highly diverting, and resembles an unwieldy steamer at the mouth of a harbour, lying-to for want of water—rolling, pitching, and heaving; crashing her own crockery, and victimizing her own passengers, without making an inch of way, or securing a movement of sympathy. Here is a specimen of the Puff Uncomfortable, in its majestic and condensed form:—

"Mr. Snooks feels himself called upon to deny all knowledge of Mr. Hooks (which he will immediately prove by an allusion to past events, in which they both had a share), and he strongly counsels him, on his side, to disclaim the acquaintance, as the surest method of securing his own respectability. Mr. Snooks has heard that Mr. Hooks has been entertaining some friends at dinner, and cannot conceal his mortification that he has ceased to be of the number. Mr. Snooks cannot forget that he was more fortunate six years ago; and merely throws out the remark, unclassical as it must appear, as a hint. Had the favour been returned, of course the obligation would have been mutual, which, Mr. Snooks regrets, is not now the case. Mr. Snooks begs, moreover, to remark that, in expressing these sentiments, he is not so indignant for himself as for a friend, who declines to make similar ones—a decision which has induced Mr. Snooks to shoot the bolt for him; and he has been led to take this step by feeling the necessity of explaining the painful difference between the present and the past, and the propriety of immortalizing the memory of the departed—dinners!"

The metrical version of the Puff Uncomfortable is more elaborate and personal, driving its tiny sting into other noses besides that of the principal offender, and professing to be funny; basing a bad copy on the model of a clever original, and doing harmless and empty noise, with all the fuss and splutter of the escape-valve of an engine, which occupies room without producing movement, and obscures the light for an instant with its dingy vapour, only to make it more acceptable when it has dispersed.

This puff is, however, rare; for few in THE TRADE will condescend to avail themselves of so shallow and contemptible an agent; and thus it must be considered as the mere Pariah and outcast of the science, occasionally to be met with in the desert of disappointment, but never venturing within the walls of the fair city of courteous competition.

# THE SONGS OF ITALY.—No. II.

BY EDWARD KENEALY, ESQ.

"Studiorum amænitates quærimus."—*Pliny.*

In these miscellaneous notelets, sent forth like Sibylline leaves to flutter on the wind at random, it is not my intention to observe any chronological order, or indeed any arrangement at all other than what may give pleasure to my reader and myself. I intend to skip over the rosiest paths I can find, culling in each some bright flower, and utterly careless whether I pluck it for my garland by diverging from the straight line, or by pursuing it regularly. In fact, I shall be governed entirely by the spirit of those golden verses of Lucretius, which are certainly as beautiful as a little Arcadian landscape, and as full of melody as if they had been spoken by Orpheus himself:—

> "Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
> Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta."

I put my hand into my desk, and draw forth a paper. It may be a sonnet, a hymn, a barcarole, or a canzone—I care not which, so that it possesses merit. I would as soon think of putting my gold pen into the fire, as of entering on a classification of these trifles.

In sonnet writing, the wreath of superiority has, I believe, been universally awarded to Petrarch. Such as it is, it would be a pity to deprive him of it, for it is but a flimsy wreath, after all, and is scarcely worth contending for. He has certainly done more for it than any writer who has come within the course of my reading, and it seems to have been admirably adapted for a mind like his, incapable of a continuous range of fine thought, and formed to expend itself on trifles. By persons of this order of intellect, indeed, it was that the Sonnet was first invented, and by such it has since continued to be most highly prized; for the instances are very few where real genius has condescended to toy with it. Nobody believes that Shakspeare wrote the sonnets which bear his name. Everyone can judge of those of Milton. Byron, I believe, has written half-a-dozen, and Shelley two or three. Talfourd has put his star-bright muse into leading strings, and written some sonnets, also; the only man of elegant taste who, I believe, ever did so. None of these, however, have achieved enough to win the crown from Petrarch, and he must always be regarded as the Prince of Sonneteers.

The two following are as good specimens of him as I can recollect:—

## Sonetto di Petrarca, LXIX.

Erano i capei d'oro a l' aura sparsi,
Che'n mille dolci nodi gli avolgea;
E 'l vago lume oltra misura ardea
Di quei begli occhi, ch' or ne son si scarsi;
E 'l viso di pietosi color farsi,
Non sò se vero ò falso, mi parea:
I' che l 'esca amorosa all petto avea,
Qual maraviglia, se di subit' arsi?
Non era l' andar suo cosa mortale
Ma d' angelica forma, e le parole
Sonavan altro che pur voce humana.
Uno spirto celeste, un vivo sole
Fù quel ch' i vidi: e se non fosse or tale,
Piaga per allentar d' arco non sana.

I gazed on her locks loosely flowing,
And golden as sunlight in spring;
I look'd in her eyes sweetly glowing,
Like gems on the brow of a king.
So gently her features were beaming
On me with their innocent smile,
Even *then* on false happiness dreaming,
My heart was enraptured the while.

Her feet were like wings in their lightness,
Her words were like tones from the skies;
She moved like a spirit of brightness,
The sun seemed to look from her eyes;
I saw her—my love was unspoken,
No glance did my passion disclose;
Now I wander alone and heart-broken,
And sing to my sad harp my woes.

You may shatter the bow that hath given
The wound—but the life will depart;
So the eyes may be closed that have riven,
Their light still remains in the heart.
Oh, where are those charms that have won me,
Erewhile in my youth's sunny May?
Shall those fond eyes no more beam upon me
The rapture that flow'd in their ray?

### Sonetto di Petrarca, CCLI.

Gli occhi, di ch' io parlai si caldamente,
E le braccia, e le mani, e i piedi, e 'l viso
Che m' havean si da me stesso diviso,
E fatto singular da l' altra gente;
Le crespi chiome d' or puro lucente
E 'l lampeggiar de l'angelico riso
Che solean far in terra un paradiso,
Poca polvere son che nulla sente.
Ed io pur vivo: onde mi doglio e sdegno,
Rimaso senza 'l lume, ch' amai tanto
In gran fortune e 'n disarmato legno,
Or sia qui fine al mio amoroso canto;
Secca e la vena de l' usato ingegno
E la cetera mia rivolto in pianto.

Where are those eyes whose sparkling glow,
Those arms which, cast in Beauty's mould,
Could raise my songs, and bid them flow,
And where those locks of brightest gold?

Where are those angel smiles that o'er
Her rose-soft cheeks were wont to pace,
Lighting, like stars, in Heaven's floor,
The radiant heaven within her face?

Where are they now? Alas! their light
Is quench'd, and dust alone remains;
And I survive to curse the blight
And woe that still my heart retains.

Like the lone bark that o'er the sea,
When the sweet moon has veil'd her rays,
Wanders alone distractedly—
So my sad spirit wildly strays.

Be hush'd my harp, repose my strings!
The fiery soul that once could wake
Your sweetest tones, to sorrow clings,
And only longs at last to break.

In my first leaves (published last month) I noticed what is marvellously like a plagiarism from the Greek; here I insert another remarkable instance of coincidence with the foregoing Italian sonnet from the English poet,

### Drummond.

Those eyes, those sparkling sapphires of delight,
Which thousand thousand hearts did set on fire,
Of which that eye of heaven which brings the light
Oft jealous stay'd, amazed them to admire;
That living snow, those crimson roses bright,
Those pearls, those rubies which inflame desire,
Those locks of gold, that purple fire of Tyre,
Are wrapt (ay me) up in eternal night.
What hast thou more to vaunt of, wretched world,
Sith she who caused all thy bliss is gone?
Thy ever-burning lamps, round ever whirl'd,
Cannot unto thee model such a one;
Or if they should such beauty bring on earth,
They should be forced again to give her birth.

Verily, there is much truth in the saying of shrewd Old Burton—"As apothecaries, we make new mixtures every day—pour out of one vessel into another."

The frail and transitory nature of female loveliness is a favourite theme of reflection with all poets. Few are more melancholy, few more saddening. In the numberless trifles which have been written on the subject, the most perfect similarity exists; all have chosen the rose as the emblem of beauty. In the Greek and Latin anthologies there are at least hundreds of gem-like epigrams on this subject; yet each has a pleasing gracefulness, and the reader never experiences the monotony of the subject—

"Each gives each a double charm."

One of these Latin epigrams, in which the very Spirit of Beauty sits enshrined, may be given here as a foil to a couple of short ones which have now budded up in my memory, and illustrate the remark I have just made:—

O quales ego mane Rosas procedere vidi!
Nascebantur adhuc; neque erat par omnibus ætas.
Prima papillatos ducebat nata corymbos;
Altera puniceos apices umbone levabat;
Tertia non totum calathi patefecerat orbem;
Quarta simul nituit mutato tegmine floris.
Dum levat una caput, dumque explicat altera nodum
Huic dum virgineus pudor exsinuatur amictu,
*Ne pereat lege mane rosam:—cito virgo senescit.*

Such is the reflection of the Roman writer. In the same spirit the English poet Daniel points the attention of his fair-eyed mistress to the rose:—

Look, Delia, how w' esteem the half-blown rose,
*The image of thy blush*, and summer's honour,
While yet her tender bud doth undisclose
That full of beauty time bestows upon her;

No sooner spreads her glory in the air,
But straight her wide-blown pomp comes to decline;
She then is scorn'd that late adorn'd the fair—
*So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine.*

The other verses are by Carew, a writer who had a tinge of Anacreon in his soul, but not the same richness of imagination:—

Fair is the lily, fair
The rose, *of flowers the eye;*
Both wither in the air,
Their beauteous colours die;
And so at length shall lie,
Deprived of former grace,
The lilies of thy breasts,
The roses of thy face.

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## MARY STUART,

FROM PRISON TO HER FRIENDS IN FRANCE, WHO BEGGED HER TO NAME WHAT THEY SHOULD SEND HER IN HER CAPTIVITY.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

HAVE I yet a friend, of all
Those who honour'd once & loved me?
Can I yet on any call,
Whose kind voice would not reprove me?

Dost thou ask if aught there be
Beauteous France can yield to cheer me?
Wouldst thou find some gift for me,
I might keep for ever near me?

Let me have a gentle dove,
I would feed and tend it duly;
Let me have a dog to love,
Who, at least, would serve me truly:

And—for I would fain forget
Petty slights, and insults daily,
Fain would cease this vain regret,
Meeting all new sorrows gaily;

Send me robes of pearl and gold,
Send me crowns of jewels rare,
Veils with many a broider'd fold,
Bands and knots to deck my hair.

Send no flowers, for they will fade
In this air of murky gloom;
Where the sun makes deeper shade,
Like the lamp that lights a tomb.

Think not rays are gleaming here
Bright, as once I saw them shine,
Gentle Loire!—so vainly dear,
On that crystal tide of thine!

When thy wave, so clear and bright,
Bore me on, a happy bride,
All my future shrined in light,
He, the loved one, at my side!

Then, majestic Nantes, thy towers,
Bade each rock my welcome pay,—
Then, soft Tours, thy banks of flowers,
Shed their perfume on my way.

Amboise heights sent proudly down
Shouting crowds that thronging came;
Regal Blois, of old renown,
Woke her hills to bless my name.

Where are now those sunny isles!
Where that gay and happy time!
Where those days of joy and smiles!
Where is all—but woe and crime!

Winds are howling round my tower;
Damps are gliding down each wall;
Ceaseless beats the pelting shower,
Cloud and storm my soul appal!

Mists are crowding on the hills,
Fearful shapes their forms assume;
Clamour every cavern fills,
Every sound and sight is gloom.

Those I love are scorn'd, malign'd,
Proud and noble, pure and high;
What were they when Fate was kind,—
Scotland! France! oh what was I!

Menials dare my pomp reprove,
And, by niggard malice led,
Even the canopy remove,
Which should shroud my crownless head.

All the charms that poets prize,
Grief has wither'd now—not years,—
Ronsard, couldst thou see these eyes,
Thou wouldst drown thy lyre in tears!

But I wander—let me still
Nurse bright visions to the last;
Let her urn wild Fancy fill,
At the spring of joy long past.

Send me gear of pride and cost,
That may grace a royal brow;
Glory, power, and freedom lost,
I may be a Queen, e'en now.

Yes, far greater than my foes,
Real pomp surrounds my throne!
For these dungeon-walls enclose
Faithful hearts still all my own!

# MARY O'BRIEN.

## A TALE.

BY LADY HARRIETTE D'ORSAY.

### PART I.—ALICE CONNOR.

"Troth, Mary, aroon! but I'm glad to see you. I hope it's well and happy you are; for I was afther thinkin' that on yer weddin' day you did not look quite as merry as you might have done, considherin' the fine match you made, and yer own choice too. Shure, hinny, where's the boy about this to be named in the same breath with Dennis O'Brien? And you love him, don't you, darlin'?"

"That I do, Kathleen!" rejoined Mary, as she leaned forwards and put more turf on the blazing fire; "and sure I'd be most wicked if I didn't, for there isn't a betther nathured crathur breathin' than my Dennis, or a fonder husband. Besides that, only think, aroon, we've been man and wife but two short months, and surely if we were not all to each ither now it would be but a poor look out for the future."

"Troth, and it would, aroon! But there's no fear of that, plase God, and I trust I'll live to see you the mither of a fine family as cliver and honest as Dennis O'Brien." Mary sighed; and Kathleen thought, though perhaps it was merely her own fancy, that she wiped a tear from her eye. "Och! but you're a strange crathur, Mary. I can't make you out at all, at all. I thought when you had got the wish of your heart, and were married to Dennis, all would go well, and that you'd cease frettin'; and there you are sittin' forenenst me jist as pale and woe-begone as ever. Shure some people are hard to plase; do as you will, they'll be grumbling and discontinted. Och, hinny, take care you're not ungrateful to a good God, who has given you so many blessins to be thankful for."

"I'm not ungrateful, Kathleen, dear, at laste I hope not—for 'tis a black sin, and one, I think, furrin' to my heart. But you know that iver since my poor mother's death I haven't been the same crathur I was before. There seems always like her shadow over my spirit, and it sinks me intirely."

"Well, jewel, we've all got our thrials in one shape or anither; we must only thry and be cheerful under them. Shure I lost my cow the ither day, that was almost as good as a mither to me. She was as beautiful a crathur as iver your eyes rested on. Well, she fell sick and died, and a sore loss this has been to me; yet I jist thry to make the bist of it, and keep up my poor old man's heart under the throuble. Now, everything thrives with you: your cattle are the fattest, and your cottage is the snuggest; and besides that, even if he hadn't a penny, there's not a girl in K—— who wouldn't be right glad to be the wife of handsome Dennis O'Brien."

"And proud I am of that same," answered Mary.

"And I'm shure few would guess it afther looking at you. Well, now I must say good evening, aroon, for the children will be looking out for me, to give them their supper; and truth it's a poor one, now the cow's dead." Kathleen put on her bonnet and cloak, and then added, "Ould Alice is mighty poorly! I saw her yestreen, and she

seemed very bad, poor sowl! I tould her of yer return, and promised her a visit from you and Dennis; so go there as soon as you can."

No sooner was Kathleen out of sight, than Mary, who had watched her retreating figure till it had vanished in the distance, took her bonnet and cloak, and hurried towards the cabin where lived the above-mentioned Alice Connor, her mother's foster-sister. It was a dark, dreary evening, in the middle of October, and every gust of wind brought with it the few leaves that still remained upon the trees. The sky was covered with large heavy clouds, which seemed to threaten a tremendous downpour of rain. Mary's delicate frame shivered in the cutting blast, but still she hurried forward, and at length found herself at the entrance of Alice's hut.

On opening the door a cloud of smoke almost suffocated her, and it was not till after some seconds that she could distinguish, by the aid of the faint glimmering of a miserable farthing rushlight, the object of her search. The old woman was in bed, if the wretched *grabat* on which she lay could be dignified by such a name. Her sole covering consisted of a scanty patchwork quilt, which seemed but ill adapted to guard her from the piercing draughts of air that whisked through the miserable tenement. Her eyes were closed, and such was the livid hue of her cheeks and lips, that had it not been for her deep breathing, she might have passed for one dead.

Mary seated herself beside the sick woman's bed, on a low stool, which, with a three-legged table formed the only furniture of the room. She seemed, however, to take no notice of the intruder; her eyes remained closed, and her whole form motionless. Mary cast around her a look akin to terror; the howling of the winds, the flickering light that the candle cast on the cold, damp walls, and, above all, the unearthly aspect of the aged crone, all conspired to shake her nerves. She was resolved to break the silence at all risks.

"Do you not know me, Mother Alice?" she whispered, gently.

The old woman still kept her eyes closed, but answered in a hollow voice, "Is that you, Mary Mahony?"

"Hush, hush, dear mother!" almost shrieked Mary, and she threw herself wildly on the woman's bed, and whispered in her ear.

"Och, daughter, I had forgotten that. I am ould now, and the mimory's slippin' from my brain. Let me look at you, child. Bring me that light, that I may see you, for my sight's failin' me, too."

Mary O'Brien rose with a faltering step, and brought the candle. Alice shaded her eyes with one of her withered hands, as she gazed with apparent emotion on the slight form beside her. She then shook her head slowly and mournfully, and sunk back on her bed.

"Heaven help you, darlint, but you're sorely changed. Your cheek's jist for all the world as white as the sweet lilies you used to be gatherin' me. I'm an ould woman, with more than one foot in the grave; but it pains me at my heart to see you, Mary, look as you do."

Mary pressed the crone's withered hand, and replied gently, "Mother, I'm very happy now. At laste I hope all may yet go well. If I do look ill, why shure it's no wondher, when you but think of all I've gone through for many a long year now."

"Thrue, thrue, hinny; yours has been a bitther fate, and yet you

were not made for sorrow. I think I see you now as you were when a babe on my knee, with your cheek as fresh as a damask rose, and your eyes—God bless you!—sparkling like two bright stars. Would I have believed any one who'd have tould me then that the child I was rearing with so much care and tenderness was only born for misery and shame! But God's will be done! Our time is short here, and there'll be rest hereafther."

"Don't spake of that, Alice; I can't bear it; for shure there'll be no rest for a poor lost crathur like me. But let me thry and make you more comfortable, mother dear. This is but a poor bed for a sick body to lie on."

"It matters little, child, how I am for the few days I have to stay on in this world. I shall soon lie where the cauld wind may blow over me without making me shiver. Och! but it's hard to die with the burden that's lyin' on my heart and on my conscience; and yet you, girl, can lay your head in peace on your husband's breast, for they tell me you are married—married to Dennis O'Brien."

Mary kept her eyes fixed upon the ground while the aged woman spoke; but when she had finished, she said in a calm, decided voice, "Mother, what is past is past, and cannot be undone. The thought of it all has cost me many a sleepless night, and will, I dare say, cost me many more; but it must be borne, and we must only hope for the best, and, at all events, keep our own secrets. Now, I must say good-night, Alice dear, for Dennis will be waitin' at home for his supper."

Mary, on her return to her cottage, found her husband sitting by the fire-side; he seemed half annoyed as well as surprised at her absence. "Where on the face of the earth have you been, Mary, at this hour?"

A slight shade of embarrassment crossed her brow, as she replied, hastily, "Oh, only jist down to see poor widow Connor, who's sick."

"It's too late for you to walk alone, dear. Why didn't you wait for me? How pale and tired you look, aroon!"

"Do I, dear Dennis?" And Mary pushed back the rich tresses of her dark chesnut hair. Her husband seated himself beside her, and surveyed her with looks of fondness and admiration. He passed his hand through her luxuriant hair, out of which she had taken the comb, and which fell like a dark mantle round her shoulders.

"My own Mary, am I not a happy man to be your wedded husband this blessed day, till death do us part—to be always near you to shield you, and guide you, and protect you—I will not say comfort, for God keep you from sorrow!"

A cold shudder passed over Mary's frame, and she involuntarily shrunk from his warm embrace.

"You do not love me as I do you, mavourneen, though sometimes I thry to think you do. You meet me with a smile, and appear happy and contínted near me; and then, at other moments, you seem quite to start away from me. How's this, jewel?"

Mary pressed her husband's hand affectionately between her own. The look she raised to his inquiring glance was a look of love; but at the same time she suppressed a sigh.

"Tell me, darlin', did you ever love any one afore me? Och, but it's a horrid thought, which stales over my heart at times in spite of me,

and do what I will I can't dhrive it away. There always seems as if some bitther memory divided you from me."

Mary's cheek grew very pale. She turned away her head, and then, with a slight gesture of impatience, said,

"Ah now, Dennis, dear, why wont you be contint with knowin' I *do* love you betther than anything in the world now that my poor mother's dead. What can you wish more than that?"

"Nothing, nothing, Mary. That's all my heart wants, Heaven knows; but when I see you looking pale and sad, I fear you may be thinking of some one else, and I can't bear it."

Mary shook her head, and the conversation dropped.

Some months passed away, and found Mary O'Brien the mother of a lovely boy. The look of deep sorrow that had been impressed on her countenance during the first months of her wedded life had, in a great measure, disappeared, and if at times a shade of anxiety crossed her brow, it was but for a moment, and her dear Dennis's affectionate smile or her baby's infantine endearments had soon power to dispel the cloud.

It would, indeed, have been strange if she had not been happy; for she had many blessings, nor was she ungrateful for them—and though there were sometimes the trace of tears upon her cheek, yet all agreed there was no better wife and mother than Mary O'Brien.

Alice Connor was still living; and as her infirmities increased with her years, Mary endeavoured to alleviate her sufferings as much as lay in her power, by bringing her such little comforts as her poverty prevented her from procuring.

It happened one day, that at Alice's request she brought her baby to see her; after the usual friendly greetings had passed between them, Alice said,—

"My eyes are very dim now, Mary darlint, and I can't see much of you; but, methinks, your cheek is not quite as wan as it was. Your babe's a sweet crathur, intirely—and your husband's as good and as clever a lad as ivir stepped God's earth. Och! that you had been his wife many a long year ago!"

"Would that I had, mother; but there's no use breakin' one's heart wishin' for things that can't be—so I jist thry not to think of what's gone by, and can niver be minded."

"Ah! that's all well enough, honey, at your age. You are young, and happy, and likely to live many a year to repint, and make your pace with God and man,—but if you were like me, standin' with one foot in the grave, how would you feel thin? Would all that's gone by appear nothin', though cryin' can't mend it? Oh! Mary, pulse of my heart, may you niver have cause, even in this world, to weep tears of blood over the past, for surely our sin finds us out. I could find it in my ould withered heart to weep them for you. I lie awake through the wearisome night, thinkin' of you as ye were a gay, merry little miss, and Maurice such a bonny lad—and all the misery that's come over us all; and then, jewel, I'm glad I shall so soon be out of this poor world, where there's more sorrow than joy, any how."

Mary raised her soft blue eyes imploringly to Alice's face, and replied, in faltering tones, "Ah! mother dear, don't be afther remindin' me of all this. Why did you mention his name?—I have not heard it since I

married Dennis. I hoped never to hear it agin. I am a miserable crathur, unworthy of having such a husband as mine—and all I pray is, to die before he ever knows the fatal thruth."

Mary's tears flowed fast on her infant's rosy cheeks as she spoke ; she clasped it closer to her breast, and went on slowly.

"My hope is, mother,—oh, it's a wicked hope, but one sin makes many—you know my manin', though I cannot spake it—the words would burn up my tongue. But, dear, good Alice, don't you think, with the wild life he led, that—"

She leaned forward anxiously to catch the crone's reply, but Alice shook her head.

"God forgive you that wish, child. It's a fearful thing to gain one's ends by the loss of an immortal sowl ; and it's a heavy sin to wish an unprepared spirit in the presence of God. But you've been sorely thried—and it's hard, when the chain is lyin' heavy on the heart, not to wish it snapped asunder. It may be that it is as you wish, but I cannot think it. Punishment follows our misdoin', and I had a fearful drame last night. In my sleep, I thought *he* was come back to claim you, and there were bitther words, and scaldin' tears, and your heart's blood poured out like wather."

Mary groaned aloud.

"I do not like that drame, Alice. You were iver a clever one in your sleep, and many a strange thing you've fancied that way has come thrue. But if he does live, perhaps he may have forgotten me, and found some one to take my place. What does he want now with me? I am an altered woman ; and why should he return to make me wretched, when he knows I never loved him."

"Mary, mark my words. He will return. I had not that awful drame for nothin'. He will return, and a fearful meetin' yours will be. Forget you, Mary ? Do not hope it, child. The likes of you are not easily forgotten ; and wild and fierce as he was, he loved you truly ; and he has often tould me, before he went to say, that to lose you would jist dhrive him mad."

It was now time for Mary to return home ; the words of the old crone had left a heavy sadness on her heart, and she felt anxious to return to her cheerful fireside ; so, folding her infant to her breast, she hastily bid farewell to Alice, and left the cottage on her way homewards.

Hour after hour passed away as Dennis O'Brien sat in his dwelling, anxiously awaiting his wife's return. He sent to Alice Connor's, but found she had left some time ; then to Kathleen's, and all the neighbours whom she was in the habit of visiting, but could hear no tidings of Mary. Though it was in August, when the days are long, the sun had set, the twilight hour had passed away, and the shades of night were closing round, without bringing any news of the wanderer. Dennis had remained at home, fearful of missing her ; but he had just formed the resolution of going out himself to seek her, when she entered the room without her child, and looking so pale and haggard, that poor Dennis could scarcely believe he held his own beloved in his arms. In vain he questioned her as to what had occurred, and as to where was their darling child ; Mary could give no reply, and after some incoherent sentences, fell senseless on her husband's bosom.

# OUR QUEEN.

BY M. Y. W.

Fair and free, o'er their tribute sea,
The Sister-isles look forth,
Which spread their fame and sov'reignty
So far upon the earth.

Yet did they give a gentle girl
The ensigns of their power—
Pure was she as the ocean pearl—
Fair as the lily flower.

The hearts of millions welcom'd her
To that ancestral throne,
When first she left a mother's care
To claim the ancient crown.

Young did she seem, and tender still,
To rule so proud a land,
Yet did she sway the sceptre well,
With firm, though graceful hand.

Well might we all, with heart and voice,
The warmest blessing breathe,
When first she made her happy choice,
And wore her bridal wreath!

And when beside our royal rose
The tender blossoms grew,
Far as the fame of Britain goes
The welcome tidings flew.

But what dark rumour now has spread,
And startled all the land?
Was that a maniac's senseless deed?
Was that a traitor's hand?

We knew there was that deep distress
Which maddens men to crimes,
But dreamt not that a deed like this
Again should stain our times!

Yet here this cause but ill avails,—
For what could tempt revenge—
To aim at One who deeply feels
For woes she cannot change?

She had come forth among us long
In fearless innocence,
For never had she done us wrong,
Nor ever given offence.

Well might she trust her people's love,
And feel it her reward,—
To do them right she ever strove,
Nor deem'd that duty hard.

And when she heard of peril near,
The warning changed her not;
For others only did she care,
With kind and quiet thought.

And many sought, when she was tried,
If fear had changed her mien,
But no!—her heart had nought to hide
Unworthy England's Queen!

And had not this dark deed been done,
To bring us grief and shame,
Still had those virtues been unknown
Which now adorn her name.

Oh! never may she change for fear
Her generous confidence!
Never may she the danger share,
Or those she loves—suspense!

For *they* must look upon her face
With changeful smiles and tears,
Though millions round their joy express
In far resounding cheers.

Long may they live, that youthful pair,
Still honour'd—still beloved—
And England's royal children rear,
To be—what they have proved!

And may their sons her rulers be,
Inheriting their worth,
As long as o'er that tribute sea
The Sister-isles look forth!

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# EPIGRAMMA.

IN HOMINEM, QUI TRES UXORES DUXERAT.

Ter fuit in variis mihi ducta ætatibus uxor;
Hæc juveni; illa viro; tertia nupta seni:
Propter *opus* fuit hæc, teneris mihi juncta sub annis;
Altera propter *opes*; altera propter *opem*.

TRANSLATION, FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF THE LADIES.

Thrice in my life I did engage,
In youth, in manhood, and in age,
"For better or for worse:"
The first, I seized with Cupid's hook;
The second, for her riches took;
The third, to be my nurse.

Amicus.

# A BENGAL YARN.

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

THERE are two memorable epochs in life: entering a public school, and joining a regiment. If the political world is split into parties, so these microcosms have also their Whigs and Tories; and the leaders of these sections, or factions, are always on the alert to swell their ranks. The corps to which I belonged was not free from such influences; nor were there wanting in it *surdangars*, as they were nicknamed (dealers), on the look-out to *accommodate* new comers with a horse or buggy, a dog or gun, epaulettes or cloth, or any other article they could persuade him he required. I was not to be *done*. I had already seen something of mankind, having, at a very early age, been my own master; and was resolved to make no profession of faith; to be friendly with all, but intimate with none, till I had thoroughly scanned their characters. It was this determined neutrality, at the outset of my career, that made me acquainted with Major B——, whom, if I had adopted the prejudices of others, I should never have known. But before I present him to the reader, I have some preliminary observations to make, that I deem essential to my narrative.

No contrast can be greater than between English quarters and an Indian station. Instead of barracks, or lodgings, I found my brother officers inhabiting spacious bungalows, with their thatched roofs, verandahs, and Venetians, surrounded, for the most part, by extensive paddocks, and these belted by Parkinsonia. Each of these compounds (a corruption of campagnes,) presents, on entering it, a scene not destitute of beauty: fields of lucerne, continually irrigated, form a refreshment and relief to the eyes, aching with the dust and glare of the cantonment; gardens, kept in the nicest order, contain most of our vegetables, and some of our fruits, in addition to those of tropical climes — such as plantains, laquots, custard apples; the jack, the gauva, the orange, and lime, and trellised vines, form a delightful walk and shelter from the sun. The life, too, of a military man differs, *toto cœlo*, from that passed in a garrison-town at home. An officer, instead of being subject to continual interruption—intrusion, I was near saying, from his *friends*, who endeavour to shake off their own ennui, by hanging it like a leaden mantle on him—lives, as it were, to himself. The heat of the day necessarily confining him much within doors, he has ample leisure for cultivating his mind, and no longer comes under some writer's definition of a man who passes his time in leaning over the parapet of a bridge, and watching the water glide through its arches.

Nor is his library confined to Dundas, the Newgate Calendar, or the last novel or magazine, but possesses works of a more serious kind; and even mathematics and metaphysics form, not unfrequently, part of his studies. Then, the mess! what a parody on a regimental one at home!

Often and often, in the season of the hot wind and rains, have I found myself, as orderly officer, half an hour after sunset, seated alone, or faced only by the assistant-surgeon, at the table groaning with huge barons of beef, legs of veal, and other substantialities—a sight from which, having tiffed at two o'clock, I recoiled in disgust. A disciplinarian or martinette would have been shocked at this non-attendance

at the mess, and have thought that we had too many married officers, both field and subaltern—at least, too many that were not single—in our regiment. In this latter predicament was Major B——, but more of this anon.

At the first parade in watering order which I attended, he particularly attracted my notice, for he came to the ground mounted on a huge elephant, with a silver howdah, and richly caparisoned with blue and yellow superfine cloth. He was a little slender man, of about forty, with very regular features, that bore strong traces of a lengthened abode in the East; such indeed, was the fact, for he had served in the Egyptian campaign. His dress, though strictly uniform, was innocent of a fit, for his trowsers were of almost Turkish size; and his white jacket, if unconfined by the belt, would have contained the corporation of another of our officers, who was once caricatured as the major part of a regiment of light dragoons; and of whom a witty A.D.C. of Lord Hastings observed—that he ought to have the best seat of any man in the cavalry, if *balance* formed a criterion. But to return to our hero. It must be confessed, that he was not the most graceful of riders—the same may be said of Napoleon—but, nevertheless, an excellent officer. No troop (Major B—— had only brevet rank) was in such good order as his. The horses were always in good condition, as the men were. He had thoroughly studied the characters of every one of them, and even written their memoirs, chronicling the least of their misdeeds. He was a great friend to regimental courts-martial, and an advocate for corporal punishments—scenes I could never witness without shuddering, but which were then of constant occurrence, though rare at the present day, when flogging has been so much superseded by the Congee house and solitary confinement.

What led to my intimacy with Major B—— I forget; certainly, it was not a sympathy or magnetism of ideas that attracted us. One penchant, indeed, we had in common—a fondness for field sports, and my admiration for his *Hattee*, Doorgha, the most celebrated tiger elephant in the Upper Provinces, perhaps contributed to our friendship, and has enabled me to become his biographer.

B—— went out to India very young; his early education was so neglected, that when he obtained his cornetcy in the 27th Dragoons, he could scarcely put two sentences together without a grammatical error. Cobbett has shewn that even kings' speeches have this defect; and I am inclined to think, from my own observation, in more instances than one, with that self-taught writer, that the system of our schools—the premature forcing of the intellect—perhaps I might say, memory — after the manner of an overstrained bow, weakens the powers of the mind, cramps its energies, and destroys its originality. B—— soon redeemed the lost hours of his boyhood. Having taken into his service a very learned *Moonshee*, he soon made considerable proficiency in that, if not the most perfect, certainly the most copious of languages, and in which, to the disgrace and shame of our countrymen, they have been surpassed by the Germans—Sanscrit; to this, and its dialect, he added Persian and Arabic; and, when I arrived at ——, was acknowledged to have become one of the most distinguished of Oriental scholars. In acquiring the vernacular tongue, Hindostanee, he possessed, as I have already hinted, the advantage of a female interpreter; and, as this personage forms the principal character in our

drama, it is time I should bring her on the scene. Let it be premised, that whatever defects my story may have, want of fidelity is not one: there are many persons now living who can corroborate the facts.

During the march of the regiment from Cawnpen to Meerut, where, previous to the extension of our frontier beyond the Indus, the king's cavalry regiments in Bengal were always stationed, B——'s *chokadar* one evening informed him, that a suttee was about to take place in a neighbouring *gong*. These fire-sacrifices, though not made absolutely penal at that time, were strictly prohibited by the Company, and prevented, as often as the judges of the district obtained any notification respecting them; but this rite is so intimately interwoven with the whole texture of Hinduism, that it would be as difficult to put them down altogether as to prevent *Teeruts* to Juggernaut, and the census of the last year, in spite of all the exertions of the authorities, is said to have amounted to five hundred. Do not be afraid, reader, that I am about to describe one of these scenes of horror, though I once had the misfortune of witnessing, without being able to prevent, a suttee. Suffice it to say, that B——, having taken with him a sufficient force for the purpose, succeeded in rescuing from the funeral pyre of her husband, a girl of twelve years old, the daughter of the *potail*, or village-chief. Seta, for that was her name—a name well-known in the Hindu mythology, as being always associated with that of Rama—was, in consequence, discarded by all her relations, fell under a ban, civil and religious, had become an orphan and an outcast, and her future destiny now depended on her rescuer. It was, indeed, a charge; and perhaps B—— had little calculated on the responsibility that had devolved on him. She was conveyed to his own tent. No bride had ever tenderer attentions lavished on her; and from that hour he treated her as though she had been united to him by indissoluble ties. Among the Hindus there are four castes which, according to their traditions, sprang from Brahma: those belonging to them are easily recognised by their features and fairness, the highest grade being the fairest. Seta was the descendant of a Rajhpoot. I had once an opportunity, and only once, and that by accident, of seeing her. Her complexion came nearest to what the French call *châtaigne brun;* she was somewhat above the standard considered as the perfection of woman, about the height of Canova's Venus; her eyes, large, dark and languishing as the *nielgau's*, expressed also its timidity and shyness; her hands were *mignonne* in the extreme; and her feet of Chinese model, to judge by the diminutive size of her slippers; her face, a perfect oval, would not have lost in comparison with that of a Grecian statue, so finely moulded was it, and set off to advantage by the classical disposition of her hair, fine, black, and luxuriant, whose great charm consisted in its simplicity. Behind this elegant knot, imagine to yourself a muslin shawl of dazzling whiteness and aërial texture, crossed over one breast, and descending in ample folds to the ground; a body of network, closely fitting her shape; loose satin trowsers, striped, and fastened round the waist by a cord of silk, and papooshes richly worked in gold; and add to this graceful costume, armlets and anklets of massy gold—rings out of number encircling the ears, and one, better omitted, called a *nut*, which, passing through the lobe of the nose, defines the size of the mouth—and you have a portrait of this Indian belle. The fragments of Megasthenes convince us that

the Hindus have adopted no innovations since he flourished; and I was shewn at Bombay, a bas-relief found in an old well, representing a Nautch girl, in precisely the same dress and attitudes as those used at the present day. The infinite superiority of the Oriental over the European costume, I saw one day exemplified in the house of an English lady, whose beauty was not a little enhanced by its adoption; but there was wanting that natural ease and grace, the poetry of motion, so conspicuous in Seta.

The attachment of B—— for this odalisk almost amounted to adoration. I have often heard him expatiate on her gentleness, her sweet compliance, and perfect devotion to the lord of her affections—contend that she had no wishes that extended beyond the limits of her *Zenanah* —that

> "She loved as sisters all the forms that breathed
> The breath of life—in the still woods disporting,
> Peopling the air, or gliding in the waters,"*

looking upon them only as spirits in captivity;—that she believed the basil tree, which she had reared from childhood, and watered and nursed with the tenderness of a mother, was grateful to her—knew that it owed to her its being and fragrance; that she found companionship, in his absence, from her mina and parrot, and thought them, like those in the *Totee Nameh*, capable of divulging her most secret thoughts and actions, though neither one thought or act of her life was the immaculate Seta afraid of their revealing; in short, that she animated all nature with one soul, deeming the minutest of its creations as parts of a great whole, as links in one general chain. This metempsychosis of the Hindus seemed to him as the only rational way of justifying the ways of God, seeing that, for no fault of their own, certain men and beasts enjoyed unequal degrees of happiness. Nor did B——'s admiration for these Pythagorean doctrines stop there. There is no absurdity, however great, that familiarity with it will not reconcile to us. Buckhardt lived in the East till he became a Mahommedan; Sale, the translator of the Coran, has been suspected of a strong belief in the Arabian lawgiver's divine mission. Taylor died a Platonist; and Shelley's very peculiar opinions—witness his Ode to Intellectual Beauty, and Adonais —shew that he was equally imbued with the doctrines of the great casuist, whose works were ever in his hands. I might fill pages with names, known to the world, of those whose minds have taken a certain religious bias from continually brooding on some peculiar text or favourite tenet, a lamentable proof of which may be instanced in the monomania of the excellent Cowper. But not to enlarge further on this topic, I will only say that B—— became a Hindu, at least as far as doctrine went, for they admit of no converts. He used to contend that Christianity was borrowed from India; that our Saviour was only the reflex of Chrisna, the shepherd god, whose concealment by the *Gopees*, and the mystery that hung over his education, were but the types of the flight to Egypt; that the doctrine of the Incarnation, the Trinity, were derived from the Hindus. For his part, however, he said that he was no believer in mysteries; and, like Rammohun Roy, with whom he was in constant correspondence, was persuaded that these, as well as the polytheism of

* Goëthe.

the Hindus, had been devised, like that of the Greeks, solely to meet the capacities of those who could form no metaphysical notions of a God.

It may be supposed, that with such habits, studies, and pursuits, Major B—— was not a popular man in the regiment: he lived in a world of his own, was a magician for good or evil, who admitted none into the magic circle he had drawn about him. His brother officers called him the Qui-hi, the Pundit, the Hindu, the Brahman, and though he did not perform Poojah, nor make his daily ablutions in the Saviour waters of the Ganges, nor had entered upon a vow of pilgrimage to the sacred shrines, he, as I have already said, believed that the Brahminical was not only the oldest, but the best religion in the world; and looking upon the use of the flesh of swine and oxen, the first as an abomination, the second as a sacrilege, confined himself to a strict vegetable diet, and only on indispensable occasions shewed himself at the mess.

It is time that I should return to the regiment, but I only do so in order to mention, that at the general peace and the reduction of the army, the —— Dragoons were disbanded.

Major B——, who was utterly unfitted for an European life, and destitute of connexions in his native country, resolved not to return home; and, in consequence of his well-known proficiency in the Oriental languages, his services as interpreter during the Pendaree campaign, and established character as a zealous officer, he obtained the command of an irregular corps, called, after his name, B——'s Horse. It was the height of his ambition. He was now become a *Burra* Sahib, or great man, and took the field with a retinue of horses, elephants, and camels, more than suitable to his rank.

Seta, too, had her share in his elevation, and was become a personage of no small consequence in the eyes of the natives, who, if they were not disposed to overlook her loss of caste, were ready enough to profit by her influence with her paramour. She indeed held a little court in the regiment—was what Lady Lowden had been in the army, the disposer of all the appointments to her cousins, down to the fourth and fifth degree: thus, two of them were promoted to the rank of jemadurs, soon after their entrance into the corps, and her brother had been promised a subadarship at the first vacancy. This nepotism was loudly murmured at. Major B—— was also, as we have already shewn, a strict disciplinarian. He drilled them more than troops of that description are accustomed to be drilled; repressed, and punished severely, any attempts at plunder, to which these irregulars were too prone, because, like the gendarmerie of France, finding their own horses and accoutrements, at a fixed monthly stipend, they were disposed to provide for themselves at the cost of the Raiots. The licence of these Kopack soldiery had been winked at by B——'s predecessors, and therefore they were greatly dissatisfied at what was considered an infringement of their rights, and this discontent almost amounted to mutiny, when one of their number, unwisely, was subjected to corporal punishment. Nor were the native captains and lieutenants better pleased than the men: a conspiracy was formed, in which many of them took part, and lots were cast by whom the Major was to be cut off.

The time chosen for the perpetration of this cowardly act was after parade; and, when he was surrounded by his officers, a trooper suddenly rushed through the circle and planted a dagger in his breast: its point

had not penetrated through the ribs; and before the man could stab him a second time, the subadars, after the manner of Macbeth and the pages, drew their sabres, and dispatched the assassin.

With his death was extinguished all evidence of the plot, and the crime was attributed to private revenge.

Any one who had been an eye-witness of Seta's anxious and apparently fond care of Major B—— during the long and lingering illness occasioned by his wound, would have looked upon her as the pattern of womanhood, a ministering angel. She scarcely left him night or day, stretched herself on a carpet by his couch, springing up at his slightest indication of pain, to soothe, and with her gentle accents pour balm into his spirit. His sherbet was not only prepared by her own hand, but the limes and promegranates plucked from the trees selected by herself. She was also acquainted with some secrets in the healing art, not committed to books, but traditionally brought down to her, through her immediate family, from remote times. B——'s recovery was slow and precarious, but recover he did, to love his fair nurse more *dotingly* than ever—an expression not unintentionally used, nor, as will soon appear, misapplied. It had long been Major B——'s determination to bequeath to Seta, at his decease, all that he possessed; but the late attempt upon his life, and the possibility of its recurrence, and the thought that she might, by fraud or chicanery, be deprived of his bequest, induced him at once, and without delay, to settle on her, with all the formalities of the law, his whole fortune, leaving himself a dependent on her bounty. But this feeling was to him a delightful one. Did he not owe to her his life—more than his life? Was she not his spirit's mate, his solace, his all in this world; and would she not more fondly, dearly love him, if her love could admit of an increase, for this great and noble act of disinterestedness? Thus argued B——. He might have had before his eyes the example of Lear and his daughters; but he was blind, infatuatedly blind.

How difficult is it to dive into the recesses of the human heart! Seta had a speculum ring, which, when she had presented to B——, she would coquettishly turn to her heart, to shew that he was reflected there. Why had he not a mirror by which he could read the workings of her soul, and detect the falsehood, the inconceivable, and almost incredible treachery of that fiend in human shape! Moore, in his life of Byron, has written a long homily, embodying the reasons why poets make bad husbands; I might pen an equally long, and not less tedious one, to prove why native women make bad wives; but facts are worth a thousand homilies.

The spot where the events I have so briefly detailed took place, was the Dhoon, which lies in the second range of the Himalayas. Enna, itself, in the days of Ceres and Proserpine, was not more beautiful, nor could it boast a richer verdure, or more enamelled carpet, than this enchanting valley. Above it rises, tier above tier—till surmounted by perennial snows—mountains more varied in form, more rich in colour, than any that Europe can boast: the lower ranges of these are covered with forests, and intersected with ravines, that render them almost inaccessible. The tiger here reigns securely, and after carrying his nocturnal depredations into the low country, retires unmolested into his fastnesses. It is only in the hot winds, when driven

by want of water into the morasses, or jungles, as they are called, that here and there stretch themselves over this extensive plain, that the hunter has an opportunity of attacking his prey, even there protected by a dread of malaria and the ague, from which, indeed, for some months in the year, no part of the Dhoon is free. But it was now the cold season, and during the stillness of windless nights, of a starry brilliancy rare in our hemisphere, might frequently be heard the *yahoo* of the tigresses, so near were they disporting to the camp.

It was in a night such as this, that Major B——, mounted on an Arab, might have been seen, after a long march, and an absence of a few weeks, galloping to his head-quarters. He had been at Massorie, that sanatorium of Anglo-Indians, whose houses, perched on the side of the hills, and cemented into the rocks, may be compared to swallows' nests. Behold him, then, having passed the last vidette, and his *cofilah*, pitched at a little distance from the rest of the encampment, glittering in the moonlight. He had written to Seta, to announce the very hour of his return, and deemed that she would in a few moments be in his arms. He entered the enclosure of red cloth—expected, as usual, that the sound of his horse's feet would have brought her to the door of his tent, but she appeared not. Strange! stranger still—no light, no sound of voices from within greeted him! He leapt from his saddle, and hastened on the wings of love to the verandah of the Gyneecum. It was deserted! where were her attendants, some of whom always slept there? Where was Seta herself? That question is soon answered. She had taken advantage of his temporary absence: —with her women, her slaves, her jewels, and, more than these, the title-deeds of her wealth, had decamped, and was now far advanced on her journey to the place of her birth. For some time Major B——'s servants dared not acquaint him with these damning tidings; but at length one bolder than the rest ventured to communicate his mistress's elopement. Like one stunned by a heavy blow, B—— stood for some time motionless, speechless. At length he roused himself, ordered a fresh horse, and telling his *Sayee* not to accompany him, rode into the forest, and was soon lost in its intricacies.

Day dawned, but he came not—another, and another day passed on. Alarm spread through the camp—troopers were dispatched in all directions, and searched the mountain paths in vain; but a week had scarcely expired, when a grass-cutter brought a chaco that had belonged to my poor friend—near it were lying the mangled remains of a horse. Conjecture thus became certainty; he had fallen a prey to the tiger.

Seta, when I last heard of her, was dwelling in her native village, in the full enjoyment of her ill-acquired riches. By her munificent gifts to the Brahmans, and through the mediation of a *Yogi* of great sanctity, who had, as an atonement for her sins, undertaken to perform the penance of living for five years in a hole in the ground, the ban was removed from her, and she was again restored to her caste. My informant also added, that she was building a tomb for herself of great magnificence; and no doubt, in after times, long processions, such as I frequently witnessed in the city of Aurungzabud, of women to the shrine of Lalla Rookh, will strew flowers on the ashes of the faithless and infamous Hindu.

## THE NOBLE BROTHERS.

BY MISS ELIZA SKELTON.

The summer sun is shining on a gay and martial train:
Two gallant brothers, side by side, are riding o'er the plain;
With spearmen tall and lances bright, with banners floating wide,
With many a squire and stalwart knight, the noble brothers ride.

The sunbeams dress'd each stately form in more than common grace,
They shone in eyes of deepest blue, they lit each youthful face,
And touch'd with a diviner ray the silken curls that roll'd
Down from each proud and beauteous head in rings of living gold.

Count William had an open brow, a calm and quiet eye—
Count Hubert's brow was often dark, his glance more quick and shy;
But both were true in heart and hand—gentle, and brave, and fair:
There were none in all the land of France to match that noble pair.

The foes of France are in the field, and fighting valiantly;
But who can stand where William leads?—they turn at last to fly;
And still where'er the brothers ride the foes are falling fast,
And lie in ranks like the golden corn where the reapers' steps have pass'd.

The fight was done, the battle won, the hot pursuit was o'er,—
But cold and stiff Count William lay, all breathless in his gore;
Some coward shot had struck him down, in all his bright career,
When the distant foes were flying fast, and none but friends were near.

No wound was seen upon his breast—but on his face he lay,
And from between his parted curls the life-blood ebb'd away.
And there Count Hubert silent knelt, his mantle round his head,
And wept in bitter agony, and bow'd him o'er the dead.

Who could have shot that fatal shot?—not *these*, the true and brave,
Whose iron eyes are dropping tears on their own young chieftain's grave—
Not *that* slight page, whose silken hair sweeps the cold clammy ground,
Whose cheek is white with fear, yet red with blood from William's wound.

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The summer sun is shining on a sad and funeral train:
Two noble brothers, side by side, are passing o'er the plain;
One on his bier lies shrouded, with his face turn'd to the sky,—
One with dark mien, and shuddering glance, and wild arrested eye.

With slow and mournful steps they go, they reach his castle gate;
And there his aged mother shrieks, his weeping sisters wait;
And many a solemn dirge is sung, and many a requiem said,
As low within the dust they lay that bright and beauteous head.

Count William's head is in the dust, Count Hubert holds his land;
Count Hubert woos his brother's love, and wins a willing hand.
But there fell a curse on that old race—his children droop'd and died;
And one by one those lovely buds were gather'd from his side.

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There is a monk in gloomy cell—unceasing doth he pray;
But vain are human tears or blood to wash *his* guilt away.
There is a nun in convent cell—her eyes with tears are dim;
She weeps for all—herself—her babes—but most she weeps for *him*.

That holy father, stern and sad—that ever-weeping nun—
Are Hubert and his brother's love, the bride so quickly won;
And let us hope, whate'er their guilt, their sins may be forgiven—
The precious blood, once shed for all, may win them peace in heaven.

## SHE THOUGHT OF HIM—AND WEPT!

BY LADY HARRIETTE D'ORSAY.

"Ah vous pleurer est le bonheur suprême!
Vous oublier c'est s'oublier soi-même,
N'êtes vous pas un débris de mon cœur?"
LAMARTINE.

SHE thought of him—and wept
By the calm moonlight,
In the languid stillness
Of a summer's night.
There, as she sate alone,
Over her mem'ry swept
Visions of bygone days—
She thought of Him—and wept!

She thought of Him—and sigh'd
In scenes of gladness;
When the bright gems she wore
Mock'd her heart's sadness.
And 'midst the careless crowd
To smile she oft has tried;
But vainly, for whene'er
She thought of Him—she sigh'd!

She thought of Him—and mourn'd
When, at the hour of even,
She pray'd that they might meet
Once more in heaven!
She felt that he had not
Yet to the fold return'd;
And even on her knees
She thought of Him—and mourn'd!

She thought of Him—and faded
Like a fair flower away;
Earth grew dark and dreary,
And she might not stay.
Mournful thoughts and fancies
Her brow o'ershaded;
Years could not bring him back!
She thought of Him—and faded!

She thought of Him—and died
In her early bloom;
And now luxuriant flowers
Are clust'ring o'er her tomb!
There was no struggle
Between her love and pride;
*He* had been her destiny—
She thought of Him—and died!

She joys o'er Him in heaven,
Where he is with her now;
Earthly sorrow shades no more
Her transcendant brow!
Her fervent prayers were heard,
And an answer given;
For through a blest eternity
She'll joy o'er Him in heaven!

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## THE MYRTLE.

BY CATHERINE PARR.

BEAUTIFUL myrtle! justly art thou deem'd
In love's own language—even that of flowers—
The type of Love. Thou dost betoken well
Its sweet fidelity; and not alone
Because thy leaves are green throughout the year,
And thou dost shew, 'mid winter's chilling blasts,
An aspect cheering as in summer's pride:
O, not for this *alone* wast thou so named!
Resemblance nearer, sweeter far, thou bearest
To human love, in its most lovely forms.
In wantonness of joy, or 'neath the press
Of worldly care, if ere I bruised thy leaf,
The balmy fragrance thou hast shed around
Hath almost startled me; I scarcely deem'd
There flow'd within thy veins so rich a tide,—
A tide whose freshness I had never known,
But for the touch unkind that drew it forth.
Ah, how like Love! whose faithfulness we know not,
Till by unkind suspicion or rebuke
We bruise its gentle spirit, and draw forth
Its latent virtues, until then unknown,
Undreamt of—as the Myrtle's hidden sweets.

## POPULAR SONG IN THE BOURBONNAIS.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

SHEPHERD.

I from all have chosen thee,
At thy garden gate I stand:
Give one glance of love to me,
Reach me forth thy gentle hand;
Turn thee, coy one, nor reprove,
I am he who pines for love!

SHEPHERDESS.

If thou near my garden come
I beneath the leaves will hide,
And the roses make my home,
For I will not be a bride.
Go; my heart thou canst not move,
I have never learnt to love.

*He.* Roses, lovely fair, were made
To be gather'd where they grow,
And not long their fragrant shade
Can conceal that snowy brow.

*She.* I will hide me in the mead,
Where the quail runs swift away.

*He.* Of the hunter's aim take heed,
Lest he make the quail his prey.

*She.* I will hide beside the stream,
Where the silver fishes glide.

*He.* Though their scales so brightly gleam,
Nets may reach them in the tide.

*She.* I will seek a convent's gloom,
And will pass my life in prayer.

*He.* There a holy priest shall come,
And thy orisons will share.

*She.* I will lay me down in pain,
Sick and faint, within my bed.

*He.* Shall not there the nurse remain,
To sustain thy drooping head?

*She.* I will die, and so be free,
And no love shall vex me more.

*He.* In Paradise, St. Peter's key
Shall for thee unlock the door.

*She.* I will be a star of light,
Nor will dwell on earth again.

*He.* I will be a cloud of night
Ever near thee to remain!
Turn thee, coy one, nor reprove,
I am he who dies for love!

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## SUNSET AT CAPRI.

BY THE HON. JULIA AUGUSTA MAYNARD.

The daylight wanes, and sunset's crimson flush
Sheds over Capri's isle its parting blush,
In hues such as might deck a seraph's wing,
When through the heavens the hallelujahs ring.
Innumerous barks adorn the sparkling tide;
And gentle breezes, from the southern side,
Breathe o'er the broad expanse, and fill each sail
That onward flies before the fresh'ning gale.
The fading orb still spreads its beams around
O'er valley, plain, and steeply-rising ground;
And sapphire's light, mix'd with the ruby's dye,
Glows momently along the western sky.
Myriads of stars are starting into view,
And o'er the verdure falls the evening dew;
Day lingers on the hills, as loth to part,
Like a last hope quitting a blighted heart.

# THE LOUNGE IN THE ŒIL DU BŒUF.

BY CHARLES W. BROOKS.

"*Laissez faire, laissez passer!* Whatever goes on, ought it not to go on—the widow picking nettles for her children's dinner, and the perfumed Seigneur delicately lounging in the Œil du Bœuf, who has an alchymy whereby he will extort the third nettle from her, and call it rent and law?"—CARLYLE.

"His Majesty is still at prayers," was the reply of one of the pages of Louis the Fourteenth, to the inquiry of the Marquis De la Chaumette, who had solicited an audience of the aged monarch, and was beguiling the delay in his announcement to the King, by "delicately lounging in the Œil du Bœuf."

The handsome Marquis returned with a slight expression of impatience to the group he had left for the purpose of making his third inquiry whether the King were at leisure. The brilliant knot which received him, was composed of three or four of the more distinguished members of the court, who were solacing themselves for their prolonged attendance in the royal ante-chamber, by the irreverence of their commentaries upon all that passed there. The presence of two or three of the professed wits of the day added an occasional sparkle to the scandal which was liberally supplied by their more aristocratic associates; and Madame St. Hilaire, with her pretty cousin, Louise de Mably, had joined the party in time to prevent the conclave from taking cognizance of offences which, however justly they might be chargeable against most of those who passed and repassed the self-constituted tribunal, were rather within the province of a court of law. That this restriction of the jurisdiction of the loungers by no means tended to mitigate the severity of their strictures, may be premised from the fact, that the young and beautiful widow of eighteen months' standing, who at once became president of the *seánce*, was generally supposed to have caused at least two overtures, for new alliances, to be made on her behalf, since a linked shot from an English cannon had deprived Colonel St. Hilaire of his head, the French army of a rigid martinet, and his wife of an indulgent husband—and that both such overtures had failed.

"Still at prayers," repeated De la Chaumette, as he returned to his place. "How I hate an excuse which one must not find fault with!"

"Yes," said Madame St. Hilaire; "I am more and more convinced, that to have too good a reason for one's acts is the most unreasonable thing in the world."

"Yet that," said the Count de Ville Franche, "hardly explains Madame's own fondness for the other extreme."

"Count," returned Madame St. Hilaire, "your jests are not of a good order; they resemble the Spanish glow-worm, which they say shines only in stinging."

"Nay," said the Count, "I would rather they resembled the new crucifixes with the concealed points, which I am told are extremely fashionable for penitential purposes,—they wound only when you take them to heart."

"I think," said the Duc de Bazas, "that these long devotions on his Majesty's part disprove his use of any such excitements to penitence as these pocket purgatories you speak of."

"You forget, Bazas," said De la Chaumette, "that a king is a penitent as well as a hero—by proxy."

"True," said the Duc, "and by the way, the nation owes much to these women:—Charles the Seventh defeated the enemies of France with the aid of Joan of Arc—Louis the Fourteenth (we will hope) defeats the enemy of souls with the aid of—Madame de Maintenon."

"That last ally makes fearful odds against the kingdom of darkness," said Alphonse d'Arbois, who piqued himself on his military genius, and really looked well on review—"but I question the prudence of employing a traitor against those whom he has deserted."

"D'Arbois has never forgiven Madame for forcing him to attend the preaching of the divine Massillon, during a whole fortnight of duty at the palace," said Madame St. Hilaire. "She certainly takes the most violent methods of Christianizing his Majesty's officers."

"The sermons were eloquent and beautiful," said D'Arbois; "but, in the words of the inspired barbarian the English vaunt so, I am 'one of those who will not serve Heaven if the devil bid me!'"

"I hate theology," said De la Chaumette, "but I wish the priests would tell my tenants to pay their rents."

"More troubles with your estates, Marquis?" asked the widow. "You are really a martyr to half-a-dozen provinces and a hundred forests."

"For the land," said De la Chaumette, "there it is—the hungry wretches cannot well eat that up, I believe; though, if their perpetual petitions tell the truth, they eat everything else, down to the stinging-nettles. But the forests will soon be ideal, they are so reduced, I hear, by the creatures who say they must have fuel to warm themselves."

"But I would give them notice that my trees are not to be touched," said Madame St. Hilaire.

"I have had such notices placed everywhere," said the Marquis; "and, as I am told that the horrible wretches cannot or will not read, I have caused a plunderer to be hanged by the side of every alternate copy, by way of illumination—but all is in vain; they urge that they must be warmed if they are to live."

"What they want to live for," said D'Arbois, "I cannot imagine—it can only be in compliance with some obsolete prejudice against dying. Do you know your estates, Marquis?"

"I think I could shew them to you on the map," was the reply; "I never visited them; but my agents tell me they are wretched places, and exhort me by no means to come and examine them, as I rather meditated doing last year."

"At the especial recommendation, not to say command, of his Majesty," said Madame St. Hilaire, laughing. "Apropos, Marquis, I hate to remind a gentleman of his obligations; but you have scarcely shewn a due sense of the favour I did you in procuring the recall of that banishing suggestion from his Majesty."

"Point out any means by which I can testify my gratitude," said De la Chaumette, "and I will adopt them, with the double pleasure one feels in doing a service in the way a friend wishes it done."

"Amiably said, Marquis. But as I have nothing particular to ask of you, I will let those now present decide how you shall reward me for saving you from your tenants."

"I never heard of this," said Ville Franche; "but I should like to have the hundred and first proof of absurdity on the part of De la

Chaumette. Pray tell us what he had done to incur the anger of Louis."

"That is no part of my proposal," said the widow; "and as De la Chaumette may not like the little anecdote to be told ——"

"Ah!" said the Marquis; "now you are assured of hearing it. Pray proceed, Madame; I had rather you told it while I am here to watch over my reputation."

"Fie!" said Madame St. Hilaire; "that is unkind. I would take as much care of your reputation as you yourself do."

"With all the gratitude so liberal a promise deserves, I pray you to tell the story, Madame; and I now hope that royalty will throw an extra litany or two into the morning's balance against the memories of La Vallière and De Pompadour."

"Then," said Madame St. Hilaire, "as it is well known to you all, from yourself, most immaculate Duc, down to you, my most silent and shocked cousin, Louise, that the Marquis De la Chaumette, though owning to thirty-nine, and looking fifty, is still a young man—in discretion; I need not enlarge upon the follies he has committed during his time."

"The shorter list would be of those he has omitted," said Ville Franche.

"Much," said the widow. "Now, as you have heard his complaints of his tenants, you may not be surprised to hear that they too have the insolence to make complaints of him."

"Not at all," said D'Arbois. "My own wretches, who came into my hands on the death of my aunt, had not merely the assurance to petition that I would be pleased to allow some of my wolves to be shot if I did not intend to hunt them myself, but they had the further impudence to apply to one of the mayors for help, alleging that their wives and children were being perpetually missed, and only occasionally discovered in fragments in the woods I keep expressly for the animals."

"What did you do?" asked the Duc.

"Oh! nothing," said D'Arbois. "I have always found mildness and kindness the most effective way of dealing with such people; so I merely ordered the mayor to be dismissed for listening to their appeal; and beyond sending word that the first man, woman, or child, who should injure one of my wolves should be wrapped in its skin and hunted down by my dogs, I took no further notice of the affair. But then I am a model landlord."

"De la Chaumette is not," said Madame St. Hilaire. "Early in last year, a deputation of his tenants found its way to Paris, to represent to him the deplorable state of his property, and the still more deplorable state of its inhabitants."

"We hear nothing else," said De Bazas, "from any body's estates; —your story commences unpromisingly, Madame."

"The distress on estates which belong to others is, of course, no affair of yours, Duc," said Ville Franche; "nor, I should think, are you answerable for that on the property which *did* belong to you."

The Duc coloured in anger. "Like De la Chaumette's tenants, Ville Franche," he said, "you seem to have been feeding on nettles."

"Do not be angry with Ville Franche, Duc," said D'Arbois; "remember there is another animal said to relish that food. You have the best of the jest."

It was now Ville Franche's turn to be wroth. "That," he said, with a sneer, "though by no means civil, is good military wit."

"Is my story to end?" asked the widow, interfering. "I was about to mention that the deputation, in addition to some old men and women, and some younger tenants with their wives, comprised an extremely pretty peasant girl, sister to one of the petitioners, and daughter to another. Describe her, Marquis."

"As far as my recollection serves me," said De la Chaumette, "*la petite* had dark eyes, and plenty of dark hair, regular features, and a complexion and figure which seemed to give the lie to the assertion of her companions that she lived upon the meanest food, and carried loads of clay to the potteries."

"This half-fed beauty," said Madame St. Hilaire, "somewhat astonished the Marquis, who had no idea such pretty things grew upon his estates. She was the orator, too, was she not, Marquis?"

"Yes; the whole affair was amusing. I, of course, should never have known of the deputation, but that as I was one morning descending into my court-yard, I heard a most indecent clatter and shouting. Upon advancing, I found this arose from the exertions of my tenants to get to me, in spite of the whips and blows which, to do my faithful scoundrels of servants justice, they were employing most lustily in my favour. In the scuffle, the poor girl had received a stray lash across her shoulders, and was standing aside, sobbing with the pain. My foolish kind-heartedness interfered. I ordered a cessation of hostilities; and not only listened in the civillest manner to my tenants, but desired my fellows to see them well crammed for once in their lives before kicking them out of the house."

"And the sobbing beauty?" said D'Arbois.

"Oh! she left off sobbing as soon as she saw me—fell on her knees —called me her natural protector—and went into a long story, for the purpose of proving that it was impossible to work for her rent if she could get nothing to eat—with much more to the same effect. The logic was not quite that of your friend Massillon; but I heard her out, and consigned her to the care of my major domo, with instructions to render her presentable, meaning, of course, to inquire into her grievances at my leisure."

"So," said Madame St. Hilaire, "the fair villager was duly costumed and decorated, and was installed in De la Chaumette's mansion in a suite of rooms, the windows of which look upon the river. He will tell you the rest, for there is only one person living who can do so."

"All that remains to be told," said the Marquis, quietly, "is, that other engagements detained me from home until late in the evening, when it occurred to me to hear from *la petite's* lips what was really the matter on my estates. I sought her apartments, but did not find her; I can only conclude, that she retired to rest early—that something must have terrified her; and that imagining herself in her own cottage, she sprang from the window, for her body was discovered in the Seine a few days afterwards. Her friends had remained in Paris, and I did what I could to quiet their noisy grief."

"Doubtless," said Ville Franche; "and more especially the noise."

"The story reached Madame de Maintenon," said the widow, "and she reported it to the King, doubtless with her own additions and sur-

mises, or his Majesty would never have thought of ordering the Marquis to live on his estates for a year."

"It was a most tyrannical order," said De la Chaumette; "for let his Majesty's suspicions be what they might, they could not justify so arbitrary an act. I have frequently trembled," he added, seriously, "for the royal authority in these realms; and pardon me for alluding to political matters, but I must say, I cannot think that a disturbance, nay, a revolution, would be an unnatural result of a system which keeps the higher orders in so oppressed a state."

"Let us hope for the best," said De Bazas; "it becomes those who hold stakes in the country——"

"And such high stakes that they are obliged to sell their estates to pay them," said the eternal Ville Franche.

"Bah!" said D'Arbois, "let us know why this sentence on the Marquis was remitted."

"Through my personal influence with the King," said the beautiful widow, drawing herself up, half in pride, half in mockery.

"If Louis were forty years younger," said De Bazas; "say in the old days of Utrecht, one could understand that. But forgive me ——"

"But I tell you that it was so," said the widow. "Do you forget that a certain loved and valued friend of mine, a long time—I mean a very short time ago—had his dear head carried away by a cannon-ball while he was beating a recruit for having had the toothache on parade? Louis Quatorze did not forget it; and when I interceded for De la Chaumette, he said, with all his natural dignity and condescension, 'The widow of such an officer as Colonel St. Hilaire deserves a greater boon at the hand of his grateful master,' but he granted De la Chaumette's petition."

"I remember the story, now," said Ville Franche; "but the king's answer is usually supposed to have been a little different."

"And what may people be kind enough to suppose?" said the widow, rather haughtily.

"Oh! if you are angry, I have done," said Ville Franche; "but now you smile, I may as well tell you. They say that the King, not unnaturally, asked why a certain lovely widow took so much interest in a certain profligate marquis; and the reply being tardy, Louis is reported to have said, that the widow of such an officer as Colonel St. Hilaire deserved a 'better husband' at the hand of his grateful master. The result is the same in both versions."

"You are misinformed," said the widow, laughing; "Louis le Grand never makes presents of trifles."

"And now," said D'Arbois, "how do we decide that the Marquis is to shew his gratitude for this interference of Madame St. Hilaire?"

"I think," said Ville Franche, "that we had better refer the question to Madame's pretty cousin, who has hitherto declined saying a single word."

"Do you consent, De la Chaumette?" asked D'Arbois.

"*Volontiers*—I am always safe in a lady's hands," said the Marquis.

"Speak, my love," said the widow; "I leave the judgment to you."

"Then I think," said Louise de Mably, in a tone which shewed that her previous silence had proceeded neither from inattention nor from want of confidence, "that as I know my cousin will, for certain reasons, wish to be relieved of my society in a very short time, it would be an

act of much kindness to her, if the Marquis, when he goes in to speak to the King, would ask his Majesty for a husband for me, if he happen to have *another* to spare."

"Bravo!" said every voice—"be that De la Chaumette's sentence."

"My love," said the widow, "I respect you; for you have shewn that you know how to speak to the purpose."

"I will certainly make the request," said De la Chaumette; "though Louis's warlike pursuits, for the last half century, have rather accustomed him to deprive the ladies of France of husbands, than to give them. But I will try."

And the conclusion of his Majesty's devotions being announced, the "perfumed Seigneur delicately lounged 'out' of the Œil du Bœuf."

Eight days afterwards, the Marquis de la Chaumette was married to Madame St. Hilaire.—Eighty years afterwards, their grandson, and the sole representative of the family, was piked in the back by a fishwoman, in front of his own mansion, for refusing to raise his hat to Marat, *l'Ami du Peuple*, who was, for the hour, the master-spirit of that Revolution, for dreading which the Marquis (or some of the "loungers" we have named) had given such sufficing reasons.

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## A SONG FOR "THE SEX."

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

Oh ye Passions, Virtues tender,
Vices deck'd in smiles or frowns,
Who to each assign'd its gender?
Who first class'd ye, ancient Nouns?
All that's noble, bright, melodious,
Still as feminine prevails;
All that's savage, dark and odious,
Mean, malignant, ranks with males.

Hate, hast thou a lady's feature?
Anger, furnace-red within?
Fear, thou look'st a female creature—
No, they all are *masculine*.
Jealousy, thou'rt woman surely!
So is Vengeance, to the core!
No, they're brothers, link'd securely
To the trio gone before.

What of Justice, then, and Meekness?
Truth—is hers that trio's race?
Majesty, array'd in sleekness?
Beauty, clad in simple grace?
Mercy, Candour, Peace, and Plenty?
These are *female*—so is Fame.
What is Hope?—but one of twenty;
Faith, and Pity?—they're the same.

Feminine art thou, Devotion;
Fancy, Thought, and Innocence;
Freedom—be it land or ocean—
Gratitude, Benevolence.
But for Scorn, his sex is settled;
So with War, on plain or decks;
Claims he Victory, fiery-mettled?
Victory's of the gentle sex.

Feminine is Morning early,
Time is *not*—the wither'd thing;
Masculine is Winter surly,
But a laughing maid is Spring.
Over Theft, and over Drinking,
Over Riches, gods prevail;
But a goddess, calmly thinking,
Rules o'er Wisdom—not a male.

Charity, whom all importune;
Pleasure, whom we all would win;
These are of the sex of Fortune,
And all these are feminine.
Seek ye, patriots, yet another?
Lo, Britannia meets your eyes;
Where we boast (the Church our *mother*)
*Sister* Universities.

Female, too, is gentle Order,
Chaos not, as bards rehearse;
Physic finds the same recorder,
Health exactly the reverse.
Joy and Love alone are painted
Males, to sweeten many sours;
Since, while woman lives unsainted,
These emotions must be ours.

Music, sing your sex's glory!
For, while Death is called a *he*,
By the laws of custom hoary,
Immortality's a *she*.
Oh! ye Passions, Virtues tender,
Vices deck'd in smiles or frowns,
Who to each assign'd its gender?
Who first class'd ye, ancient Nouns?

# THE RUSSIAN PRINCE:

## A TALE OF OXFORD.

BY LUNETTE.

### PART THE SECOND. SHINER AND STAPLETON.

On the morrow, the improvement in the condition of his Royal Highness was very evident, and so delighted was he with the place and the prospects of the Commemoration, which Borowsky had at last made him comprehend, that he determined on staying in Oxford some little time, and therefore desired the presence of his landlord as soon as his morning's meal was concluded.

His Highness sat behind a large dining-table, on which was a small jewel-case, containing to all appearance seven or eight foreign orders, which the Prince was weighing in his hands or busily turning over, when Borowsky ushered Newboy into the room.

"Pone sedillam," said the Prince, as they entered; whereupon Borowsky placed a chair at the end of the table, and endeavoured to make Newboy understand that he was to occupy it.

"Sede, sede!" said the Prince; "sheats, sheats!" he continued, angrily, whilst his servant whispered to Joe not to oppose his Highness's wishes; so Joe sat down, and Borowsky stood midway between him and the Prince as dragoman in ordinary to his Highness.

"Terræ magister," said the Prince, "intelligistine linguam Latinam."

Joseph stared.

"Non vasorum æreorum sartoris anathema, quod non est plusquam dimidium anathemæ communis," said Borowsky; "sed ego interpretabo mi Exaltissime."

"Terræ magister," continued the Prince, with a bland smile; "hic paululum remanere desidero."

"His Highness wishes to stay here, landlord," said the interpreter.

"Unum, duo, forte tres impotentes," said the Prince.

"Perhaps two or three weeks." Newboy bowed twice.

"Seorsumenta quædam in civitate."

"He wishes for apartments in the town," said Borowsky, cutting off the end of his Highness's sentence.

"Not a decent room to be had," said Joe.

"Quid faciam, quid faciam, Ιω δυστηνος ἐγω!" exclaimed the Prince, as soon as the answer had been interpreted to him. "Attamen — ego capio—o terræ domine—vestra seorsumenta—servabis me; hic redeam, hic vivam usque ad finem capituli."

"His Highness wishes to retain his rooms here, if you will allow him."

"Most delighted, your Highness," said Newboy, with a very low bow.

"Nunc mihi, baculum secare necesse est, admeum Riparium, in vico dicto Sancti Pauli ecclesiæ tribus pedibus, ut aliquid Hispanicum mihi donet, eundum est; donec redeam, servabis me, vestra seorsumenta O terræ domine carissime?"

"His Highness means," said Borowsky, "will you keep your rooms for him while he goes to London to his banker, in St. Paul's Churchyard, to get some money?"

"Oh, with the greatest pleasure," was Joe's reply; "assuredly I will keep them for his Highness."

"Keap, keap," said the Prince, "omnes dicant keap; et cum tempus adest, non est keap, sed est Diabolum remunerare et nulla pix fervefacta."

"My lord," says the valet, "has been so often deceived by innkeepers who have promised to retain rooms for him, he seems hardly to trust you."

"His Highness may depend on me—may depend on me," replied Joseph, with all proper hauteur.

His Highness, however, appears incredulous; Borowsky appears to try to persuade him to trust Newboy; and amid a shower of very hard words of all kinds, nations, and languages, nearly half an hour is passed, to the great astonishment of Joseph at the extraordinary language in which the Prince and his valet converse; the following relics have been rescued:—

"Josephus non est usque ad dolum" — "non magis quam nihil"—"linguam Russican aliquam fac"—"anathema sil lingua Russica et omnes ejus iffskys et offskys"—here came some dreadful words only to be paralleled in Katterowsky's Russian Grammar—"Putas ne quod Josephus mordebit"—"tenta eum"—"quinqua

quinta splendidi satis erit"—"satis admodum satis"—"veni, fige ejus silicem"—"hic it."

"His Highness," said the valet, after the conclusion of the confabulation, "proposes to leave with you fifty pounds in gold, on the condition of your placing with it another fifty sovereigns, and locking both up in your strong box as a security until his Highness returns."

Newboy did not seem to understand the matter.

"Now, if his Highness does not return in a fortnight, you are to take his money for your expenses; if he does return, and finds his rooms in your inn engaged to any other persons, he will take your fifty sovereigns, and distribute them among the best of your charities in Oxford. If, however, on his return he finds all ready for him and his rooms vacant, then each of you will take back your own deposit."

After a slight demurrer on Newboy's part, which was speedily overruled at the hearing, without much argument, Joe agreed. The money was soon produced on both sides, placed in the Prince's jewel-box—he volunteering to turn out all his fine orders and jewels, to accommodate Newboy—sealed up with his Highness's own seal (a large coat of arms, the silver stamp of which was kindly placed in Joe's hands, that he might admire the engraving), whilst Borowsky wrapped up the box, and soon after handed it, now weighty with its precious burden, to Newboy, who, accompanied by the Prince and his valet, proceeded to his bed-room, and with all proper forms locked it up in his strong box. The Prince then paid his account, gave liberal gratuities to the servants, and a diamond buckle to Mrs. N., and flew off to London; whilst Joe retired to his snuggery, to calculate how much he could conscientiously screw out of the Russian Prince, on his return to classic ground.

"What's the news, Joseph?" said Stapleton, as he and his friend drove up in their buggy, about three o'clock on the day after his Highness's departure.

"Nothing particular, sir," replied Newboy, with an expression that belied his words.

"What, nothing new in a week? Here have Shiner and I been away seven good days, drove down to Henley yesterday, came in at one to-day. Come, there must have been some news;—by the bye, met such a queer-looking carriage and four just as we got into Henley yesterday—I wonder whose it was."

"The Russian Prince, I suppose, sir," replied Joe, gravely.

"Any relation to Perkins's Greek Count, eh, Joe?—not been here, I presume?" said Shiner, with a sneer.

"Left the Mitre at two o'clock yesterday—returns this day fortnight. Well, what are you both laughing at? He's not a Greek Count; besides, swindlers don't pay ready money, give diamond brooches to the landlady, and secure their rooms for a Commemoration, by leaving fifty good canary birds with their landlord when they go away." And here Joe let out all the particulars, amid the laughter of his friends. "He's coming again this day fortnight!" concluded Joe, with a burst of indignation.

"Ay, ay, and so will we, Joe—for the fives," said the Honourable Tom, as he drove off to Christchurch.

Newboy looked at first very angry, then grand, then doubtful, then rather suspicious, and concluded by walking into his room, to all appearances, rather frightened. That day fortnight arrived, and with it Shiner and his friend, to witness the arrival of the Prince. Six, eight, nine,—old Tom never was so long striking before in Joe's idea—ten, midnight, and no Prince. Joseph felt queer; but still he thought there were the sovereigns—he saw them put in, he saw them sealed, and he shut them up himself—so he should not be so badly off, after all. Mrs. N. began to be very loud against the Prince, because Shiner had pronounced the diamond brooch mere paste. So Joe and his wife did not sleep well that night.

Two days' law were given, and then on the sixteenth day, in the presence of Mrs. N., the Honourable Tom, Stapleton, and the waiter, Joseph proceeded to open the box, and to count out one hundred Birmingham whist-counters.

Poor Joe looked aghast—he might have cried with Macduff, "What! all my little ones, at one fell swoop!" Mrs. N. cried bitterly, and determined to cuff Joe well when his friends were gone. Shiner and Stapleton looked too knowing by half, whilst the waiter waited to see what he ought to do, until the sharp ring of the coffee-room bell relieved his anxiety.

"Did it never occur to you, Joseph," said Shiner, "that it was rather odd for his Highness to have wanted change for a twenty, and yet have fifty good sovereigns in his jewel-box?"

"Oh, no, no, I know I'm a fool!" said Joe; "and there, that Perkins, how he will stare—fifty pounds! worse than all the breakfasts, dinners, and gin and water of the Greek Count. Ah! it was all that d—d Borowsky!"

Here Shiner gave Stapleton a nudge.

"Ah! the Prince of Rottentopanbotomsky only spoke Latin, did he?" asked Shiner.

"How did you know his name?" asked Joe, snappishly; "'spose Perkins told you—fool!—I know I'm a fool!"

"Come, come, Joe, cheer up," said Stapleton, "you shall not be a great loser; there, see what's in that box." And as he spoke he pulled out of his pea-coat pocket a jewel-box, so uncommonly like the other, including red tape and seal, that the devil might have said to them, as he did to his thumbs, "There's a pair of you." Joe looked at his friends, whilst Stapleton broke open the box, and counted out Newboy's fifty sovereigns, and also fifty more Birmingham whist-counters for the Prince's share.

"O terræ domine carissime!" said the Honourable Tom, in a voice that brought back to Joe's mind the Russian Prince, "O terræ domine pro unum Henricum de Haze te deturbabo!"

"His Highness," said Stapleton, in the voice of Borowsky, "will trouble you for a five-pound note;" and then in his own—"Do you understand Russian or Latin, landlord?—five pounds a lesson—John Borowsky, professor."

"A regular bite!" growled Joe, as the friends strolled off ten pounds richer, minus two days' living at the Mitre, the hire of a travelling carriage, and certain other et ceteras, which tended to turn the scale rather against the Prince and his valet.

"No, I shouldn't do for Dean," soliloquized Joe, as he looked mournfully after his tormentors. "Well, it does them credit."

They might have had many another chance, as Mr. Stapleton's degree never came off, from unavoidable circumstances.

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## THE DRAMA.

When Mr. Macready spoke his address on the closing of Drury Lane Theatre, on the 23rd of May, there was a mixture of regret and hope, both in the words of the address itself, and in the tone in which it was delivered. "I would merely observe," he said, "that considerable as has been the amount of means and labour expended, they have hitherto been insufficient to place the theatre in what may be called 'a working state,' and further time, exertion, and outlay, are needed to produce variety of performance, with requisite celerity and completeness. Still, to those interested in the success of this undertaking, it may be gratifying to learn that the results of the present season, under all its disadvantages, afford no room for despondency; they have, indeed, tended to strengthen my hope, and give additional confidence to my faith in the vitality of the English drama."

Our pages afford no room for dramatic details, or we would have given the speech entire. We have extracted the portion which contains the real pith of Mr. Macready's statement, and which, moreover, is one that, with a little extension, may be made to apply to the present condition of the entire English drama. Regret and hope—such were the feelings of Mr. Macready, when contemplating the fortunes of Drury Lane Theatre—regret and hope—such must be the feelings of every lover of the English drama, who looks at what it is, and thinks of what it may be.

And to begin with hope—the hope that there is a possibility for the drama of this nation to take some position in the world's literature;—one great bar to it is removed. Dramatic authors cannot now reasonably complain that if they attempt a drama of the highest order, the road to publicity is necessarily closed against them. The doctrine that lions, horses, and *danseuses*, are alone capable of attracting a public, has been now long exploded; and if the time is looked back upon when it was openly proclaimed and put into practice, it is only with a feeling of aversion and contempt. Still, as ever, there are bickerings among managers; but where there has been a right to perform five-act dramas, their contest has been shewn in their eagerness to produce plays, which at least should correspond with the outward forms of what has been considered the literary drama. It must not be inferred from this, that we really attach any importance to the circumstance of a play being written in five acts; on the contrary, we regard the predilection in favour of number five as mere a superstition as a fancy for the magical numbers three and seven; but still, the plays that are written in that form are always brought forward with some pretension to literary merit, and the manager that has produced them has done so with the conviction that he is advancing dramatic literature, as distinguished from

mere theatrical pageant. Who can say that managers have of late been backward in their encouragement to the literary dramatic author? Within a very short period, Madame Vestris produced Mr. Knowles's *Old Maids*, Mr. Bourcicault's *Irish Heiress*, Mr. Mark Lemon's *What will the World say?* and Mr. D. Jerrold's *Bubbles of the Day*. Mr. Webster produced Mr. Troughton's *Nina Sforza*, Mr. Bell's *Marriage*, and Mr. Knowles's *Rose of Arragon*; while Mr. Macready, whose season was very short, produced Mr. Griffin's *Gisippus*, and *Plighted Troth*. Nine new five-act plays have been produced in something like nine months. This fact speaks for itself—is a convincing proof that managers have made up their minds that the drama must be literary; that there must be a difference between their own avocation and that of the keeper of a puppet-show. Whether it be the vanity of one manager, the jealousy of another, or whatever be the motive that has driven them all into the same track, still, that they are all in this track is a coincidence, which is, to say the least of it, remarkable.

Nine plays in as many months! If all had been the highest works of art, who might not have talked of the increasing wealth of the English drama! There is no visible, corporeal obstacle to the production of the highest drama; managers have vied with each other in offering a helping hand to those who have professed to be its creators, and if authors have not answered to the call, and we still find ourselves without a drama to which we can look with sincere pride, the authors themselves, and not the managers, must be considered the parties in fault. When first there was a reaction in favour of the drama, it was thought by some that the advantage of dramatic production was confined to those who were pre-eminent from some adventitious circumstance,—such, for instance, as being a member of parliament, or a leading orator at the bar. But no such inference can be drawn from the recent acts of the three managers just mentioned. Mr. Bourcicault was unknown to fame when he wrote his *London Assurance*, last year, and Madame Vestris took him by the hand; Mr. Zouch Troughton had no peculiar influence; and Mr. Griffin had departed this life when his play of *Gisippus* was accepted. Who can say that the advantages obtained by these authors were obtained unfairly? Still it will be observed by many, that there is an improper influence to which the dramatic author is subject, and that is, the influence of the actors, who have attained a position above the dramatist to which they are not entitled. It will be granted that such and such an author had no influence by his rank or station, but still it will be argued that he flattered the vanity of this or that leading performer, and therefore, and not for its intrinsic merit, was his piece accepted. Then it will be said the actor should not be the manager of a theatre; yet, if we look at the results of the late dramatic seasons, what do we find to regret from such an arrangement? Mr. Webster is continually producing pieces in which he does not appear at all; Mr. Macready made nearly his first effort last season by reviving the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, in which he acted Valentine, a character which any "star" would have felt himself perfectly justified in refusing; and Madame Vestris accepted from a young and unknown author the piece of *London Assurance*, in which the greatest "hits" were made by Farren and Mrs. Nisbett. Look at a theatre of humbler pretensions, the little theatre in the Strand, which is so excellently managed by Mr. Hall—and you will find the manager, who is a real artist, acting subordinate characters, and utterly free from the desire of pushing himself forward.

Besides, who is to manage a theatre? If the mere capitalist, or a joint-stock company, which many advocate, be at the head of affairs, still there must be some one who is familiar with the drama, either as a reader, or a writer, or an actor, who would act as the professional adviser of the capitalist, and in him, at last, would all the directing power be centred. We are left, then, to choose between the literary man and the actor. "Let it be the poet!" shout the Syncretists with one voice. And last year, accordingly, the Syncretists did try to seat the poet on the throne, and George Stephens took the Lyceum Theatre at his own expense, and played his own *Martinuzzi*. The concern was an utter failure, because the author was utterly unversed in stage capabilities, and not, as some of his very hard critics remarked, because his piece was wretched trash, and completely below criticism. There were several fine thoughts in *Martinuzzi*—a great idea prevailed in it; and it is somewhat remarkable, that the phrase which produced the loudest yell of derision on the memorable night of its production—"ink brew'd in the infernal Styx"—does not belong to Stephens at all, but stands written in Massinger's *Virgin Martyr*, Act II. Scene II. George Stephens failed because he knew nothing of theatrical representation, and therefore are his words called fustian and bombast. Had he succeeded, we should have heard from all quarters that he had much of the vigour and fine poetical spirit of the Elizabethan age, as indeed his admirers actually assert.

Perhaps the very best manager that could be found would be an experienced dramatic author,—and by "experienced" we mean, in stage business, and not merely in dramatic literature,—who had ceased writing much himself, and being therefore free from personal feeling, yet gave the undertaking the advantage of his judgment. But such an ideal personage, who is willing to undertake the responsibility of managing a theatre, will probably only make his appearance once in a century; and therefore, instead of sighing for such a happy period, the dramatic author, if he mean to *do* anything at all, had better try to work with such means as are afforded him. It is very pleasant, indeed, when one's drama is rejected by an experienced manager, never to suspect the fault rests on one's own shoulders, but to mourn for the glorious times when the poet planned his edifice, and the actors were the mere bricklayers. We have shewn that there are means of performing more literary dramas in one year than will be produced in three; we have seen that there is a public that requires the literary drama, thanks to the taste which began with Mr. Macready's management of Covent Garden seven years back. Up, then, aspiring dramatist! set your hands to the work—there is a path for you! Lose not your breath in declaiming at Syncretic meetings, or your time in penning diatribes against managers. Do not attempt to make the public believe that because your particular drama has not been produced, a calamity has befallen the nation, for the public will refuse its credence. Unless circumstances entail an absolute impossibility, a constant complaint against them shews rather the impotence of the complainer than the greatness of the obstacle. Mr. Macready, Madame Vestris, Mr. Webster, have none of them closed their doors; and we anticipate the same encouragement from Mr. Charles Kemble. There is *hope* for the drama.

But there is also room for *regret* that more has not been done. In fact, we have no drama that keeps pace with undramatic literature. Stage-construction is well understood, but the living soul of the age is not yet in a dramatic form. In this respect, how humble are the demands of the audience! How will a common-place sentiment, which in a book would have been deservedly slighted, be followed by thunders of applause on the stage! The animadversions on selfishness which were uttered in Mr. Knowles's *Rose of Arragon*, lately produced, were merely such primitive remarks as would have been made if Rochefoucauld had never come into the world. If we observe the general amount of the reflections made on the stage, or the general attempts to utter moral truths, we shall find that they indicate about as much philosophical mind, about as much acute perception of the recesses of the human heart, as the schoolboy when he writes his trumpery theme on "Avarice" or on "Idleness." From a character in one of Balzac's novels, what a deal do we learn!—a new world of sentiment and feeling, a new system of motives is opened to us;—from a character in a modern English drama we learn—nothing. Granted, that the novelist can employ minute touches, while the dramatist is confined to a few bold strokes, and that therefore the former can describe subtleties which the latter cannot pause to touch upon—that is no reason the latter is to tell us nothing at all. The fact is, the modern dramatist has very little to do with real life; his heroes, his heroines, his valets, his flirts, have been bequeathed to him by his predecessors—some of them from the time of Terence; just as an exhibitor of Punch would leave to his legatee his box of puppets. The legatee would introduce some new situations, some new "effects," would defer the victory of Punch in one case, and accelerate it in another; but let him vary his arrangement as much as he pleased, there would be the old Punch, Judy, and the constable, and no one else, before us.

*The Rose of Arragon* is the only important dramatic production of the present month. By being well constructed, and from no other cause, does it succeed. It is a good story—well told. Certain effects are brought in at judicious periods, and therefore at these same periods is applause elicited. The characters are the merest conventionalities that were ever represented, but they answer the purpose of being carried through a tale, and arranged in picturesque situations, just as the bits of pebble and looking-glass in the hands of Gainsborough served to form a landscape. But let us not on that account despise the *Rose of Arragon*. It is a mere melo-drama; but that is a healthy reaction from such inanimate pieces as *Old Maids*. We would warn the young dramatist not utterly to despise melo-drama. The public will have a sight to see, as well as words to hear; and a higher drama, whenever it shall make its appearance, must have the melo-dramatic element in it. The progress in the art of producing stage-effects is attended with a desire to see them produced. It is no use to complain that the public is unable to appreciate this or that work of pure poetry; he who tries to succeed with the public must accommodate the public, and if he fails, the failure is his own fault. The dramatic public is all-powerful; its judgment is severe and rapid. The writer of a book may stand

the execrations of his time, and wait for the chosen few to admire him. The writer of a play, if he fail, is at once hurled by his judges into oblivion, and far from the sentence being repealed by future times, his name does not reach them. Mr. Knowles has written a melo-dramatic piece, which wants every element of a high drama, and has succeeded; the high dramatist who is to follow must supply the deficiencies of pieces of this kind; but he must not go into the extreme of omitting the element that ensured success.

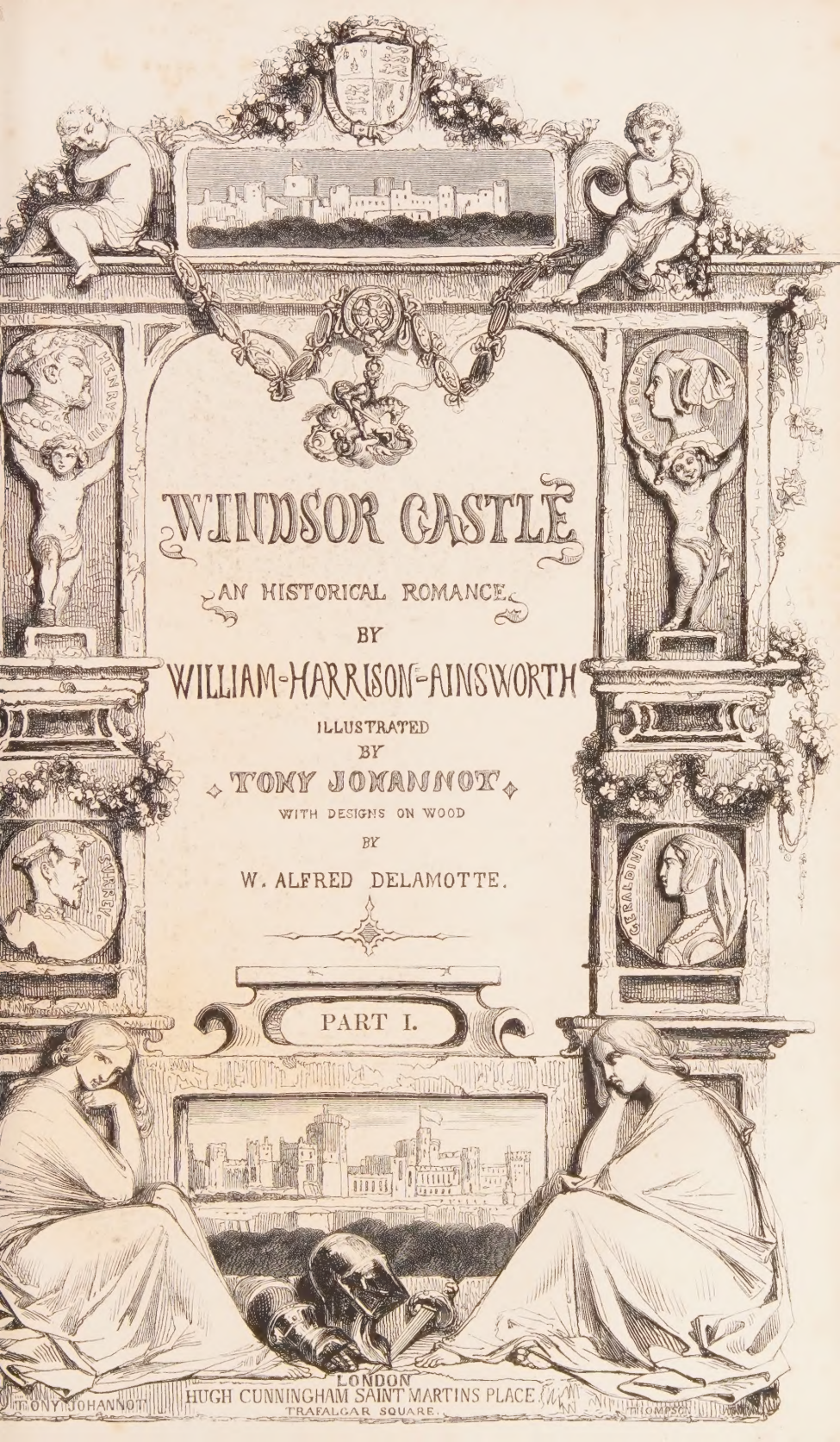
It is satisfactory to see the Italian Opera flinging off the trash of Donizetti and (worse still) of Mercadante, and returning to the opera buffa of Fioravanti and Rossini, to *Le Cancatrice Villane* and *Il Barbiere*. Is there not the veritable atmosphere of the South in these comic operas,—in their old-fashioned abstractions? Nothing in nature corresponds to the absurdities and drolleries of their ponderous doctors, their flippant fair ones, their sub-human music-masters, their dull country squires, their nonsensical duels. Their gestures, their fun, their little practical jokes, have no more to do with real life than the woes of Pantaloon or the joys of the Clown. But we are not called upon to look upon them as realities; we are placed in an imaginary atmosphere, the inhabitants of which breathe so freely that we at last sympathize with such agreeable caricatures. Look at Lablache, that huge doctor, carrying that tiny pianoforte—how triumphant is his smile at the feat! Yet wherefore the triumph—wherefore the smile? We neither know nor care. It is the festival of unreason, at which the most consummate artist is the chief host. Look at Ronconi, as Basilio, pattering along the stage, degraded into something between a miser and an ape, drinking in malice as M. Chabert drank prussic acid. Look at Persiani's combination of superficial modesty and sly approval of mischief. We love them all, not as human beings, but as we do the Arlequin and the Pierrot in Watteau's pictures, taken from the characters in the *Commedia dell' Arte*. Rubini has returned to her Majesty's Theatre, to play his series of characters for the *last* last time. His reception in *La Sonnambula* was glorious. Plenty of voices are there that are raised against Rubini, against his meretricious style, his effeminate falsetto, his inability to sustain a single firm note. Plenty of attempts have been made to set up a superior to Rubini; but yet is his return triumphant. His voice at once filled the house—his ornaments were so exquisitely finished! His style may be meretricious, but so perfect is his performance in its kind, so artistically is it polished, that even an attempt to establish a comparison between him and any other tenor of the present day, would be an absurdity. Cerito reigns supreme in the ballet—Cerito, who is the impersonation of life, youth, spirit, buoyancy; who, in short—but we shall reserve a more lengthened notice of Cerito till we have seen her in the ballet of *Alma*.

The manager of her Majesty's Theatre finding all the fashionable world running off to the French company, in King-street, has set up a counter attraction by engaging Mademoiselle Rachel for six nights. Rachel is a pure intelligence;—nothing can be more beautiful than her declamation—than her conception of the minute turn of a phrase. Her physical powers are not great,—her voice is sometimes lost in passion,—but there are moments when she resigns herself to its influence, and the appearance of that very weakness produces a powerful effect. Such an effect is that, when in the character of *Camille* in *Horace*, she hears of her lover's death, and every limb seems to lose its power, till it is incapable of sustaining her. Such an effect is that, when she denounces her brother, and seems shattered by the force of her own imprecations. She has brought with her, this time, a new character—*Ariane*—in the younger Corneille's drama of that name. It is a fine representation of mournfulness, reproach, despair, and indignation, but it is less effective than *Camille*. Rachel has much to contend with. The English public like well enough the light French vaudevilles; but the long, sleepy dramas of Racine and Corneille are not only heavy, but absolutely detestable,—unapproachable to those who are not familiar with the legends of antiquity, and disgusting to those who are; for it would be scarcely less revolting to see an idle vagabond scratch his name on the Medicean Venus with his penknife, than to see such puny weaklings as Racine or Corneille inscribe their names on the ancient traditions of Greece and Rome. We grant that these little great men evinced much ingenuity in tacking their pieces together, and that their dialogue shews many clever rhetorical tricks;—we also grant that these plays are well adapted for Mademoiselle Rachel; for the assertion (*common enough*) that she would be so much greater in Shakspeare, seems to us very questionable;—but then, they are such a frightful infliction!

Tony Johannot

THE MEETING OF HENRY VIII AND ANNE BOLEYN.

LONDON, PUBLISHED BY HUGH CUNNINGHAM, 1842


HENRY VIII.
JANE BOLEYN
SURREY.
GERALDINE.
WINDSOR CASTLE
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE
BY
WILLIAM-HARRISON-AINSWORTH
ILLUSTRATED
BY
TONY JOHANNOT
WITH DESIGNS ON WOOD
BY
W. ALFRED DELAMOTTE.
PART I.
TONY JOHANNOT
LONDON
HUGH CUNNINGHAM SAINT MARTINS PLACE
TRAFALGAR SQUARE.
THOMPSON

## I.

OF THE EARL OF SURREY'S SOLITARY RAMBLE IN THE HOME PARK;—OF THE VISION BEHELD BY HIM IN THE HAUNTED DELL;—AND OF HIS MEETING WITH MORGAN FENWOLF, THE KEEPER, BENEATH HERNE'S OAK.

IN the twentieth year of the reign of the right high and puissant king Henry the Eighth, namely, in 1529, on the twenty-first of April, and on one of the loveliest evenings that ever fell on the loveliest district in England, a fair youth, having somewhat the ap-

pearance of a page, was leaning over the terrace-wall on the north side of Windsor Castle, and gazing at the magnificent scene before him. On his right stretched the broad green expanse, forming the Home Park, studded with noble trees, chiefly consisting of ancient oaks, of which England had already learnt to be proud, thorns as old, or older than the oaks, wide-spreading beeches, tall elms, and hollies. The disposition of these trees was picturesque and beautiful in the extreme. Here, at the end of a sweeping vista, and in the midst of an open space, covered with the greenest sward, stood a mighty, broad-armed oak, beneath whose ample boughs, though as yet almost destitute of foliage, while the sod beneath them could scarcely boast a head of fern, couched a herd of deer; there, lay a thicket of thorns skirting a sand-bank, burrowed by rabbits; on this hand, grew a dense and Druid-like grove, into whose intricacies the slanting sunbeams pierced; on that, extended a long glade, formed by a natural avenue of oaks, across which, at intervals, deer were passing. Nor were human figures wanting to give life and interest to the scene. Adown the glade came two keepers of the forest, having each a couple of buckhounds with them in leash, whose baying sounded cheerily amid the woods. Nearer the castle, and bending their way towards it, marched a party of falconers, with their well-trained birds, whose skill they had been approving, upon their fists, their jesses ringing as they moved along; while nearer still, and almost at the foot of the terrace wall, was a minstrel, playing on a rebec, to which a keeper, in a dress of Lincoln green, with a bow over his shoulder, a quiver of arrows at his back, and a comely damsel under his arm, was listening.

On the left, a view altogether different in character, though scarcely less beautiful, was offered to the gaze. It was formed by the town of Windsor, then not a third of its present size, but incomparably more picturesque in appearance, consisting almost entirely of a long straggling row of houses, chequered black and white, with tall gables and projecting stories, skirting the west and south sides of the castle; by the silver windings of the river, traceable for miles, and reflecting the glowing hues of the sky; by the venerable college of Eton, embowered in a grove of trees; and by a vast tract of well-wooded and well-cultivated country beyond it, interspersed with villages, churches, old halls, monasteries, and abbeys.

Taking out his tablets, the youth, after some reflection, traced a few lines upon them, and then, quitting the parapet, proceeded slowly, and with a musing air, towards the north-west angle of the terrace. He could not be more than fifteen, perhaps not so much; but he was tall and well-grown, with slight, though remarkably well-proportioned limbs; and it might have been safely predicted, that, when arrived at years of maturity, he would possess great personal vigour. His countenance was full of thought and intelligence; and he had a broad, lofty brow,

shaded by a profusion of light brown ringlets, a long, straight, and finely-formed nose, a full, sensitive, and well-chiselled mouth, and a pointed chin. His eyes were large, dark, and somewhat melancholy in expression, and his complexion possessed that rich, clear, brown tint, constantly met with in Italy or Spain, though but seldom seen in a native of our own colder clime. His dress was rich, but sombre; consisting of a doublet of black satin, worked with threads of Venetian gold; hose of the same material, and similarly embroidered; a shirt curiously wrought with black silk, and fastened at the collar with black enamelled clasps; a cloak of black velvet, passmented with gold, and lined with crimson satin; a flat black velvet cap, set with pearls and goldsmith's work, and adorned with a short white plume; and black velvet buskins. His arms were rapier and dagger, both having gilt and graven handles, and sheaths of black velvet.

As he moved along, the sound of voices chanting vespers arose from Saint George's Chapel; and while he paused to listen to the solemn strains, a door in that part of the castle used as the king's privy-lodgings, opened, and a person advanced towards him. The new-comer had broad, brown, martial-looking features, darkened still more by a thick coal-black beard, clipped short in the fashion of the time, and a pair of enormous moustachios. He was accoutred in a habergeon, which gleamed from beneath the folds of a russet-coloured mantle, and wore a steel-cap in lieu of a bonnet on his head, while a long sword dangled from beneath his cloak. When within a few paces of the youth, whose back was towards him, and who did not hear his approach, he announced himself by a loud cough, that proved the excellence of his lungs, and made the old walls ring again, startling the jackdaws roosting in the battlements.

"What! composing a vesper hymn, my Lord of Surrey?" he cried with a laugh, as the other hastily thrust the tablets, which he had hitherto held in his hand, into his bosom. "You will rival Master Skelton, the poet-laureate, and your friend Sir Thomas Wyat, too, ere long. But will it please your lordship to quit for a moment the society of the celestial Nine, and descend to earth, while I inform you that, acting as your representative, I have given all needful directions for his majesty's reception to-morrow."

"You have not failed, I trust, to give orders to the groom of the chambers for the lodging of my fair cousin, Mistress Anne Boleyn, Captain Bouchier?" inquired the Earl of Surrey, with a significant smile.

"Assuredly not, my lord!" replied the other, smiling in his turn. "She will be lodged as royally as if she were Queen of England. Indeed, the queen's own apartments are assigned her."

"It is well," rejoined Surrey. "And you have also provided for the reception of the Pope's legate, Cardinal Campeggio?"

Bouchier bowed.

"And for Cardinal Wolsey?" pursued the other.

The captain bowed again.

"To save your lordship the necessity of asking any further questions," he said; "I may state briefly, that I have done all as if you had done it yourself."

"Be a little more particular, captain, I pray you," said Surrey.

"Willingly, my lord," replied Bouchier. "In your lordship's name, then, as vice-chamberlain, in which character I presented myself, I summoned together the dean and canons of the College of Saint George, the usher of the black-rod, the governor of the alms-knights, and the whole of the officers of the household, and acquainted them, in a set speech, which, I flatter myself, was quite equal to any that your lordship, with all your poetical talents, could have delivered, that the king's highness being at Hampton Court, with the two cardinals, Wolsey and Campeggio, debating the matter of divorce from his queen, Catharine of Arragon, proposes to hold the grand feast of the most noble order of the Garter, at this his castle of Windsor, on Saint George's day,—that is to say, the day after to-morrow,—and that it is therefore his majesty's sovereign pleasure that the Chapel of Saint George, in the said castle, be set forth, and adorned with its richest furniture; that the high altar be hung with arras representing the patron saint of the order on horseback, and garnished with the costliest images and ornaments in gold and silver; that the pulpit be covered with crimson damask, inwrought with flowers-de-luces of gold, portcullices, and roses; that the royal stall be canopied with a rich cloth of state, with a haut-pas beneath it of a foot high; that the stalls of the knights-companions be decked with cloth of tissue, with their scutcheons set at the back; and that all be ready at the hour of tierce,—*horâ tertiâ vespertinâ*, as appointed by his majesty's own statute,—at which time the eve of the feast shall be held to commence."

"Take breath, captain," laughed the earl.

"I have no need," replied Bouchier. "Furthermore, I delivered your lordship's warrant from the lord chamberlain to the usher of the black rod, to make ready and furnish Saint George's Hall, both for the supper to-morrow and the grand feast on the following day; and I enjoined the dean and canons of the college, the alms-knights, and all the other officers of the order, to be in readiness for the occasion. And now having fulfilled my devoir, or rather your lordship's, I am content to resign my post as vice-chamberlain, to resume my ordinary one, that of your simple gentleman, and to attend you back to Hampton Court, whenever it shall please you to set forth."

"And that will not be for an hour at the least," replied the earl; "for I intend to take a solitary ramble in the Home Park."

"What! to seek inspiration for a song,—or to meditate upon the charms of the fair Geraldine, eh! my lord?" rejoined Bou-

chier. "But I will not question you too shrewdly. Only let me caution you against going near Herne's Oak. It is said that the demon hunter walks at nightfall, and scares, if he does not injure, all those who cross his path. At curfew toll I must quit the castle, and will then, with your attendants, proceed to the Garter, in Thames Street, where I will await your arrival. If we reach Hampton Court by midnight, it will be time enough, and as the moon will rise in an hour, we shall have a pleasant ride."

"Commend me to Bryan Bowntance, the worthy host of the Garter," said the earl; "and bid him provide you with a bottle of his best sack in which to drink my health."

"Fear me not," replied the other. "And I pray your lordship not to neglect my caution respecting Herne the hunter. In sober sooth, I have heard strange stories of his appearance of late, and should not care to go near the tree after dark."

The earl laughed somewhat sceptically, and the captain reiterating his caution, they separated;—Bouchier returning the way he came, and Surrey proceeding towards a small drawbridge crossing the ditch on the eastern side of the castle, and forming a means of communication with the Little Park. He was challenged by a sentinel at the drawbridge, but on giving the password, he was allowed to cross it, and to pass through a gate on the further side opening upon the park.

Brushing the soft and dewy turf, with a footstep almost as light and bounding as that of a fawn, he speeded on for more than a quarter of a mile, when he reached a noble beech-tree, standing at the end of a clump of timber. A number of rabbits were feeding beneath it, but at his approach they instantly plunged into their burrows.

OLD BEECH TREE IN THE HOME PARK

Here he halted to look at the castle. The sun had sunk behind it, dilating its massive keep to almost its present height, and tinging the summits of the whole line of ramparts and towers, since rebuilt and known as the Brunswick Tower, the Chester Tower, the Clarence Tower, and the Victoria Tower, with rosy lustre.

Flinging himself at the foot of the beech-tree, the youthful earl indulged his poetical reveries for a short time, and then rising, retraced his steps, and in a few minutes, the whole of the south side of the castle lay before him. The view comprehended the two fortifications recently removed to make way for the York and Lancaster towers, between which stood a gate approached by a drawbridge; the Earl Marshal's Tower, now styled, from the monarch in whose reign it was erected, Edward the Third's Tower; the Black-rod's lodgings; the Lieutenant's, —now Henry the Third's Tower; the line of embattled walls, constituting the lodgings of the Alms-Knights; the tower tenanted by the governor of that body, and still allotted to the same officer; Henry the Eighth's Gateway; and the Chancellor of the Garter's Tower,—the latter terminating the line of building. A few rosy beams tipped the pinnacles of Saint George's Chapel, seen behind the towers above mentioned, with fire; but with this exception, the whole of the mighty fabric looked cold and grey.

At this juncture, the upper gate was opened, and Captain Bouchier and his attendants issued from it, and passed over the drawbridge. The curfew bell then tolled; the drawbridge was raised; the horsemen disappeared; and no sound reached the listener's ear, except the measured tread of the sentinels on the ramparts, audible in the profound stillness.

The youthful earl made no attempt to join his followers, but having gazed on the ancient pile before him, till its battlements and towers grew dim in the twilight, he struck into a footpath leading across the park, towards Datchet, and pursued it until it brought him near a dell filled with thorns, hollies, and underwood, and overhung by mighty oaks, into which he unhesitatingly plunged, and soon gained the deepest part of it. Here, owing to the thickness of the hollies, and the projecting arms of other large overhanging timber, added to the uncertain light above, the gloom was almost impervious, and he could scarcely see a yard before him. Still, he pressed on unhesitatingly, and with a sort of pleasurable sensation at the difficulties he was encountering. Suddenly, however, he was startled by a blue phosphoric light streaming through the bushes on the left, and, looking up, he beheld at the foot of an enormous oak, whose giant roots protruded like twisted snakes from the bank, a wild, spectral-looking object, possessing some slight resemblance to humanity, and habited, so far as it could be determined, in the skins of deer,

strangely disposed about its gaunt and tawny-coloured limbs. On its head was seen a sort of helmet, formed of the skull of a stag, from which branched a large pair of antlers; from its left arm hung a heavy and rusty-looking chain, in the links of which burnt the phosphoric fire before mentioned; while on its right wrist was perched a large horned owl, with feathers erected, and red staring eyes.

Impressed with the superstitious feelings common to the age, the young earl, fully believing he was in the presence of a supernatural being, could scarcely, despite his courageous nature, which no ordinary matter would have shaken, repress a cry. Crossing himself, he repeated, with great fervency, a prayer against evil spirits, and as he uttered it, the light was extinguished, and the spectral figure vanished. The clanking of the chain was heard, succeeded by the hooting of the owl; then came a horrible burst of laughter; then a fearful wail; and all was silent.

Up to this moment, the young earl had stood still, as if spell-bound; but being now convinced that the spirit had fled, he pressed forward, and, ere many seconds, emerged from the brake. The full moon was rising, as he issued forth, and illuminating the glades and vistas, and the calmness and beauty of all around seemed at total variance with the fearful vision he had just witnessed. Throwing a shuddering glance at the haunted dell, he was about to hurry towards the castle, when a large, lightning-scathed and solitary oak, standing at a little distance from him, attracted his attention.

HERNE'S OAK.

This was the very tree connected with the wild legend of Herne the hunter, which Captain Bouchier had warned him not to approach, and he now forcibly recalled the caution. Beneath it he perceived a figure, which he at first took for that of the spectral hunter; but his fears were relieved by a shout from the person, who at the same moment appeared to catch sight of him.

Satisfied that, in the present instance, he had to do with a being of this world, Surrey ran towards the tree, and on approaching it perceived that the object of his alarm was a young man, of very athletic proportions, and evidently, from his garb, a keeper of the forest.

He was habited in a jerkin of Lincoln-green cloth, with the royal badge woven in silver on the breast, and his head was protected by a flat green cloth cap, ornamented with a pheasant's tail. Under his right arm he carried a cross-bow; a long, silver-tipped horn was slung in his baldric; and he was armed with a short hanger, or wood-knife. His features were harsh and prominent; and he had black beetling brows, a large coarse mouth, and dark eyes, lighted up with a very sinister and malignant expression.

He was attended by a large, savage-looking stag-hound, whom he addressed as Bawsey, and whose fierceness had to be restrained as Surrey approached.

"Have you seen anything?" he demanded of the earl.

"I have seen Herne the hunter himself, or the fiend in his likeness," replied Surrey.

And he briefly related the vision he had beheld.

"Ay, ay, you have seen the demon hunter, no doubt," replied the keeper, at the close of the recital. "I neither saw the light, nor heard the laughter nor the wailing cry you speak of; but Bawsey crouched at my feet, and whined, and I knew some evil thing was at hand. Heaven shield us!" he exclaimed, as the hound crouched at his feet, and directed her gaze towards the oak, uttering a low, ominous whine. "She is at the same trick again."

The earl glanced in the same direction, and half expected to see the knotted trunk of the tree burst open and disclose the figure of the spectral hunter. But nothing was visible—at least to him; though it would seem, from the shaking limbs, fixed eyes, and ghastly visage of the keeper, that some appalling object was presented to his gaze.

"Do you not see him?" cried the latter, at length, in thrilling accents—"He is circling the tree, and blasting it. There! he passes us now—do you not see him?"

"No," replied Surrey; "but do not let us tarry here longer."

So saying, he laid his hand upon the keeper's arm. The touch seemed to rouse him to exertion. He uttered a fearful cry, and set off at a quick pace along the park, followed by Bawsey, with

her tail between her legs. The earl kept up with him, and neither halted till they had left the wizard oak at a considerable distance behind them.

"And so you did not see him?" said the keeper, in a tone of exhaustion, as he wiped the thick drops from his brow.

"I did not," replied Surrey.

"That is passing strange," rejoined the other. "I myself have seen him before, but never as he appeared to-night."

"You are a keeper of the forest, I presume, friend?" said Surrey. "How are you named?"

"I am called Morgan Fenwolf," replied the keeper; "and you?"

"I am the Earl of Surrey," returned the young noble.

"What!" exclaimed Fenwolf, making a reverence; "the son to his grace of Norfolk."

The earl replied in the affirmative.

"Why then you must be the young nobleman whom I used to see so often with the king's son, the Duke of Richmond, three or four years ago, at the castle?" rejoined Fenwolf. "You are altogether grown out of my recollection."

"Not unlikely," returned the earl. "I have been at Oxford, and have only just completed my studies. This is the first time I have been at Windsor since the period you mention."

"I have heard that the Duke of Richmond was at Oxford, likewise," observed Fenwolf.

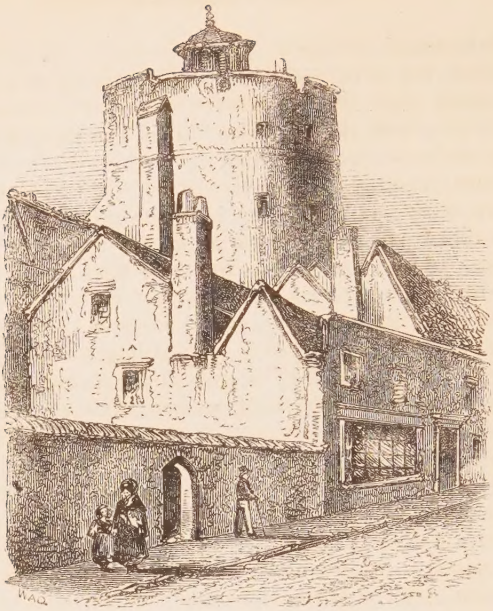
"We were at Cardinal College together," replied Surrey. "But the duke's term was completed before mine. He is my senior by three years."

"I suppose your lordship is returning to the castle?" said Fenwolf.

"No," replied Surrey. "My attendants are waiting for me at the Garter, and if you will accompany me thither, I will bestow a cup of good ale upon you to recruit you after the fright you have undergone."

Fenwolf signified his grateful acquiescence, and they walked on in silence, for the earl could not help dwelling upon the vision he had witnessed, and his companion appeared equally abstracted.

In this sort, they descended the hill near Henry the Eighth's Gate, and entered Thames-street.



CURFEW TOWER, FROM THAMES STREET.

## II.

OF BRYAN BOWNTANCE, THE HOST OF THE GARTER;—OF THE DUKE OF SHOREDITCH;—OF THE BOLD WORDS UTTERED BY MARK FYTTON, THE BUTCHER, AND HOW HE WAS CAST INTO THE VAULT OF THE CURFEW TOWER.

Turning off on the right, the earl and his companion continued to descend the hill, until they came in sight of the Garter,—a snug little hostel, situated immediately beneath the Curfew Tower.

Before the porch were grouped the earl's attendants, most of whom had dismounted, and were holding their steeds by the bridles. At this juncture, the door of the hostel opened, and a fat, jolly-looking personage, with a bald head, and bushy grey beard, and clad in a brown serge doublet, and hose to match, issued forth, bearing a foaming jug of ale, and a horn cup. His appearance was welcomed by a joyful shout from the attendants.

"Come, my masters!" he cried, filling the horn—"here is a cup of stout Windsor ale, in the which to drink the health of our jolly monarch, bluff King Hal; and there's no harm, I trust, in calling him so."

"Marry, is there not, mine host," cried the foremost attendant. "I spoke of him as such in his own hearing not long ago, and he laughed at me in right merry sort. I love the royal bully, and will drink his health gladly, and Mistress Anne Boleyn's to boot."

And he emptied the horn.

"They tell me Mistress Anne Boleyn is coming to Windsor with the king and the knights-companions to-morrow—is it so?" asked the host, again filling the horn, and handing it to another attendant.

The person addressed nodded, but he was too much engrossed by the horn to speak.

"Then there will be rare doings in the castle," chuckled the host; "and many a lusty pot will be drained at the Garter. Alack a day! how times are changed since I, Bryan Bowntance, first stepped into my father's shoes, and became host of the Garter. It was in 1501—twenty-eight years ago—when King Henry the Seventh, of blessed memory, ruled the land, and when his elder son, Prince Arthur, was alive likewise. In that year, the young prince espoused Catharine of Arragon, our present queen, and soon afterwards died; whereupon the old king, not liking—for he loved his treasure better than his own flesh — to part with her dowry, gave her to his second son, Henry, our gracious sovereign, whom God preserve! Folks said then the match wouldn't come to good; and now we find they spoke the truth, for it is likely to end in a divorce."

"Not so loud, mine host!" cried the foremost attendant; "here comes our young master, the Earl of Surrey."

"Well, I care not," replied the host, bluffly. "I've spoken no treason. I love my king; and if he wishes to have a divorce, I hope his holiness the pope will grant him one, that's all."

As he said this, a loud noise was heard within the hostel, and a man was so suddenly and so forcibly driven forth, that he almost knocked down Bryan Bowntance, who was rushing in to see what was the matter. The person thus ejected, who was a powerfully-built young man, in a leathern doublet, with his muscular arms bared to the shoulder, turned his rage upon the host, and seized him by the throat with a gripe that threatened him with strangulation. Indeed, but for the intervention of the earl's attendants, who rushed to his assistance, such might have been his fate. As soon as he was liberated, Bryan cried, in a voice of mingled rage and surprise, to his assailant—"Why, what's the matter, Mark Fytton—are you gone mad—or do you mistake me for a sheep or a bullock, that you attack me in this fashion? My strong ale must have got into your addle pate with a vengeance."

"The knave has been speaking treason of the king's highness," said a tall man, whose doublet and hose of the finest green cloth, as well as the bow and quiverfull of arrows at his back, proclaimed him an archer—"and therefore we turned him out."

"And you did well, Captain Barlow," cried the host.

"Call me, rather, the Duke of Shoreditch," rejoined the tall archer; "for since his majesty conferred the title upon me, though it were but in jest, when I won this silver bugle, I shall ever

claim it. I am always designated by my neighbours in Shoreditch as his grace; and I require the same attention at your hands. To-morrow I shall have my comrades, the Marquises of Clerkenwell, Islington, Hogsden, Pancras, and Paddington, with me, and then you will see the gallant figure we shall cut."

"I crave your grace's pardon for my want of respect," replied the host. "I am not ignorant of the distinction conferred upon you at the last match at the castle-butts by the king. But to the matter in hand. What treason hath Mark Fytton, the butcher, been talking?"

"I care not to repeat his words, mine host," replied the duke; "but he hath spoken in unbecoming terms of his highness and Mistress Anne Boleyn."

"He means not what he says," rejoined the host. "He is a loyal subject of the king; but he is apt to get quarrelsome over his cups."

"Well said, honest Bryan," cried the duke; "you have one quality of a good landlord—that of a peacemaker. Give the knave a cup of ale, and let him wash down his foul words in a health to the king, wishing him a speedy divorce and a new queen, and he shall then sit among us again."

"I do not desire to sit with you, you self-dubbed duke," rejoined Mark; "but if you will doff your fine jerkin, and stand up with me on the green, I will give you cause to remember laying hands on me."

"Well challenged, bold butcher!" cried one of Surrey's attendants. "You shall be made a duke yourself."

"Or a cardinal," cried Mark. "I should not be the first of my brethren who has met with such preferment."

"He derides the church in the person of Cardinal Wolsey!" cried the duke. "He is a blasphemer as well as traitor."

"Drink the king's health in a full cup, Mark," interposed the host, anxious to set matters right, "and keep your mischievous tongue between your teeth."

"Beshrew me if I drink the king's health, or that of his minion, Anne Boleyn!" cried Mark, boldly. "But I will tell you what I *will* drink. I will drink the health of King Henry's lawful consort, Catharine of Arragon; and I will add to it a wish, that the pope may forge her marriage chains to her royal husband faster than ever."

"A foolish wish," cried Bryan. "Why, Mark, you are clean crazed!"

"It is the king who is crazed, not me!" cried Mark. "He would sacrifice his rightful consort to his unlawful passion; and you, base hirelings, support the tyrant in his wrongful conduct!"

"Saints protect us!" exclaimed Bryan. "Why this is flat treason. Mark, I can no longer uphold you."

"Not if you do not desire to share his prison, mine host,"

cried the Duke of Shoreditch. "You have all heard him call the king a tyrant. Seize him, my masters."

"Let them lay hands upon me, if they dare!" cried the butcher, resolutely. "I have felled an ox with a blow of my fist before this, and I promise you I will shew them no better treatment."

Awed by Mark's determined manner, the bystanders kept aloof.

"I command you, in the king's name, to seize him!" roared Shoreditch. "If he offers resistance, he will assuredly be hanged."

"No one shall touch me!" cried Mark, fiercely.

"That remains to be seen," said the foremost of the Earl of Surrey's attendants. "Yield, fellow!"

"Never!" replied Mark; "and I warn you to keep off."

The attendant, however, advanced; but before he could lay hands on the butcher, he received a blow from his ox-like fist that sent him reeling backwards for several paces, and finally stretched him at full length upon the ground. His companions drew their swords, and would have instantly fallen upon the sturdy offender, if Morgan Fenwolf, who, with the Earl of Surrey, was standing among the spectators, had not rushed forward, and closing with Mark before the latter could strike a blow, grappled with him, and held him fast till he was secured, and his arms tied behind him.

"And so it is you, Morgan Fenwolf, who have served me this ill turn, eh?" cried the butcher, regarding him fiercely. "I now believe all I have heard of you."

"What have you heard of him?" asked Surrey, advancing.

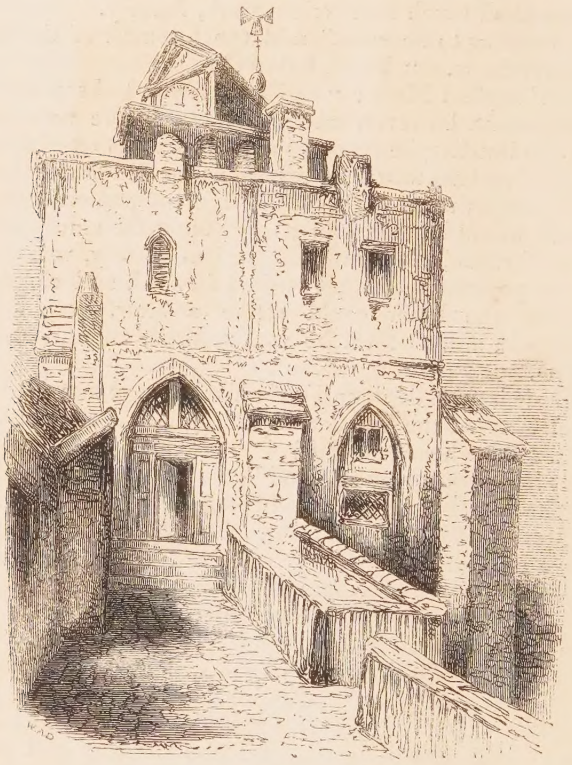
"That he has dealings with the fiend,—with Herne the hunter," replied Mark. "If I am hanged for a traitor, he ought to be burnt for a wizard."

"Heed not what the villain says, my good fellow," said the Duke of Shoreditch; "you have captured him bravely, and I will take care your conduct is duly reported to his majesty. To the castle with him! To the castle! He will lodge to-night in the deepest dungeon of yon fortification," pointing to the Curfew Tower above them, "there to await the king's judgment; and to-morrow night it will be well for him if he is not swinging from the gibbet near the bridge. Bring him along!"

And followed by Morgan Fenwolf and the others, with the prisoner, he strode up the hill.

Long before this, Captain Bouchier had issued from the hostel, and joined the earl, and they walked together after the crowd. In a few minutes, the Duke of Shoreditch reached Henry the Eighth's Gate, where he shouted to a sentinel, and told him what had occurred. After some delay, a wicket in the gate was opened, and the chief persons of the party were allowed to pass through it, with the prisoner, who was assigned to the custody of a couple of arquebusiers.

By this time, an officer had arrived, and it was agreed, at the suggestion of the Duke of Shoreditch, to take the offender to the Curfew Tower. Accordingly, they crossed the lower ward, and passing beneath an archway near the semicircular range of habitations allotted to the petty canons, traversed the space before the west end of Saint George's Chapel, and descending a short flight of stone steps at the left, and threading a narrow passage, presently arrived at the arched entrance in the Curfew Tower, whose hoary walls shone brightly in the moonlight.



EASTERN VIEW OF THE CURFEW TOWER.

They had to knock for some time against the stout oak door, before any notice was taken of the summons. At length, an old man, who acted as bellringer, thrust his head out of one of the narrow pointed windows above, and demanded their business. Satisfied with the reply, he descended, and opening the door, admitted them into a lofty chamber, the roof of which was composed of stout planks, crossed by heavy oaken rafters, and supported by beams of the same material. On the left, a steep, ladder-like flight of wooden steps led to an upper room; and from a hole in

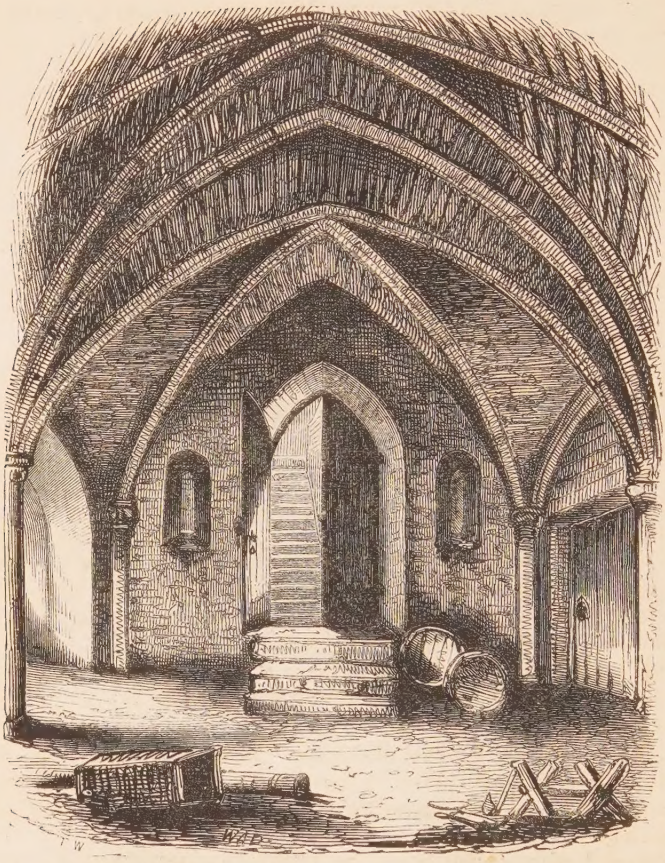
the roof, descended a bell-rope, which was fastened to one of the beams, shewing the use to which the chamber was put.

INTERIOR OF THE CURFEW TOWER.

Some further consultation was now held among the party as to the propriety of leaving the prisoner in this chamber, under the guard of the arquebusiers; but it was at last decided against doing so, and the old bellringer being called upon for the keys of the dungeon beneath, he speedily produced them. They then went forth; and descending a flight of stone steps on the left, came to a low, strong door, which they unlocked, and obtained admission to a large octangular chamber with a vaulted roof, and deep embrasures terminated by narrow loopholes. The light of a lamp carried by the bellringer shewed the dreary extent of the vault, and the enormous thickness of its walls.

"A night's solitary confinement in this place will be of infinite service to our prisoner," said the Duke of Shoreditch, gazing around. "I'll be sworn he is now ready to bite off the foolish tongue that has brought him to such a pass."

The butcher made no reply; but being released by the arquebusiers, sat down upon a bench that constituted the sole furniture of the vault.



VAULT IN THE CURFEW TOWER.

"Shall I leave him the lamp?" asked the bellringer. "He may beguile the time by reading the names of former prisoners scratched on the walls and in the embrasures."

"No; he shall not even have that miserable satisfaction," returned the Duke of Shoreditch. "He shall be left in the darkness to his own bad and bitter thoughts."

With this, the party withdrew, and the door was fastened upon the prisoner. An arquebusier was stationed at the foot of the steps; and the Earl of Surrey and Captain Bouchier having fully satisfied their curiosity, proceeded towards the castle gate. On their way thither, the earl looked about for Morgan Fenwolf; but he could nowhere discern him. He then passed through the wicket with Bouchier, and proceeding to the Garter, they mounted their steeds, and galloped off towards Datchet, and thence to Staines and Hampton Court.

# THE MISER'S DAUGHTER.

A Tale.

BY THE EDITOR.

## BOOK THE SECOND.

### CHAPTER THE SECOND.

RANDULPH RECEIVES A LETTER FROM HIS MOTHER.—ITS EFFECT UPON HIM.—HIS GOOD RESOLUTIONS DEFEATED BY TRUSSELL.

RANDULPH's mother had only written to him twice since his arrival in town,—for in those days ladies, especially country ladies, were neither so active nor so exacting in their correspondence, as at present,—when one day, just as he was sallying forth on a pleasurable expedition with Trussell, a letter was delivered to him by Mr. Jukes, bearing her superscription. Glancing at it with some misgiving, he would have broken the seal, but Trussell, noticing his reluctance, and guessing the cause, advised him to put it in his pocket, and read it on his return at night. "Good advice," he said, laughingly, "is all the better for keeping,—its chief recommendation being that it is just as effectual a month afterwards, as at the moment given."

"If it had been a billet from Lady Brabazon, or Kitty Conway, he would have opened it without hesitation," remarked Abel, who stood by.

"To be sure," replied Trussell, "and he would have done quite right, because such a note would require immediate attention, and as a man of breeding he could not leave it a moment unanswered."

"And I am to infer, therefore, that a mother's letter is to be put aside?" rejoined Abel.

"Not exactly, sir," laughed Trussell; "but when one knows that it contains a lecture, one naturally feels indisposed to read it. That I suppose you can understand."

"I understand no such thing," replied Abel, tartly, "but I perfectly understand how excessive addiction to pleasure injures the best principles, and chills the warmest affections. Filial love and duty have little influence when dissipation has obtained the sway."

"I acknowledge the justness of your rebuke, uncle," said Randulph, "and will read the letter instantly."

"On no account," rejoined Abel; "pursue your first impulse. It will 'keep,' as my brother says, till to-night, and you may possibly be then in a better frame of mind for its perusal. When you have possessed yourself of its contents, I shall be glad to be made acquainted with them." And turning away, he retreated to the library.

It was late when Randulph returned, after a day spent in gaiety, as usual, and on retiring to his own room, his first business was to take out his mother's letter. Opening it, he eagerly scanned its contents, which ran thus:—

"My dear Son,—The accounts I have received of your mode of life have given me inexpressible uneasiness. A mother's hopes are perhaps seldom fulfilled, and my expectations, I now feel, were too sanguine ever to be realized. Still, I did not anticipate such complete disappointment as I have experienced. With your generous nature and quick impulses, I should not have been surprised at your being led into slight indiscretions; but that you should have plunged so deeply into dissipation, and connected yourself with persons so very profligate, grieves me to the heart. Your conduct, I believe, is mainly attributable to bad advice, and therefore, in some degree, to be excused. Your uncle Trussell is not without principle, and has a kindly disposition, but the enjoyment of the moment is all he cares for, and he is utterly reckless of consequences. I thought I had sufficiently guarded you against him, but I now see my error, and feel that I ought never to have introduced you to society so dangerous. My reliance was in your uncle Abel. I persuaded myself you would discern the good that lies beneath the surface of that excellent man, and anticipated much from your introduction to him. Not the least, therefore, of my affliction is the knowledge that you have forfeited his good opinion. Let me hope it is not too late to regain it.

"In your first letter you spoke of Hilda Scarve in terms of the highest admiration. I have been informed from another source that she is as highly-gifted as beautiful, and I confess it would have delighted me to see you united to her. I am aware there are obstacles in the way; but they might, perhaps, have been removed. Here again your misconduct, or, to give it its mildest term, your imprudence, has been prejudicial to you.

"On another point—namely, your interview with the mysterious individual beneath the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, I do not deem it prudent to write.

"In conclusion, my dear son, I beseech you to pause in your headlong career, to abandon the worthless society you have formed, and to place yourself under the guidance of your uncle Abel. He can save you. And that he may do so is the fervent prayer of

"Your most affectionate mother,

"Sophia Crew."

Randulph read this letter over and over again, and each time with fresh self-reproaches. He thought his mother viewed his indiscretions in too serious a light, but he could not disguise from himself that her fears were well grounded. What chiefly affected him, however, was the passage referring to Hilda, and its reperusal caused him to pace his chamber with agitated steps.

At last he became calmer, and sought his couch; but he could not sleep, and in the morning arose feverish and unrefreshed. His uncles were at the breakfast-table before him; but though both noticed his dejected and haggard appearance, neither commented upon it. On the contrary, Trussell was livelier than usual, and rattled away about the masquerade to be given at Ranelagh on the following day, dilating upon the amusement to be expected at it. All at once, Randulph broke silence.

"I do not intend to go to the masquerade, uncle," he said.

"Not go!" exclaimed Trussell, laying down a piece of broiled ham which he was conveying to his mouth. "Not go!—why not, in the name of wonder?"

Abel eyed his nephew narrowly.

"I have been too much at such places of late," replied Randulph.

Trussell burst into a derisive laugh.

"I see how it is," he said; "you have received a dose of good counsel from your mother, and are labouring under its effects."

"I trust I shall profit by the advice I have received," replied Randulph; "and as the first step towards it, I mean to abstain from the masquerade at Ranelagh."

Abel fastened his grey eyes upon him, as if he would read his soul, but he made no remark.

"Well, well, do as you please, my dear boy," said Trussell,—"do as you please. I shan't attempt to persuade you. But a moment's reflection will convince you that your mother is not in a condition to judge of your conduct. She can only learn what you are doing by report; and report always exaggerates. Her alarm is quite natural. You are a devilish handsome fellow—very much liked by the women,—very much courted by persons of quality. People in the country are terribly afraid of pretty women, and great folks; but you know that both are perfectly harmless. *My* only uneasiness about you," he added, with a dry cough, and a side glance at his brother, "is, that your means are rather inadequate to your expenses. But you may be richer one of these days."

"I see little prospect of it," muttered Abel.

"I think there is every prospect of his making a good match, sir,—but that is neither here nor there," replied Trussell.

"I hope you don't allude to Beau Villiers's cast-off mistress, Lady Brabazon," said Abel. "I would rather he married Kitty Conway than that worthless woman. There is at least some honesty about the actress."

"Do not be apprehensive on that score, uncle," rejoined Randulph, "I am not likely to be so duped. My eyes are opened to my folly."

"How long will they continue so?" sneered Abel. "Satiety begets loathing, but with a fresh appetite you will begin anew."

"I hope he will," said Trussell, "for I cannot, for the life of me, discover the harm he has committed."

"It would surprise me if you did," observed Abel, contemptuously.

The conversation here dropped, and the party continued their breakfast in silence. At its close, the elder uncle quitted the room.

"You were somewhat rash in forming the resolution you have just announced, Randulph," observed Trussell, as soon as they were alone; "I did'nt like to say so before my brother, but I felt quite sure of your going to the masquerade, notwithstanding your declaration to the contrary."

"You are mistaken, sir," replied Randulph, with the air of a person who has come to an unalterable determination.

"No, I am not," rejoined Trussell, smiling; "and when I tell you that Hilda Scarve will be there, I rather fancy you will acknowledge the correctness of my remark."

"Ah! that alters the case, indeed," exclaimed Randulph. "But are you sure of what you tell me?"

"As sure as we are now sitting together," replied Trussell. She is going there under the escort of her relation, Sir Norfolk Salusbury."

"Then of course I must go," cried Randulph. "I would'nt lose the chance of meeting her for the world."

"But you forget—you have been too much at such places of late," jeered Trussell.

"One more visit can make no difference," rejoined Randulph.

"But there's no knowing what it may lead to," pursued Trussell. "Recollect your eyes are open to your folly—ha! ha!"

"Laugh as much as you please, uncle," replied Randulph. "I do not go to see the masquerade—but to meet Hilda."

"Well, I'm glad of your determination, whatever plea you put it upon," rejoined Trussell, seriously.

At this juncture, Abel re-appeared.

"Well, Randulph," he said, regarding him—"still of the same mind?—No masquerade to-morrow, eh?"

"I fear you will have little confidence in me in future, when I tell you I have decided upon going," replied Randulph, colouring with shame.

"I expected as much," replied Abel, coldly. "I knew you would not be proof against your uncle's powers of persuasion."

"Indeed, sir, I have not persuaded him," said Trussell. "Have I, Randulph?"

"You have not," was the reply.

"Then let me give you one piece of advice, Randulph," observed Abel. "Don't boast of your good resolutions until you have given them a trial."

## CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE FAIR THOMASINE'S VISIT TO HILDA.—HER MYSTERIOUS COMMUNICATION.—IN WHAT WAY, AND BY WHOM, THE ATTEMPT TO CARRY OFF HILDA WAS PREVENTED.—THE MISER BURIES HIS TREASURE IN THE CELLAR.

During all this time, the miser continued to lead precisely the same life as before. Notwithstanding his application to Abel Beechcroft, Jacob Post had not quitted his master's service; for with all their bickerings and disagreements, the porter was strongly attached to him. A word, moreover, from Hilda had turned the scale, and decided Jacob upon staying. Things, therefore, went on in their usual way. Diggs had contrived, by producing deeds and other documents, which appeared regularly executed, to convince the miser that his nephew's account of his circumstances was correct. But the project of the alliance was dropped, or suffered to remain in abeyance, and Hilda endured no further annoyance respecting it. But it must not be imagined she was perfectly tranquil. On the contrary, she was haunted by the recollection of Randulph, who had made a much deeper impression on her heart than she had at first supposed; and though she made the strongest efforts to banish his image from her thoughts, they were unsuccessful. The very jealousy she had experienced increased the flame; and her casual encounter with him as she was returning from Lady Brabazon's, tended to keep it alive. She saw nothing of him, and heard nothing of him, except that her father now and then told her, with a bitter sneer, that he had become excessively dissipated. But she now began to find excuses for him, and blamed herself for having acted harshly towards him on their last interview. Her solitary life, too, contributed to foster her passion. She had little to dwell on besides him, and his image being most frequently presented to her imagination, insensibly became linked with her affections.

One morning, when her father was from home, and she was sitting in her own room, Jacob tapped at the door, and informed her that the mercer's daughter from over the way, Miss Thomasine Deacle, was below, and begged to speak with her.

She instantly came down stairs, and found the young lady in question awaiting her, and very finely dressed, being attired in a red and yellow damask gown, with a red satin stomacher, crossed with ribands of the same colour, great bunches of ribands at her ruffles, and a pretty little fly-cap similarly bedizened. She was gazing round the room with the greatest curiosity, but on seeing Hilda, she rushed towards her, and wringing her hands, exclaimed, in tones of the deepest commiseration, "And is it in this miserable place that loveliness like yours is immured! What a marble-hearted tyrant your father must be!"

Hilda looked at a loss to comprehend the meaning of this address.

"I beg pardon," pursued the fair Thomasine, "but I am so

horror-stricken by the sight of these naked walls, and this desolate apartment, that I may, perchance, have expressed myself too strongly. Oh! how can you exist here, Miss Scarve?"

"I contrive to do so, strange as it may appear," replied Hilda, smiling.

"This is a moment I have for months sighed for," cried the fair Thomasine, falling into a theatrical attitude. "I have longed to commune with you unrestrainedly—to form a strict friendship with you. You will soon understand me, as I understand you. Yes, Hilda Scarve and Thomasine Deacle, however disproportionate their rank, will be constant and attached friends. From this moment I devote myself to you. We have both many feelings in common. We both love—and have both been disappointed; or rather, our affections have been betrayed."

"I must beg you to cease this absurd strain, Miss Deacle, if the interview is to be continued," replied Hilda, somewhat haughtily. "I have neither loved nor been disappointed."

"Nay, fear me not," rejoined the fair Thomasine. "Your secrets will be as secure in my bosom as in your own. I am a woman, and know of what a woman's heart is composed. I deeply sympathize with you. I know how tenderly you love Randulph Crew, and how unworthy he has proved himself of your regard."

"Really, Miss Deacle," cried Hilda, blushing. "I cannot suffer you to talk in this way."

"I only do so to shew you that you may have entire confidence in me," replied the fair Thomasine. "Ah! Mr. Crew is very handsome,—very handsome, indeed. I do not wonder at his inspiring a strong passion."

"You are mistaken in supposing he has inspired me with one," rejoined Hilda, somewhat piqued. "I hope you do not come from him."

"Oh, no," replied the fair Thomasine; "but if I can do aught to forward the affair—if I can convey any message to him—command me."

"It is time to put an end to this nonsense," said Hilda. "If you have nothing else to speak to me about, except Mr. Randulph Crew, I must wish you a good morning."

"One object in my coming hither, Miss Scarve, I will frankly confess, was to make your acquaintance, and, I trust, form a lasting friendship with you," replied the fair Thomasine, somewhat discomposed. "But my chief motive," she added, assuming a mysterious look, and lowering her voice to those deep tones in which fearful intelligence is announced in a melo-drama, "was to inform you that an attempt will be made to carry you off to-night!"

"Carry me off!" exclaimed Hilda, alarmed.

"Ay, carry you off!" repeated the fair Thomasine. "Dreadful, isn't it? But it is what all heroines, like ourselves, are subject to. I may not tell you who gave me the intelligence, but you

may rely upon it. Most likely, you have some suspicion of the hateful contriver of the base design. Our sex are seldom deceived in such matters. I was bound to secrecy, but I could not keep the matter from you. Whatever happens, I must not be implicated. Promise me I shall not be so."

"You shall not," replied Hilda.

"And oh, Miss Scarve," pursued the fair Thomasine, "to appreciate my regard for you—to understand me thoroughly—you must know—though I tremble to mention it—that you are my rival—yes, my rival. Your matchless charms have estranged the affections of my beloved and once-devoted Peter Pokerich. Still, I feel no resentment against you—but, on the contrary, I admire you beyond expression. A time may come when I may be useful to you; and then forget not your humble, but faithful friend, Thomasine Deacle."

"I will not—I will not," replied Hilda, who began to entertain some doubts as to her companion's sanity. "I am greatly obliged by your information, and will not fail to profit by it. Good morning."

"Farewell!" exclaimed the fair Thomasine, pathetically. "I fear I am imperfectly understood."

Hilda assured her to the contrary, and summoning Jacob, he ushered her to the door.

As soon as the fair Thomasine had departed, Hilda acquainted her aunt with the intelligence she had received. Mrs. Clinton was inclined to put little faith in it, but recommended that their relation, Sir Norfolk Salusbury, should be consulted on the subject. To this, however, Hilda objected, and Jacob Post was summoned to the conference.

"Don't say a word about it to any one—not even to master," said the porter, on being appealed to; "leave the affair to me, and I'll warrant you, Master Philip Frewin,—for I've no doubt it's him,—shan't wish to renew the attempt. Go to bed just as usual, and think no more of the matter. You shall hear all about it next mornin'."

"But had you not better have some assistance, Jacob?" said Hilda. "Such attempts are always made with sufficient force to ensure their execution."

"I want no assistance, Miss," replied Jacob—"not I. Half a dozen of 'em may come if they choose—but they shan't go back as they came, I'll promise 'em."

"I think you may rely upon Jacob, niece," observed Mrs. Clinton.

Hilda thought so too, and it was therefore resolved that nothing should be said to the miser on the subject, but that the porter should keep watch in his own way. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Scarve came home. The day passed off as usual, and Hilda and her aunt retired to rest early—a signal of intelligence passing between them and Jacob as they withdrew.

It so happened, on this particular night, that the miser, who was busy with his papers and accounts, signified his intention of sitting up late, and ordered Jacob to place another farthing candle before him, to be lighted when the first was done. This arrangement not suiting Jacob at all, he declined obeying the order, hoping his master would go to bed; but he was mistaken. The miser continued busily employed until his candle had burnt into the socket, when finding Jacob had neglected to provide him with another, he went grumblingly to the cupboard for it. Hearing him stir, Jacob, who was on the alert, entered the room.

"Do you know it's eleven o'clock, sir?" he said. "It's time to go to bed."

"Go to bed yourself, you careless rascal!" rejoined the miser, angrily. "I told you I was going to sit up, and ordered you to get me another candle. But you neglect everything—everything."

"No I don't," replied Jacob, gruffly. "You're growin' wasteful, and it's my duty to check you. You're hurtin' your eyes by sittin' up so late. Come, go to bed."

"What the devil's the meaning of this, rascal?" cried the miser, sharply and suspiciously. "You've some object in view, and want to get me out of the way. I shall sit up late—perhaps, all night."

Seeing his master resolute, Jacob, after muttering a few inaudible words, withdrew.

In another hour he partly opened the door, and popped his head into the room. The miser was still hard at work.

"Past twelve o'clock, and a cloudy mornin'!" he cried, mimicking the hoarse tones of a watchman.

"What! still up!" cried the miser. "Get to bed directly."

"No, I shan't," replied Jacob, pushing the door wide open, and striding into the room; "it's not safe to leave you up. Them accounts can just as well be settled to-morrow. Come," he added, marching to the table, and taking up the candle, "I'll see you to bed."

"Set down the candle, rascal!" cried the miser, rising in a fury—"set it down instantly, or I'll be the death of you."

Jacob reluctantly complied, and looked hard at him, scratching his head as he did so.

"I see you've something on your mind," cried the miser, fiercely. "Confess at once that you intended to rob and murder me. Confess it, and I'll forgive you."

"I've nothin' to confess," rejoined Jacob. "It's merely regard for your welfare as keeps me up. If you'd be advised by me, you'll go to bed—but if you wont, you must take the consequences."

"What consequences, sirrah?" cried the miser, angrily. "Are you master here, or am I?"

"You are," replied Jacob—"more's the pity. If anythin' happens, it's not my fault. I've warned you."

"Stay, rascal!" vociferated the miser, who felt somewhat uneasy—"what do you mean?—what do you apprehend?"

"I shan't tell you," replied Jacob, doggedly. "I can be as close as you. You'll know if you stay up long enough." So saying, he disappeared.

The miser was seriously alarmed. Jacob's mysterious conduct was wholly incomprehensible. He had never acted so before, and after debating with himself what it would be best to do, Mr. Scarve resolved to fetch his sword, and remain on the watch. Accordingly, he crept up-stairs, and possessed himself of the weapon, and as he passed the ladies' chamber, on his return, he heard them stirring within it, while the voice of Mrs. Clinton issuing from the keyhole, said, "Jacob, have they been here?"

"Not yet," replied the miser in a whisper, which he tried to make as like the porter's gruff voice as possible.

Fully satisfied that he had discovered a plot, but fearful of being subjected to further interrogations, which might lead to his discovery, if he stayed longer, the miser hurried down stairs, muttering as he went—"Here's a pretty piece of work! That rascal Jacob is at the bottom of it all. I'll discharge him to-morrow morning. But first, to find out what it means. How lucky I chanced to sit up! It's quite providential."

Resuming his seat at the table, he placed the sword before him, and went on with his accounts. The door was left partially ajar, so that, being very quick of hearing, he could detect the slightest sound. One o'clock, however, arrived, and the house remained undisturbed. Another half hour passed by—still, no one came. His second candle had burnt low, and he was calculating with himself whether he should light a third, or remain in the dark, when footsteps were distinctly heard on the stairs. He snatched up the sword, and rushed to the door, where he encountered Jacob with his crabstick in his hand.

"Oh! I've caught you, rascal, have I?" he cried, seizing him, and placing the sword at his throat.

"Leave go!" said Jacob, dashing him off—"Don't you hear 'em? They've come to carry off your daughter." And snatching the candle from him, he darted up stairs.

The miser's house consisted of two stories, exclusive of the attics. His own bed-room and that of his daughter lay on the second floor. The attics were wholly unoccupied, and filled with old lumber, which no one but himself would have harboured. The doors were kept constantly locked, and the windows boarded up. But it was evident that the parties who had got into the house, had effected an entrance from the roof. Indeed, Jacob soon after found this to be the case. On reaching the landing, he perceived three masked figures descending the stairs. The foremost of them, a slightly built person, rather gaily attired, and provided with a lantern, turned to his companion, and said, "'Pon rep! we're discovered, and had better beat a retreat."

The person behind him, however, who was a stout-built fellow, seemed to be of a different opinion.

"No, curse it, no!" he cried, "we wont go back empty-handed. He is but one man, and we'll carry her off in spite of him. Lead us to Miss Scarve's chamber directly, sirrah!" he cried to Jacob, "or we'll cut your throat."

"Oppose us not, my good fellow," said the first speaker, "we mean you no harm, 'pon rep! Our business is with your young mistress. Conduct us to her chamber, and you shall have a crown for your trouble."

"You shall have a cracked crown for yours!" cried Jacob, bringing down his crabstick with such force, that if it had hit its mark, it would have more than realized his threat. As it was, a quick spring saved the party against whom it was aimed. He let fall the lantern, and ran up the stairs. The person behind him, uttering a tremendous oath, drew his sword, and made a thrust at Jacob, who parried it with his crabstick, and in his turn dealt his assailant a blow on the arm that disabled him. Howling with pain, and venting the most terrible imprecations, the fellow turned and fled, and the third person seeing the fate that had attended his companions, followed their example. Darting up stairs, they passed through an open door in the attics, scrambled over a heap of lumber, and got through a small dormer window. It was fortunate for the fugitives that Jacob, who was close at their heels, got entangled in the lumber, or they might not have escaped so easily. When he extricated himself, they were gone, nor could he discover any trace of them. It appeared probable that they had passed over to the roof of the adjoining house, and dropped upon some leads, whence they had gained a passage which was concealed from view. Thinking it unnecessary to pursue them further, Jacob fastened the window, and descended to the lower part of the house, where he found the miser, together with Hilda and her aunt.

"Well, have you secured them?" cried Mr. Scarve. "Hilda has told me what it all means."

"No," replied Jacob, "but I have fairly routed them."

"Who was the leader?" cried the miser—"Randulph Crew?"

"More likely your nephew," returned Jacob. "But I can't swear to any one. There was three of 'em, and they was all masked."

"I owe you a thousand thanks for my preservation, Jacob," said Hilda.

"You may now rest in safety," replied Jacob. "I've fastened the window, and I warrant me they wont make a second attempt."

Repeating her thanks, Hilda then retired with her aunt.

"Have you no idea who it was?" said the miser.

"Not the least," returned the other; "and I'm only sorry I couldn't identify Mr. Philip Frewin."

The miser made no reply, and whatever his suspicions might

be, he kept them to himself. The attempt, however, alarmed him on another account. If his house, which he had considered securely barricaded, could be so easily entered, other equally lawless characters, and whose aim might be plunder, could obtain admission. He had large sums with him, for with the true avaricious spirit, he loved to see and to handle his gold, and not even the loss of interest could induce him to part with it. Resolving to hide his treasure where it could not be discovered, on the following night, when he concluded all were at rest, he crept stealthily down stairs with two heavy money-bags on his back. With some effort, for the lock was very rusty, he opened the door of an old disused wine cellar. There was nothing in it but an empty barrel, which lay in one corner. Having looked anxiously round, to see that he was not watched, he laid down the bags, and crept up stairs for two more. These were heavier than the first, and he laid them down with as little noise as possible. He had to go back a third time, and returned equally laden. He then repaired to a small coal-hole adjoining, where was deposited a scanty supply of fuel, which scanty as it was, he intended should last for many months to come, and provided himself with a shovel and an old broom. A fourth ascent supplied him with a box, in which he placed the bags, and he then commenced operations upon the floor of the cellar. With great difficulty, for he worked with the utmost caution, he got out a few bricks, and then his task became easier. Having made a hole sufficiently deep to hold the box, he deposited it within it, and covering it over with earth, restored the bricks as well as he could to their places, jumping upon them and pressing them down with his feet. Lastly, he swept all the loose earth together, and tossed it into the empty barrel. More than an hour was thus employed, and when all was over, he leaned against the wall in a complete state of exhaustion. While thus resting himself, his eye wandered to the door, which was slightly ajar, and he thought he perceived some one behind it. Instantly darting towards it, he threw it wide open, and beheld Jacob.

"Villain!" he shrieked, raising his shovel,—"I'll murder you!"

"No, you wont," replied Jacob, dauntlessly.

"What have you seen, rascal?" cried the miser, trembling with fury. "Tell me that—speak!"

"Put down the shovel, and then I will, but not other*wise*," answered Jacob. "Well, then," he added, as the request was complied with, "I've seen you bury a box."

"You have!" screamed the miser. "And you know what it contains?"

"I do," replied Jacob. "Some one always sees these things; and it's well for you, and those to come after you,—that, in this case, it was an honest man like me."

"An honest man!" cried the miser, ironically. "Such a one would be asleep in his bed at this hour, and not prying into his master's affairs."

"And what should his master be doin', eh?" retorted Jacob. "Shouldn't he be in bed, too, instead o' creepin' about his house as if he was doin' some guilty deed, and afraid o' bein' detected? Which is worse, him as buries money, or him as looks on while it's buried? I tell you what it is, sir,—in my opinion, he who acts so deserves to be robbed. Nay, I'm not goin' to rob you. Don't be afraid! But I repeat, you deserve to be robbed. What was money made for?—not to be buried there. Spend it, and give yourself comfort. You haven't many years to live; and then you may be put where you've put your gold. But I preach to a deaf ear."

While Jacob was speaking, the miser remained leaning on the shovel, as if considering what he should do. At length, he groaned out—"Well, you've baffled my design, Jacob. Dig up the chest!"

"No I wont," was the surly reply.

"You wont?"

"No," replied Jacob, "I'll not be art or part in anythin' of the sort. He as hides may find. Since you've buried the treasure, e'en let it rest. The secret's safe with me."

"Will you swear it?" cried the miser, eagerly.

"I will, if that'll content you," replied Jacob.

"I'll trust you, then," rejoined Scarve.

"Only because you can't help yourself," muttered Jacob.

The miser took no notice of the remark, but quitting the cellar, locked the door, and fastened the padlock outside.

"You'll never enter this place without my leave, Jacob," he cried—"nor betray my secret?"

"I've sworn it," replied the porter, gruffly. And he turned off into his own room, while the miser went up stairs with a heavy heart.

Some days after this occurrence, Sir Norfolk Salusbury called upon Hilda. The Welsh baronet was rather a favourite with the miser, for though they had few qualities in common, yet Sir Norfolk's peculiar character suited him. He never asked a favour—never wanted to borrow money—never required any refreshment. All these circumstances recommended him to the miser's good opinion. With Hilda he was a still greater favourite. She liked his stately, old-fashioned manner; and though she could have dispensed with some of his formality, she preferred it to the familiarity of the few persons of quality whom she had encountered.

On the present occasion, after much circumlocution, Sir Norfolk informed the miser that there was to be a masquerade, or, as he termed it, "a grand assemblage of personated characters in masks" in a few days at Ranelagh, and he begged to be permitted to take his daughter to it.

"It is a useless expense," muttered the miser.

"I confess I should like to go very much," said Hilda. "I

have never seen a masquerade; and I am told those at Ranelagh are magnificent."

"This will be unusually magnificent," replied Sir Norfolk; "and as you have expressed a wish on the subject, I will procure you a masquerading habit, and a ticket, if your father will allow you to go."

"In that case I see no objection," said the miser, "provided I am not obliged to accompany her. I abominate such fooleries."

"I will gladly undertake the curation of her," said Sir Norfolk.

"And you are the only man I would trust her with, Sir Norfolk," rejoined Scarve. "I know you will take as much care of her as I could myself."

Sir Norfolk acknowledged the compliment by a stately bow. And then it was then arranged, to Hilda's great satisfaction, that a court dress-maker should wait upon her on the following day, to prepare her a dress for the masquerade. All were pleased with the arrangement; and the miser was in high glee that he had obliged his daughter without putting himself to trouble or expense; while Sir Norfolk was equally gratified in being able to afford pleasure to his fair cousin.

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## CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

THE PROGRESS OF MR. CRIPPS'S LOVE-AFFAIR.—MR. RATHBONE APPEARS ON THE SCENE.—STRATAGEM OF THE VALET.—MR. JUKES VISITS THE WIDOW.—THE MASQUERADE AT RANELAGH, WITH THE VARIOUS INCIDENTS THAT OCCURRED AT IT.

Mr. Cripps still continued unremitting in his attentions to Mrs. Nettleship, and had made such progress in her affections, that on Mr. Rathbone's return from the country,—an event which occurred about ten days after the memorable visit to Marylebone Gardens,—she told him she feared she could not fulfil her engagement with him, and besought him to allow her to break it off. But Mr. Rathbone declared he would do no such thing, and reminded her of a trifling penalty of three thousand pounds which was attached to the violation of the marriage-contract on her part. He then upbraided her warmly with inconstancy; recalled to her recollection the professions of regard she had once expressed for him; and concluded by vowing to be the death of his rival. Mrs. Nettleship bore his reproaches with the utmost composure; but on hearing his final threat, she uttered a faint scream, and sank overcome by emotion into a chair. Mr. Rathbone offered her no assistance; but clapping his hat fiercely on his head, and flourishing his stick in a menacing manner, hurried out of the room.

"Oh la!" exclaimed Mrs. Nettleship, getting up as soon as he was gone, "there will be a duel—a sanguinary duel—and I shall have caused it, wretched woman that I am!"

But no duel ensued—perhaps to the widow's disappointment. On being made acquainted with the precise terms of the contract, of which he had hitherto been kept in ignorance, Mr. Cripps looked very grave, and advised her on no account to come to a decided rupture with Mr. Rathbone.

"But the three thousand pounds can make no difference to you, Mr. Willars," said Mrs. Nettleship—"better pay it, and have done with him."

"On no account, my angel," replied her admirer. "We must manage to outwit him, and obtain his consent."

And strange to say, the cunning valet did contrive, not only not to quarrel with his rival, but even to make a friend of him. Foreseeing that Mr. Rathbone would infallibly find out who he was, and expose him, he determined to be beforehand with him, and he therefore told the widow that he had concocted a scheme, by which he was certain of outwitting her affianced suitor; but it was necessary to its success that he should assume the part of his own valet, Crackenthorpe Cripps.

"I don't like the idea of your being taken for a valet at all, Mr. Willars," said Mrs. Nettleship—"and I can't see what purpose it'll answer?"

"It is indispensable to my scheme, my angel," replied Mr. Cripps. "You know these things are always so managed in the comedies, and they are the best models one can follow. Masters constantly put on their servants' clothes, and servants those of their masters. Nothing more common both on the stage, and off it. And only think if we can trick him out of the three thousand!"

"Ah, that would be something, certainly," said Mrs. Nettleship. "I must have been a fool to enter into such an engagement. But I thought I loved him then."

"You must indeed have been wanting in your usual judgment, sweetheart," replied Mr. Cripps; "but you hadn't seen me. The only course now left is to out-manœuvre the insensible dolt, and that, depend upon it, we'll do. The idea of personating my valet was suggested to me by the address of the drunken old fellow we met in Marylebone Gardens."

"I recollect," replied Mrs. Nettleship. "He called you his nephew—said your name was Cripps—and that you were Mr. Willars's valet. I remember it as well as if it had happened yesterday."

"Disagreeable occurrences always dwell in one's remembrance longer than pleasant ones," rejoined the valet, forcing a laugh. "You must introduce me to Mr. Rathbone as Mr. Cripps. Leave him to find out the rest."

The device worked exactly as its contriver desired and anticipated. Mr. Rathbone was astounded when he learnt that his rival was a valet; and he was so staggered by Mr. Cripps's dress, assurance, and deportment, that he was firmly convinced he was a

gentleman in disguise. The inquiries he made only added to his perplexity. He ascertained that Beau Villiers had a valet named Cripps; but the description given of him did not tally with the appearance of Mrs. Nettleship's lover, and at last he became satisfied that the interloper was the master and not the man.

"I tell you what, Mrs. Nettleship," he said one day, "this gay admirer of yours isn't what he pretends to be."

"Indeed, Mr. Rathbone!" exclaimed the widow, smiling. "What is he, then?"

"A great rake and coxcomb," replied the other, angrily. "He's his own master. No, I don't mean that exactly—he's disguised as his valet—that's it."

"What *do* you mean, Mr. Rathbone?" simpered the widow. "I declare I don't understand you."

"Why, I mean that this valet—this Mr. Cripps, as you suppose him, is no valet at all," replied Rathbone. "He's Mr. Willars, the great beau."

"Oh, you're entirely mistaken, Mr. Rathbone," said the widow, smiling.

"I hope he means honourably by you, that's all," sneered Rathbone. "Ah! here he comes," he added, as Mr. Cripps entered the room. "Your most obedient, Mr. Willars."

"My name is Cripps, sir,—Crackenthorpe Cripps, at your service," replied the valet, with a smirk of satisfaction.

"Poh! poh! nonsense!—don't crack-jaw me," cried Rathbone—"I know better. You can't impose on me, sir. I know a gentleman from a valet when I see him."

"Your opinion is too flattering, sir, to allow me to be angry at it," replied Mr. Cripps, bowing profoundly.

"There!—that bow alone would convict you," cried Rathbone. "Who ever saw a valet make his honours in that style."

"Do me the favour to try my snush," said Mr. Cripps, taking out the beau's handsomest box, which he had borrowed for the occasion.

"Further proof," exclaimed Rathbone; "look at that snuff-box set with brilliants!—those rings on his fingers!—Very like a valet, indeed."

"You shall have it all your own way, sir," said Mr. Cripps, again bowing—"but there's an old gentleman outside, who will tell you you are mistaken."

"An accomplice, I'll be sworn," cried Rathbone. "But I should like to see him." And proceeding to the passage, he returned the next moment with Mr. Jukes, while Mr. Cripps seated himself, and winked significantly at the widow. On entering the room, the old butler glanced round it curiously.

"Well, sir, you look like a servant, at all events," cried Mr. Rathbone. "Pray who is the individual before us?—who is he?"

"I'm sorry to betray him, because he's my own kinsman,"

replied Mr. Jukes; "but I cannot suffer him to practise an imposition on a respectable lady."

"Who do you say he is?" demanded Rathbone.

"I repeat, I'm sorry to expose him," replied Mr. Jukes—"but the truth must be told. He's my nephew, Crackenthorpe Cripps, chief valet to Mr. Villiers."

"There, sir, I told you my statement would be corroborated," said Mr. Cripps, winking at the widow.

"Why, does he own that his name is Cripps?" said the butler, in astonishment.

"He would make us believe so," replied Rathbone; "but we know as yourself, you old deceiver, that it's Willars."

The butler looked thoroughly mystified.

"'Pon rep! this is vastly amusing," said Mr. Cripps, helping himself to a pinch of snuff, and clearing his point-laced cravat from the dust.

"And so you, ma'am, are aware of the real name of this young man?" said Mr. Jukes, turning to the widow.

"I am," she replied, significantly.

"And so am I," added Rathbone, coughing drily.

"Then I've nothing further to say," returned Mr. Jukes. "Whatever construction may be put upon my visit, Crackenthorpe, I only came here to serve you."

"No doubt, my good man, no doubt," replied Rathbone. "But don't imagine you've deceived me."

"So that I've convinced the lady, I am perfectly satisfied," said Mr. Jukes, taking his leave.

"Very well contrived, Mr. Willars—exceedingly well, sir," said Rathbone—"but it wont do. I saw at once he was one of your people."

"You are a man of great discernment, truly, sir," replied Mr. Cripps. "Pray take a pinch of snush before you go."

"I'm afraid you spend your wages in snuff, sir," laughed Rathbone. And plunging his fingers into the box, he quitted the room, chuckling to himself.

"Capitally done, 'pon rep!" cried Mr. Cripps. "The old fellow couldn't have played his part better."

"And was he really engaged to do it?" said Mrs. Nettleship. "Well, I declare he quite took me in. But you see Mr. Rathbone is too good a judge to be imposed upon. He knows the true gentleman when he sees him."

"All is going exactly as I could wish it, my angel," replied Mr. Cripps. "Before a month has passed, I'll make him give up the contract."

"Heigho!" exclaimed the widow, "I wish it was over."

Mr. Cripps had thus completely accomplished his purpose. His rival had made up his mind that he was Mr. Villiers; and he was one of those obstinate persons who always persist in an error, even against the evidence of their senses. The valet took

care to humour the idea. While persisting in giving his real name, and representing himself in his true character, Mr. Cripps demeaned himself in such sort as to leave no doubt in the mind of the sagacious tallow-chandler that his actual rank and position were widely different. Nothing, however, surprised the valet more than the kindly manner in which his rival behaved to him. So far was this carried, that he began to suspect some treachery must be intended against him, and resolved to be on his guard. But whatever secret opinions the two persons might entertain of each other, ostensibly they were excellent friends, and constantly went to places of amusement together. When the masquerade at Ranelagh was announced, Mrs. Nettleship instantly signified her intention of attending it, and Mr. Cripps, emboldened by his former good luck, unhesitatingly undertook to escort her. Mr. Rathbone, of course, was included in the party, and he not only begged to be permitted to pay for the tickets, but to give them a supper on the occasion. With apparent reluctance, Mr. Cripps assented to the proposal; and they then arranged the characters they should represent. The valet being an excellent dancer, thought he should appear to advantage as harlequin, and as Mrs. Nettleship, notwithstanding her bulk, still boasted considerable agility, she readily undertook to play columbine. The part of the humpbacked lover was offered to Mr. Rathbone, and accepted by him.

There were yet two other persons whom the irresistible masquerade threatened to draw into its vortex. These were the fair Thomasine and Peter Pokerich. For more than two years the mercer's daughter had been dying to see a masquerade; and the moment she heard of the grand entertainment in question, she attacked her father on the subject, and never allowed him to rest till he promised to let her go. Peter Pokerich required no solicitation to induce him to accompany her, being as eager as herself for the spectacle. Mr. Cripps had imparted to him his design; and it was arranged that they should all go together. Only one difficulty existed,—namely, that the fair Thomasine had selected the part of columbine. But this objection was got over by Mr. Cripps, who declared he could dance very well with both of them. The little barber himself would have preferred playing harlequin, but as Mr. Cripps had appropriated the part, he was obliged to be content with that of clown.

At length, the day so much wished for by the principal personages in this history, and by many hundreds besides, arrived. It was the second Thursday in July, and a more joyous and auspicious day never ushered in a festival. This was the more fortunate, because the early part of the entertainment was to take place out of doors. The fête commenced at two o'clock; but long before that hour, the road to Chelsea was crowded with coaches, chariots, chairs, and vehicles of every description. The river, too, was thronged with boats, filled with masquers, and pre-

sented a most lively appearance from the multitudes of spectators drawn forth by the fineness of the day, and the gaiety of the scene, which vied in splendour with a Venetian carnival.

Having decided upon going by water, Mr. Cripps and his party left Billiter-square about one o'clock, and embarked in a tilt-boat, rowed by a couple of watermen, at Old Swan Stairs, near London Bridge. They were all, of course, in their masquerade attire, Mr. Cripps being arrayed in the parti-coloured garb of the hero of pantomime,—which differed only in some immaterial points, such as the looseness of the pantaloons at the ancle, and the amplitude of the shirt collar, from the garb of the modern harlequin. He was provided with a wand, and his face was concealed by a close black vizard. Mr. Rathbone had a large hump on his shoulders, like that of Punch, (whom, by the bye, his figure greatly resembled,) a well-stuffed paunch, a large protuberance behind, shoes with immense roses in them, a tall sugar-loaf hat, and a mask, with a great hooked nose and chin. He carried, moreover, a stout knobbed stick. As to the lady, her goodly person was invested in a white-satin habit, glistening with spangles, and flounced with garlands of flowers. She had short sleeves, with deep falls of lace to them,—satin shoes, braided with silver cord,—a pearl necklace round her throat, and a wreath of artificial roses upon her head. She declined hiding her features behind a mask, which Mr. Cripps declared was excessively kind and considerate. Their passage along the river was delightful. Mr. Cripps was so excited that he could not be content to remain under the tilt, but displayed himself in the fore part of the boat, ogling all the prettiest damsels among the spectators, retorting the jests of their male companions, and whenever an opportunity offered, dealing them a hearty thwack with his wand. Mrs. Nettleship did not altogether relish these proceedings, but Mr. Rathbone enjoyed them amazingly, and laid about him right and left, like his rival, with his knobbed stick.

On landing at Chelsea, they met, according to appointment, the little barber and his companion. The fair Thomasine looked uncommonly pretty. She had on a gown of yellow and silver, spangled like the widow's, and adorned with garlands of flowers, with a bodice of pink satin, crossed with ribands of the same colour. Round her throat she wore a chain of gold, from which depended an imitation diamond solitaire, and her rich auburn tresses were covered with the prettiest little coquettish hat imaginable. Her dress was purposely made short, so as to display her small feet and ancles. From the same motives also as the widow, she declined wearing a mask. Mr. Cripps was quite captivated by her; and claiming the privilege of his character, took her from the barber, and offered her his unoccupied arm. Peter Pokerich wore a scull-cap, covered with red and white worsted, arranged somewhat like a cock's-comb, a large ruff, a red calico doublet, white slashed calico drawers, with huge bunches of ribands at the knees,

and pink silk hose. His face was painted in red and white streaks. Like the others, he was in tip-top spirits, and the whole party proceeded to Ranelagh, which was not far distant, laughing and jesting with each other merrily.

They found the road from town completely stopped up by a line of carriages, while the throng of spectators on foot rendered it difficult to get on. The familiarities of the crowd were almost unsupportable. Not a coach or a chair was suffered to pass without its occupant being inspected by the curious, who in many cases compelled those they annoyed to let down the windows, that they might have a better view of their dresses.

By dint of elbowing and squeezing, assisted by the wand and knobbed stick, the party contrived to move slowly forward; and as they did so, they had ample opportunity of glancing at the occupants of the different vehicles. Mr. Cripps very soon distinguished his master's gilt chariot; but he did not turn aside, as his mask and dress ensured him from detection. Mrs. Nettleship was struck by the magnificence of the equipage, and recalling the features of the beau, who was wrapped in a sky-blue domino, and wore a Spanish hat and feathers, but kept his mask in his hand, said, "Why that's the fine gentleman who spoke to you in Mary'bone Gardens. What's his name?"

"Odd enough! the same as my own—Villiers," replied Mr. Cripps. "He's a first cousin of mine,—and we're considered very much alike."

By the side of Mr. Villiers sat Sir Singleton Spinke. The antiquated beau was so metamorphosed, that Mr. Cripps scarcely recognised him; nor would he, perhaps, have done so, if the charms of the fair Thomasine had not attracted the old coxcomb's attention, and caused him to thrust his head out of the window to look at her. Sir Singleton, as favouring his turn for gallantry, had chosen the part of Pierrot, and was habited in the peculiar vestment of white calico, with long, loose sleeves, as well as the broad-leaved, high-crowned hat proper to the character. Lady Brabazon's carriage immediately preceded that of the beau, and contained her ladyship, Clementina, Trussell, and Randulph. Trussell was dressed like a Turk, and wore a large turban, ornamented with a crescent, and a fine, flowing, coal-black beard. Randulph did not appear in character, but was attired in a light blue velvet coat, laced with gold, the work of the French tailor, Desmartins, which displayed his elegant figure to the greatest advantage. He had not yet put on his mask. Clementina was robed in a pink silk domino, and wore a black velvet hat, looped with diamonds, and ornamented with a plume of white feathers, and really looked very beautiful. Lady Brabazon wore a rich silk dress, embossed with gold and silver, that suited her admirably.

Next in advance of Lady Brabazon's carriage was that of Sir Bulkeley Price. The Welsh Baronet was in his ordinary attire,

but he was accompanied by a Chinese Mandarin, in a loose gown of light silk, girted at the middle with a silken belt, and having a conical cap, topped by a gilded ball, on his head. This person, notwithstanding the disguise of a long twisted beard, Mr. Cripps knew to be Cordwell Firebras.

Passing several other carriages filled with various characters, they came to an old-fashioned chariot, driven by a coachman, as ancient as itself, in a faded livery, and drawn by two meagre-looking horses. But notwithstanding its unpromising appearance, the occupants of this carriage attracted especial attention from the beholders, and many and loud were the exclamations of admiration uttered by them. "She is beautiful!" cried one. "Enchanting!" cried another. "By far the prettiest person who has gone to the masquerade," cried a third. And so on, in the same rapturous strain.

Excited by these remarks, Mr. Cripps pressed forward to have a peep into the carriage, and found it occupied by Sir Norfolk Salusbury, and an exquisitely beautiful young female, attired with great simplicity in a dress of white satin, with wide short sleeves, as was then the mode, trimmed with deep falls of lace. A diamond necklace encircled her throat, and a few natural flowers constituted the sole ornaments of her dark abundant hair. It was Hilda Scarve, as Mr. Cripps was instantly aware, though he had scarcely time to look at her, for Sir Norfolk, out of all patience with the familiarity of the spectators, thrust him forcibly back, and ordered the coachman, in a peremptory tone, to drive on—an injunction with which the old domestic found some difficulty in complying.

And now, before entering Ranelagh, it may be proper to offer a word as to its history. Alas! for the changes and caprices of fashion! This charming place of entertainment, the delight of our grandfathers and grandmothers, the boast of the metropolis, the envy of foreigners, the renowned in song and story, the paradise of hoops and wigs, is vanished,—numbered with the things that were! And we fear there is little hope of its revival. Ranelagh, it is well known, derived its designation from a nobleman of the same name, by whom the house was erected, and the gardens, esteemed the most beautiful in the kingdom, originally laid out. Its situation adjoined the Royal Hospital at Chelsea; and the date of its erection was 1690-1. Ranelagh House, on the death of the earl, in 1712, passed into the possession of his daughter, Lady Catherine Jones; but was let, about twenty years afterwards, to two eminent builders, who re-let it to Lacy, afterwards patentee of Drury Lane Theatre, and commonly called Gentleman Lacy, by whom it was taken with the intention of giving concerts and breakfasts within it, on a scale far superior, in point of splendour and attraction, to any that had been hitherto attempted. In 1741, the premises were sold by Lacy to Messrs. Crispe and Meyonnet for 4000*l.*,

and the rotunda was erected in the same year by subscription. From this date, the true history of Ranelagh may be said to commence. It at once burst into fashion, and its entertainments being attended by persons of the first quality, crowds flocked in their train. Shortly after its opening, Crispe became the sole lessee; and in spite of the brilliant success of the enterprise, shared the fate of most lessees of places of public amusement, being declared bankrupt in 1744. The property was then divided into thirty shares, and so continued until Ranelagh was closed. The earliest entertainments of Ranelagh were morning concerts, consisting chiefly of oratorios, produced under the direction of Michael Festing, the leader of the band; but evening concerts were speedily introduced, the latter, it may be mentioned, to shew the difference of former fashionable hours, commencing at half-past five, and concluding at nine. Thus it began, but towards its close, the gayest visitors to Ranelagh went at midnight, just as the concerts were finishing, and remained there till three or four in the morning. In 1754, the fashionable world were drawn to Ranelagh by a series of amusements called Comus's Court; and notwithstanding their somewhat questionable title, the revels were conducted with great propriety and decorum. A procession which was introduced was managed with great effect, and several mock Italian duets were sung with remarkable spirit. Almost to its close, Ranelagh retained its character of being the finest place of public entertainment in Europe, and to the last the rotunda was the wonder and delight of every beholder. The coup d'œil of the interior of this structure was extraordinarily striking, and impressed all who beheld it for the first time with surprise. It was circular in form, and exactly one hundred and fifty feet in diameter. Round the lower part of the building ran a beautiful arcade, the intervals between each arch being filled up by alcoves. Over this was a gallery with a balustrade, having entrances from the exterior, and forming a sort of upper boxes. Above the gallery was a range of round-headed windows, between each of which was a carved figure supporting the roof, and forming the terminus of the column beneath. At first, the orchestra was placed in the centre of the amphitheatre, but being found exceedingly inconvenient, as well as destructive of the symmetry of the building in that situation it was removed to the side. It contained a stage capable of accommodating thirty or forty chorus-singers. The original site of the orchestra was occupied by a large chimney, having four faces enclosed in a beautifully-proportioned hollow, hexagonal column, with arched openings at the sides, and a balustrade at the base. Richly moulded, and otherwise ornamented with appropriate designs, this enormous column had a charming effect, and gave a peculiar character to the whole amphitheatre. A double range of large chandeliers descended from the ceiling; others were placed within the column above-mentioned, and every alcove had its lamp. When all these chandeliers and

lamps were lighted, the effect was wonderfully brilliant. The external diameter of the rotunda was one hundred and eighty-five feet. It was surrounded on the outside by an arcade similar to that within, above which ran a gallery, with a roof supported by pillars, and defended by a balustrade. The main entrance was a handsome piece of architecture, with a wide, round-arched gate in the centre, and a lesser entrance at either side. On the left of the rotunda stood the Earl of Ranelagh's old mansion, a structure of some magnitude, but with little pretension to beauty, being built in the formal Dutch taste of the time of William of Orange. On the right, opposite the mansion, was a magnificent conservatory, with great pots of aloes in front. In a line with the conservatory, and the side entrance of the rotunda, stretched out a long and beautiful canal, in the midst of which stood a Chinese fishing-temple, approached by a bridge. On either side of the canal were broad gravel walks, and alleys shaded by lines of trees, and separated by trimly-clipped hedges. The gardens were exquisitely arranged with groves, bowers, statues, temples, wildernesses, and shady retreats.

Though Lady Brabazon's carriage was within a hundred yards of the entrance of Ranelagh when Mr. Cripps and his party passed it, owing to the crowd and confusion it was nearly a quarter of an hour in setting down. Before getting out, the whole party put on their masks; and Lady Brabazon wrapped herself in a light yellow silk domino. Trussell took charge of Clementina, and her ladyship fell to Randulph's care. It was yet extremely early, but the crowd was prodigious,—many hundred persons being assembled in the area before the entrance to the rotunda. At least a thousand others were dispersed within the gardens, for the rotunda was not opened till the evening; and it was afterwards computed that more than four thousand persons attended the masquerade.

At the entrance, Lady Brabazon and her daughter were joined by Beau Villiers, Sir Bulkeley Price, and Firebras, — Sir Singleton Spinke having disappeared. Randulph had already been more than once at Ranelagh, but it was only to attend the ordinary concerts, and never having seen a masquerade, he was extraordinarily struck with the spectacle presented to him. Most of the characters were grotesquely dressed, as was the taste of the time, for it was not a period in which the niceties of costume were understood or regarded. Still, the general effect was admirable. A May-pole, surmounted by a crown, with long ribands dangling from it, was planted in front of the conservatory, and several dancers were chasing each other round it, while lively strains were played by a band of musicians beside them. Other and less melodious sounds were heard. Now a drummer would go by beating a rub-a-dub enough to deafen every listener. Then came the vile scraping of a fiddle or the shrill notes of a fife. The shouts, the laughter, the cries of all kinds baffled description, and equally vain would it be to attempt any delineation

The Masquerade in Ranelagh gardens.

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of the motley assemblage. It consisted of persons of all countries, all periods, and all ranks, for the most part oddly enough jumbled together. A pope in his tiara would be conversing with a Jew; a grave lawyer in his gown and wig had a milk girl under his arm; a highland chief in his full equipments escorted a nun; a doge in his splendid habiliments was jesting with a common sailor with a thick stick under his arm. But frolic and fun everywhere prevailed; and to judge from the noise, everybody seemed to be merry. No one could escape from the tricks and jests of the jesters and buffoons with whom the crowd abounded. The humour of the last century was eminently practical; cuffs and kicks were liberally dealt around, and returned in kind; and whenever a sounding blow was heard, it elicited shouts of laughter like those that are heard at the feigned knocks in a pantomime. The clowns, Punches, Pierrots, doctors, and harlequins, of whom there were several, besides our friend Mr. Cripps, were the chief creators in this kind of merriment.

While Randulph, greatly diverted by all he saw, was gazing around, a few words pronounced by a voice whose tones thrilled to his heart, caught his ear. He turned, and saw close behind him, masked, attended by a tall personage, whose stiffness left no doubt as to its being Sir Norfolk Salusbury, a beautiful female figure, whose snowy skin, and dark streaming ringlets would have told him, if his heart had not already informed him of the fact, that it was Hilda. Before he could summon resolution to address her, she had passed by; and Lady Brabazon, who had likewise heard the voice and recognised the speaker, dragged him in the opposite direction towards the May-pole. He looked eagerly backwards, but she he sought was lost amid the throng, nor could he even discern the tall figure of Sir Norfolk. A merry scene was before him, but he heeded it not. The chief dancers round the May-pole were Mr. Cripps and his party. To these were added, Sir Singleton Spinke, who had attached himself to the fair Thomasine, to the no small annoyance of Peter Pokerich, and a fat quack doctor and his attendant, the latter having a fool's-cap on his head. Round and round went the dancers, Mr. Cripps footing it with remarkable agility, and Peter vainly emulating his capers, when some confusion was created by Sir Singleton attempting to overtake the fair Thomasine and possess himself of her hand. No more perfect pantaloon can be imagined than the old beau represented, and his gesticulations and grimaces called forth the laughter of all the spectators, which broke into shouts, as at the conclusion of the dance, Mr. Cripps gave him a sounding smack on his lean shanks with his wand, while the jealous barber lent him a box over the ear. But this did not quench his ardour, and a gesture from the coquettish columbine, who seemed determined not to lose him, drew him after her, as she tripped along the right hand alley near the canal with the rest of her gamesome party.

Randulph would willingly have disengaged himself from Lady Brabazon, but he could not do so without positive rudeness; and what made it worse was, that he was now left alone with her, for the rest of the party had disappeared, and he could not help fearing Beau Villiers might have discovered Hilda, and have gone in pursuit of her.

"Come, Randulph," said her ladyship, rallying him; "you seem to have lost your spirits at the very time they ought to be at the highest. Refreshments are given in the Chinese fishing-temple. Let us go there, and try whether a glass of champagne will enliven you."

Randulph suffered himself to be led in the direction mentioned, and if he had been able to enjoy it, the scene offered to his gaze must have amused him, for it was extremely lively and diverting. The Chinese temple had been newly gilt and decorated, and its burnished pinnacles were reflected in the waters of the canal. It was filled with company, most of whom were partaking of refreshments, while an excellent band stationed in the midst of it played the liveliest airs, to which several parties on the banks of the canal were dancing. Amongst others were Mr. Cripps and his two columbines, who frolicked along the alley on the right, followed by the barber, the old beau, and Rathbone, attracting general attention. Mr. Cripps was so agile, danced so well, and leaped so wonderfully, that it was generally supposed he was Mr. Yates, the celebrated harlequin of Drury Lane, while if the fair Thomasine had not been so pretty, she would have been taken for Mrs. Mann, the favourite columbine of the same house. As it was, she was allowed on all hands to be the best dancer in the garden; and her glances were so bewitching, that many other persons fell in love with her besides Sir Singleton Spinke. One person, in especial, who displayed the most undisguised admiration of her, and who kept as near her as he could, was a tall young man, with thin, sharp features, which Mr. Cripps, after puzzling his brains to recollect them, at last called to mind as belonging to the companion of Kitty Conway, at the Folly on the Thames. This young man, who wore a long black silk gown, a velvet cap of the same colour, and a flowing black wig, and intended to represent an Italian doctor, it is, perhaps, almost needless to say was Philip Frewin. Another admirer was a person habited as a pope, who kept constantly in their train, but whose robe and large mask precluded all idea of discovering who he was. Neither Mr. Cripps nor his pretty columbine were displeased by the attention they attracted, and the latter returned the amorous glances cast at her by Philip, and the passionate gestures of the pope, in a manner that drove the little barber almost distracted. As to Mr. Cripps, he bounded over the clipped hedge, leaped on to Mr. Rathbone's hump, slapped the pope on the back, clapped the old beau on the shoulder, twirled round his head, and performed a hundred other

pantomime antics, to the infinite diversion of the beholders. When arrived near the extremity of the walk, he called out to the musicians in the Chinese temple to strike up the tune, "Hey, boys, up go we!" and immediately commenced a lively dance to it with his two columbines, in which they were presently joined by Rathbone, Sir Singleton, and the barber.

Having crossed the bridge leading to the Chinese temple, Lady Brabazon stopped, and setting Randulph at liberty, leaned against the rail at the entrance, to survey the gay crowd around. While she was thus engaged, Beau Villiers, followed by an attendant with a bottle of champagne on a silver waiter, approached her, and while pressing her to take a glass, looked significantly at her, as if he had something to communicate. Taking advantage of this fortunate interruption, Randulph sprang into a Chinese-fashioned boat lying near the bridge, and seizing the oars, rowed off towards the canal, keeping near its sides, the better to view the company. Failing, however, in discovering the object of his search, he was returning towards the bridge, where Lady Brabazon was still standing in conversation with the beau, when a roar of laughter from the dancers in the alley on the further side of the clipped hedge, attracted his attention. This, it appeared, was occasioned by a misadventure that had just occurred to the old beau, who having been carried away by his enthusiasm at the fair Thomasine's dancing, had rushed forward with the intention of snatching a kiss from her ruby lips, when the jealous little barber, divining his intention, threw himself in his way, and tripped up his heels. In this posture he presented a tempting mark for Mr. Cripps, whose wand resounded with a rapid succession of strokes upon his withered limbs.

Randulph, who had raised himself in the boat to see what was going forward, now sat down, and had just resumed the oars, when Clementina Brabazon, and another masked dame, who had been conversing with Trussell and Firebras, approached the edge of the canal, and called to him.

"I know who you are searching for, Mr. Crew," cried Clementina; "and could help you to find the person if I chose."

"Then you will choose, I am sure," replied Randulph, pulling hastily towards her. "Where is she?"

"Well, I'll be good-natured," she answered. "Look behind you."

Randulph instantly turned in the direction indicated, and beheld Hilda seated at one end of the temple. Behind her stood Sir Norfolk Salusbury, while Sir Bulkeley Price was handing her a glass of champagne. But Hilda was so much occupied by what was passing on the canal, that she was not aware of the knight's attention. As Randulph regarded her, however, she arose, and declining Sir Bulkeley's offer, took Sir Norfolk's arm, and left the temple. Heedless of Clementina's laughter, Randulph, without losing sight of Hilda, pushed the boat towards the bank, and leaping out, was about to follow her, when he was arrested by a

heavy hand laid on his arm, and looking up, beheld Cordwell Firebras.

"You are on a vain quest, young man," said Firebras, in an undertone. "You will never obtain a word with Hilda Scarve unless by my mediation."

Randulph made a movement of impatience.

"Be not rash," pursued Firebras, still detaining him. "I tell you, you will totally fail in your object, and will only involve yourself in a quarrel with Sir Norfolk Salusbury."

"I care not," replied Randulph. "Let me go. By heaven! I shall lose her."

"That you most assuredly will, if you follow her now," rejoined Firebras, calmly. "Be ruled by me. I will introduce you to her, but it cannot be in your own character, for Sir Norfolk has been requested by her father not to permit your approach. And I shall, therefore, have to pass you off to him as some one else."

"And you attach no condition to the obligation?" cried Randulph—"none, at least, that I cannot honourably comply with."

"I may, perhaps, remind you of it at some future time, that is all," rejoined Firebras.

"Enough!" cried Randulph. "Take me to her at once."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Firebras. "I must prepare Sir Norfolk, and give Hilda a hint of my intention, lest she should prevent it, for I perceived just now that she discovered you. Rejoin your party, and avoid exciting the suspicions of Lady Brabazon and Beau Villiers, or they may mar all. I may not, perhaps, be able to accomplish the object you desire till the evening, so curb your impatience."

With this, he moved off, and mingled with the crowd, while Randulph joined Lady Brabazon Her ladyship made many sarcastic remarks upon his display upon the water, and complimented him, ironically, upon his skill as a rower. Randulph was in no mood for such raillery, and he might have made some angry retort, but at that moment, there was a great stir in the walk near the bridge, occasioned by the approach of the Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by a large retinue of courtiers. The royal party entered the temple, and remained there more than half an hour conversing with those around them. Randulph had the honour of a presentation to the prince, by Mr. Villiers; and while engaged in conversation with that illustrious personage, he perceived Cordwell Firebras among the bystanders; but he could not, without a breach of etiquette, withdraw to speak to him, and when the royal party quitted the temple, he was gone. He was about to search for him, when Beau Villiers, who had followed the Prince of Wales, hastily returned, and said, with an expression of malicious satisfaction, that he had his Royal Highness's commands to him to join his train. Randulph had no alternative but compliance, and to his own chagrin, and his uncle Trussell's delight, he mingled

with the royal attendants, and proceeded with them in their promenade through the gardens.

In the course of this ramble, he perceived Firebras standing with Hilda and Sir Norfolk; and though he was greatly annoyed not to be able to join them, it was some satisfaction to him to observe that his present position seemed to operate to his advantage with the lady. The performances of Mr. Cripps's party diverted both the royal personages during their stroll, and they laughed heartily at a comic dance executed by them. Some hours passed on in this way, and Randulph was still held in bondage. At length, the rotunda was opened. Of course, the royal party was ceremoniously ushered in, in the first place; but immediately afterwards, crowds poured in, and the whole area of the amphitheatre, together with the boxes and gallery above, were filled with company. What with the innumerable lights, and the extraordinary variety of dresses, the whole scene had a most brilliant effect. There was an excellent band in the orchestra, and a concert was commenced, but little attention was paid to it by the assemblage, who continued promenading round and round the amphitheatre, laughing and talking loudly with each other. As soon as the concert was over, the loud blowing of a horn attracted general observation to a platform near the central column, on which the quack doctor and his attendant were stationed,—the latter of whom began dispensing his medicines, and vaunting their efficacy in a highly ludicrous manner. This, and other entertainments consumed the time till ten o'clock; before which, however, a magnificent supper was served to the royal party in a private refreshment-room. A bell was then rung, to announce that a grand display of fire-works was about to take place, and the company hurried to the outer galleries and to the gardens to witness the exhibition. Much confusion ensued, and amidst it, the fair Thomasine, somehow or other, got separated from her party. The little barber was almost frantic. He rushed hither and thither among the crowd, calling for her by name, and exciting general ridicule. At last, in an agony of despair, he stationed himself near the scaffold where the fireworks were placed; and when the first signal-rocket ascended, he perceived her pretty face turned upwards at a little distance from him. She was standing near the trees with the old beau, whose transports at his enviable situation were somewhat disturbed by the descent of the heavy rocket-stick on his head. At this juncture, the little barber reached his truant mistress, and forcing her from Sir Singleton, placed her rounded arm under his own, and held it fast.

"Oh dear, how glad I am to see you!" said the naughty little Thomasine, for "fair" she does not deserve to be called; "we've been looking for you everywhere"—(here she told a sad story.)—"That odious old fellow has been trying to persuade me to run away with him. He offers to settle—I don't know what—upon me, and to make me Lady Singleton."

"And why don't you accept his offer?" said the barber, in an ecstasy of jealous rage.

"Because I'm engaged, and engagements with me are sacred things," replied the fair Thomasine, theatrically, yet tenderly. "But do look at that beautiful wheel!"

The fireworks were really splendid. Flights of rockets soared into the skies; magnificent wheels performed their mutations; star-pieces poured forth their radiant glories; maroon batteries resounded; Chinese fountains filled the air with glittering showers; pots des aigrettes, pots des brins, and pots des saucissons, discharged their stars, serpents, and crackers; yew-trees burnt with brilliant fire; water-rockets turned the canal to flame; fire balloons ascended; and a grand car with flaming wheels, drawn by sea-horses snorting fire, and containing a figure of Neptune, which traversed the whole length of the canal, and encircled the Chinese temple—the bridge being removed to make way for it—and finally exploded, scattering serpents and crackers in every direction, concluded the exhibition, amid the general plaudits of the assemblage.

Darkness for a few minutes enveloped the crowd, during which a few cries were heard in timid female tones, but the lamps were as soon as possible lighted, and the majority of the assemblage returned to the rotunda, where they repaired to the alcoves, and many a bowl of punch was emptied, many a bottle of champagne quaffed, after which dancing was resumed with greater spirit than ever. Mr. Rathbone gave a capital supper to his party, in which the old beau contrived to get himself included. He contrived also to sit next the fair Thomasine, and pledged her so often and so deeply that he fell beneath the table. Here he was left by the others, and a minuet being struck up, Mr. Cripps offered his hand to the widow, and led her forth to dance, while Mr. Rathbone, greatly exhilarated by the punch he had drunk, stood by laughing at them ready to split his sides, and the little barber took the opportunity of their being left alone together, to reprove the fair Thomasine for her improper conduct towards the old beau during supper.

Liberated by the departure of the Prince of Wales, who quitted the gardens on the conclusion of the fireworks, Randulph immediately returned to the rotunda, in the hope of finding Hilda still there. He had scarcely entered it when he perceived Firebras at supper by himself in one of the alcoves, and instantly joined him.

"She is still here," said Firebras, "and as soon as I have finished my supper I will take you to her. There would be no use in going now, for Sir Norfolk has only just ordered supper, and I can merely introduce you as a partner for a dance. Sit down, and take a glass of champagne."

Randulph declined the latter offer, and was obliged to control his impatience until Firebras thought fit to rise. Crossing the amphitheatre, they proceeded to an alcove, in which Sir Norfolk

George Cruikshank

Randulph and Hilda dancing in the Rotunda at Ranelagh

and Hilda were seated, and Firebras, bowing to the old knight, said, "Sir Norfolk, permit me to have the honour of presenting the friend I mentioned some hours ago to your fair charge? Miss Scarve," he added, after a significant look at Hilda, "this gentleman wishes to have the honour of dancing a minuet with you. I am sorry there is not time for a more ceremonious introduction to yourself, Sir Norfolk, but the musicians are striking up up the dance."

Upon this Hilda arose, and tendered her hand, with some trepidation, to Randulph, who, with a breast thrilling with joyful emotion, led her into the open space cleared for the dancers, and part of which was already occupied, as before related, by Mr. Cripps and the widow. No time was allowed Randulph to hazard a word to his partner. Scarcely were they placed, when the minuet commenced. The grace with which they executed this charming, though formal dance, excited the admiration of all the beholders, and contrasted strongly with the exaggerated style in which it was executed by Mr. Cripps and Mrs. Nettleship. Indeed, a better foil—had such been desired—could not have been found than the two latter personages presented. Sir Norfolk planted himself on one side to view the dance, and there was unwonted elation in his countenance as he witnessed the graceful movements of his fair cousin and her partner. Trussell in his Turkish dress was among the spectators; and not far from him stood Cordwell Firebras. There were two other personages, also, who watched the dance, but who regarded it with any other sentiments than those of satisfaction. These were Lady Brabazon and Beau Villiers.

"So you see, Villiers, notwithstanding all your scheming, he *has* contrived to dance with her," said the former.

"He has," replied the beau, partly removing his mask, and displaying a countenance inflamed with passion—"but he has not exchanged a word with her, and I will take care he shall not exchange one."

"You are desperately in love with this girl, Villiers," said Lady Brabazon, angrily. "I thought it was her fortune merely you aimed at."

"I have been foiled, and that has piqued me," replied Villiers.

"*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*," rejoined Lady Brabazon. "After the failure of your attempt to carry her off, I wonder you will persevere."

"Hush!" exclaimed the beau. "Some one may overhear us. I would have carried her off to-night, if I had known she would have been here. Your ladyship ought to be obliged to me for the trouble I am taking. I shall remove your rival, and you will then have young Crew entirely to yourself. And now to put Sir Norfolk on his guard."

With this, he passed on to the Welsh baronet, and addressed him. The latter bowed stiffly in return, and approached nearer

the dancers; and while Hilda was courtseying to her partner at the close of the minuet, he took her hand and led her away. The young man would have followed them, but Cordwell Firebras came up and arrested him.

"It wont do," he said; "Villiers has told the old baronet who you are. I must go after him instantly, and make some excuse for my share in the matter, or I shall have to cross swords with him to-morrow morning. I have done all I can for you. Good night."

Soon after this, Randulph quitted the masquerade with Trussell. With some difficulty a boat was procured to convey them home. Finding his nephew in no mood for conversation, Trussell, who was rather tired, and moreover had drunk a good deal of punch and champagne, disposed himself to slumber, nor did he awake till they reached Lambeth stairs. Another boat had just landed, and two persons in dominos marched before them in the very direction they were going.

"Why, who have we here?" cried Trussell, running forward to overtake them. "Zounds! brother, is it you? Have you been at the masquerade?"

"I have," replied Abel; "and I have seen all that has occurred there."

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## CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

JACOB BRINGS A PIECE OF INTELLIGENCE TO RANDULPH. — THE SUPPER AT VAUXHALL. — BEAU VILLIERS'S ATTEMPT TO CARRY OFF HILDA DEFEATED BY RANDULPH.

About a week after this, as Randulph was dressing himself one morning, Mr. Jukes entered his room, and informed him that the miser's servant, Jacob Post, wished to speak to him.

"He's at the door," added the butler, mysteriously—"he seems very anxious to see you, so I brought him up stairs."

"Quite right, Jukes," replied Randulph—"let him come in by all means."

"I don't know that it is quite right, sir," replied Mr. Jukes, smiling. "I fear my master may be angry with me for admitting him; but I didn't like to disoblige you."

"Very kind of you indeed, Jukes," replied Randulph. "My uncle shall know nothing about the matter from me. But let Jacob come in."

The good-natured butler then retired, and the next moment the porter entered the room, scratching his head, as was his wont when in any way embarrassed.

"Well, Jacob," said Randulph, extending his hand to him,—"I'm glad to see you. Sit down."

"No, I thank'ee, sir," replied Jacob, "I'd rather stand. My business wont allow of sittin'."

"Then begin upon it at once," rejoined Randulph.

"BeforeI begin," said Jacob, making himself up for a speech, "I must premise that I'm come on my own accord, and at nobody else's request whatsomdever, least of all by desire of Miss Hilda—"

"I'm perfectly satisfied of it, Jacob," interrupted Randulph—"perfectly."

"Then you quite understand I'm come here without her knowledge or previtty?" said Jacob.

"Quite so," replied Randulph—"I am quite sure she did not send you."

"No, that she didn't," rejoined Jacob," and mortal angry she'd be with me if she thought I had come. But I see you're impatient, and I'll keep you no longer in suspense. I'm come, then, to tell you, that my young missis is going to Wauxhall to-night."

"A thousand thanks for the information, Jacob," cried Randulph, taking a crown from his purse which lay on the table—"Drink my health."

"I'd rather not take the money,—much obliged to you all the same, sir," replied Jacob. "But as I was sayin', my missis is goin' to Wauxhall with Sir Norfolk Salusbury, and they're to join Lady Drabbyson and Mr. Willars. Now I've no great opinion of those two fine folks. Indeed, I suspect they're contriving some wicked design against Miss Hilda. But it's no use warnin' my master, for he willfully shuts his eyes to danger; and as to Sir Norfolk, he's too much wrapped up in himself, and too proud to listen to me. I therefore thought it better to come to you.'

"What do you suspect, Jacob?" asked Randulph.

"Why it's no matter what I suspect just now," replied the porter—"but I'm on a scent, and I'll find it out before night. Have you heard o' the attempt to carry off my young missis?"

"No," replied Randulph — "but you don't surely suspect Mr. Villiers of it?"

"It mayn't be safe to speak out," replied Jacob, "especially as I can't bring proof. But I could almost undertake to swear that his walet, Mr. Cripps, was one of the parties engaged in it."

"The rascal is capable of anything," cried Randulph. "Satisfy me that Mr. Villiers was the author of the atrocious attempt you have mentioned, and he shall pay for his villainy with his life."

"Wait till to-night, sir," replied Jacob. "I may be able to satisfy you then. I'm on the look out."

"I have my own reasons for thinking some design is on foot," replied Randulph, "because Lady Brabazon has sent me and my uncle tickets for Drury Lane to-night, regretting she could not go there herself, but omitting to mention a word about Vauxhall."

"She wanted to get you out o' the way," returned Jacob. "It's a deep-laid scheme. But I'll unravel it. Don't let any one,

—not even your uncle, Mr. Trussell—know you're goin' to-night. You can watch what's done, and act accordingly. I'll be there, and let you know what I've learnt in the meantime."

"I entirely approve of your advice," rejoined Randulph, "and will act in accordance with it. But how will you see me there?"

"Be under the orchyster at ten o'clock, and I'll find means o' comin' to you," replied Jacob. "And now my time's up. You'll be cautious."

"Fear me not," replied Randulph.

And Jacob took his departure.

Acting upon the porter's suggestion, Randulph said nothing to his uncles of what had passed; nor did Mr. Jukes mention a word of Jacob's visit, so that neither of them had any idea of the cause of his abstraction, though they both remarked it. He spent the greater part of the morning in his own room, in order to indulge his thoughts unrestrainedly, and only came down stairs to dinner, when he was perfectly composed. Abel was graver than usual, but Trussell was in his usual flow of spirits, and talked of the performances they were about to witness.

"We are going to see the Beau's Stratagem, sir," he said to his brother, "and as Mr. Garrick is to play Archer, and Mr. Macklin, Scrub, we cannot fail of being well entertained."

"Humph!" exclaimed Abel.

"Then as to ladies," added Trussell, turning to Randulph, "we are to have the charming Mrs. Cibber, and the scarcely-less charming Mrs. Woffington; and the critics tell me that the new opera—the Temple of Dulness—is to be delightful."

"No wonder they say so," observed Abel with a sneer, "the very title is sure to make it attractive to them."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Trussell. "By the bye," he added, aside to Randulph, "your friend Kitty Conway sings at Vauxhall to-night."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Randulph.

"I'm surprised you don't go to hear her," said Abel, who had overheard the remark, looking so hard at him that he was covered with confusion.

"He's otherwise engaged," interrupted Trussell. "I only heard of it this morning by accident. We'll go to Vauxhall if you prefer it to Drury Lane, Randulph."

"No, don't alter your arrangements," cried Randulph, hastily.

"Sir Singleton Spinke will be there, I'll be sworn," laughed Trussell—"though he's got a new flame; the daughter of a mercer named Deacle, who lives in the Little Sanctuary just opposite; but never mind where she lives," he added, observing his brother frown—"she's a devilish pretty girl, and is called, on account of her beauty, the fair Thomasine. You saw her at the masquerade at Ranelagh the other night. She was one of the columbines with Mr. Cripps."

"*I* noticed her," observed Abel—"a silly coquette!"

"I'll tell you a capital joke about Sir Singleton and this fair damsel," pursued Trussell, laughing. "You must know that he supped with her and her party the other night at Ranelagh, and got so drunk that he was left under the table in the box. While he was in this state, some one, most probably Mr. Cripps, cut off his long queue, and sent it the next morning in a packet to the fair Thomasine accompanied by a tender epistle offering her his hand, and begging, as he could not send her a lock of his hair, to enclose instead, his pigtail!

"Ha—ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Jukes, who was in attendance. "Just like one of Crackenthorpe's tricks,—just like him."

This story forced a smile even from Abel, and the rest of the dinner passed off agreeably enough. The cloth was removed, and the wine placed upon the table, but Randulph scarcely tasted it, and Trussell, after swallowing a few glasses, said it was time to start for the play.

"Before you go, I have a word to say to you, Randulph," remarked Abel, in a tone that alarmed the young man: "I have made no comments upon your dissipated course of life of late, because I felt it would be time thrown away. But it must now be ended."

"I am at a loss to know, sir, what particular part of my conduct has displeased you," said Randulph.

"I speak of your conduct generally, not particularly," rejoined Abel, severely. "But there will be one here to-morrow who has better title to admonish you than I have."

"You cannot mean my mother, sir," said Randulph, in great surprise. "Is she coming to town?"

"She will be here to-morrow," replied Abel. "But you are detaining your uncle Trussell—he is impatient. Go. It is your last night. Make the most of it."

Trussell was as much surprised as Randulph at what had just passed, but he made no remark till they got out of the house.

"Well, I shall be delighted to see my sister Crew," he said—"delighted to see her. But I wonder why the old gentleman made a secret of her coming. Don't be apprehensive of any lectures from her, Randulph. I'll set all right, depend upon it."

"It is strange she shouldn't have written to me on the subject," said Randulph.

"Most likely my brother imposed secrecy upon her," replied Trussell. "However, we must have a little talk together before her arrival. I must tell you how to act at this juncture. She's an excellent creature, your mother. But it 'll never do to be tied to the apron string. Let us forget the matter now, and taking the old gentleman's advice, make the most of to-night."

A boat conveyed them to Somerset Stairs, where they landed, and proceeded to Drury Lane Theatre. Randulph had resolved upon what course to pursue. The play was admirably performed; but even the inimitable acting of Garrick and Macklin

failed to interest Randulph, so much was he pre-occupied. The comedy over, they adjourned to Tom's coffee-house in Covent-Garden, where abundance of company was assembled, plentifully besprinkled with blue and green ribands and stars. Trussell met a host of acquaintances, and framing a hasty excuse, Randulph left him with them, and hurrying to Salisbury Stairs, took a boat, and ordered the waterman to row to Vauxhall.

Celebrated throughout Europe, and once esteemed the most delightful place of recreation of the kind, Vauxhall Gardens have been in existence more than a century; and it rejoices us to find that they are not altogether closed. They were first opened with a ridotto al fresco, about the year 1730, and speedily rising to a high reputation, were enlarged, and laid out in the most superb manner. A magnificent orchestra, of Gothic form, ornamented with carvings and niches, and provided with a fine organ, was erected in the midst of the garden. There was likewise a rotunda, though not of equal dimensions with that of Ranelagh, being only seventy feet in diameter, with a dome-like roof, supported by four handsome Ionic columns, embellished with foliage at the base, while the shafts were wreathed with a Gothic balustrade, representing climbing figures. From the centre depended a magnificent chandelier. A part of the rotunda, used as a saloon, was decorated with columns, between which were paintings by Hayman. The entrance from the gardens was through a Gothic portal. Moreover, there were pavilions or alcoves, ornamented with paintings, from designs by Hogarth and Hayman, appropriate to the place; each alcove having a table in it capable of accommodating six or eight persons, and leading in an extensive sweep to a magnificent piazza, five hundred feet in length, of Chinese architecture. This semi-circle led to a further sweep of pavilions. A noble gravel walk, nine hundred feet in length, bordered with lofty trees, and terminated by a broad lawn, in which there was a Gothic obelisk, faced the entrance. But the enchantment of the gardens commenced with the moment of their illumination, when upwards of two thousand lamps, lighted almost simultaneously, glimmered through the green leaves of the trees, and shed their radiance on the fairy scene around. This was the grand charm of Vauxhall. One of its minor attractions was a curious piece of machinery representing a miller's house, a water-wheel, and a cascade, which at that period of the art was thought quite marvellous. There were numberless walks and wildernesses in the grounds, and most of the vistas were adorned with statues. In one of them, at a date a little posterior to this history, was a statue of Handel as Orpheus holding a lyre.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Randulph reached the gardens. He proceeded along the grand walk, which was brilliantly illuminated, and filled with company, as far as the obelisk, but he could see nothing of Sir Norfolk or Hilda. He then turned into one of the side walks, and approached the orchestra, in front of

The Supper at Vauxhall.

London, Published by Hugh Cunningham, 1842.

which stood Kitty Conway preparing to sing. She instantly detected him, and made a slight movement of recognition. As he passed the range of alcoves beneath the orchestra, he perceived Jacob, who instantly came towards him.

"I've found it all out," said the porter—"I knew I should. Mr. Willars *is* the contriver of the plot. He means to carry Miss Hilda off, and has engaged a coach for that purpose, which is stationed at the back o' the gardens. Luckily, the coachman is a friend o' mine, and it's through him I've detected the scheme."

"But where is your mistress?" cried Randulph.

"There," replied Jacob, pointing to a party seated at supper beneath the grove of trees in front of the orchestra.

"I see," replied Randulph. "By heaven!" he cried, "Mr. Villiers is coming this way. Two persons stop him. As I live, one of them is his valet, and the other Captain Culpepper, a fellow whom my uncle Trussell told me was a sort of bravo, and would cut any man's throat for hire. Doubtless, they're planning the abduction."

"You may take your oath of it," replied Jacob. "I'll manage to get near 'em unobserved. Come back to this place when they separate, and you shall know all."

So saying, he slouched his hat over his eyes, and mingling with the crowd, got within ear-shot of the beau, who, as has been intimated, was addressing Captain Culpepper and Mr. Cripps.

Randulph, meanwhile, felt irresistibly drawn towards the table where Hilda was seated, and as he kept behind the trees, he was not noticed by the party, though he *was* noticed by Kitty Conway, from the orchestra, who, guessing his intention, was so much agitated that for the first time in her professional career, she made some false notes in her singing. Hilda's seat was placed against a tree. On her right was Sir Norfolk Salusbury; and on the right of the baronet, Lady Brabazon; next to her ladyship was a vacant chair—no doubt just quitted by Beau Villiers; then came Lady Fazakerly; then Sir Bulkeley Price; and, lastly, Clementina Brabazon, who occupied the seat on the left of the miser's daughter. Partly screened by the tree against which Hilda was seated, Randulph bent forward, and breathed her name in the gentlest accents. Hilda heard the whisper, and looking round, beheld the speaker. How much may be conveyed in a glance! She read the intensity of his passion, and the depth of his devotion in his eyes; and for the first time, returned his gaze with a look of kindness, almost of tenderness. Randulph was transported; he could not resist the impulse that prompted him to advance and take her hand, which she unresistingly yielded to him.

All this was the work of a minute, but the action had not been unobserved, either by Kitty Conway or Lady Brabazon. Both had felt a similar pang of jealousy, but revenge instantly occurred to the latter. While Randulph was in the act of raising Hilda's

hand to his lips, she touched Sir Norfolk's arm, and pointing in the direction of the lovers, whispered, "Look there!"

Sir Norfolk arose, and in a stern and peremptory voice, said to the young man, "Set free that lady's hand, sir!"

"Not unless she chooses to withdraw it," replied Randulph.

"I am wholly to blame for this, Sir Norfolk," said Hilda, withdrawing her hand, and blushing deeply.

"You are pleased to say so, Miss Scarve," returned Sir Norfolk; "but the young man has been guilty of a great indecorum, and I shall call him to a strict account for it."

"I shall be ready to answer the call, whenever you please, Sir Norfolk," rejoined Randulph; "but this is not the place for menaces. You will do well to look after your charge."

"I shall take care to keep off impertinents like you," replied Sir Norfolk.

"Better guard her against other dangers which require more penetration than you care to practise," retorted Randulph.

"I have only one answer to make to such insolence," said Sir Norfolk, "and that shall be given to-morrow. You shall hear from me, Mr. Crew."

"As soon as you please, Sir Norfolk," replied Randulph.

"For my sake, Mr. Crew," interposed Hilda, "let this quarrel go no further. I have been the innocent cause of it. Promise me it shall not."

"I would willingly obey you in anything, Miss Scarve," replied Randulph; "but in this case, it is not in my power. Farewell!"

Fixing one passionate look upon her, he then bowed haughtily to Sir Norfolk, who returned his salutation in kind, and withdrew.

As he walked away, he encountered Beau Villiers, who was returning from his conference. Villiers started on seeing him, but instantly recovered himself, and would have addressed him, but Randulph turned abruptly away.

"What the devil has brought Randulph Crew here?" said Villiers to Sir Singleton, as he joined the party. "I thought he was at Drury-Lane."

"Devil knows!" cried the old beau. "But he has made a pretty scene." And he proceeded to relate what had occurred. Villiers laughed heartily at the recital.

"I hope old Salusbury will cut his throat," he said, in an undertone.

"Why it would be desirable to get him out of the way, certainly," replied the old beau. "The women are all mad about him."

"Especially Kitty Conway," observed Villiers. "Odds life! this accounts for her having fainted in the orchestra. I wondered what could be the matter with her, but now I understand it. All is prepared, he added," in a deep whisper, to Lady Brabazon

"Be careful how you act," she replied, in a low tone. "You'll find Sir Norfolk dangerous, and Randulph Crew is on the watch."

"Fear nothing," he rejoined, "I've taken my measures securely. Make towards the dark walk, and contrive to lead him and the others away."

Lady Brabazon nodded.

Soon after this, she arose, and, without ceremony, took Sir Norfolk's arm, while Villiers very gallantly offered his to Hilda. The rest of the party paired off in like manner. Leading the way in the direction agreed upon, Lady Brabazon expressed a desire to view the scenic representation of the mill and waterfall before mentioned, which was exhibited in a hollow of the great walk; and they proceeded towards it. Hilda was much displeased by the assiduities of her companion, and she could not help remarking that he contrived, on various pretences, to linger behind the rest of the party, and though she repeatedly urged him to rejoin them, he made always some excuse for not doing so. At last, on pausing longer than usual, they quite lost sight of them, and were hurrying forward at Hilda's urgent request, when, as they passed one of the side vistas, Mr. Cripps, who was standing at the end of it, advanced towards his master.

"Fortunately encountered, sir," said the valet, bowing; "Lady Brabazon sent me to look for you, to tell you that she and the party are gone down a walk on the left, to see a fine painting, in the Chinese pavilion, at the end of it. With your permission, I'll shew you the way."

"Oh yes, let us go to them by all means," said Hilda, unsuspectingly.

"Lead on, then," cried the beau, scarcely able to conceal his satisfaction at the success of the scheme.

A few steps brought them to the end of a narrow walk, arched over by trees, the branches of which were so thickly interlaced, that the moonlight could not penetrate through them. Alarmed by its appearance, Hilda drew back.

"How thoughtless of Sir Norfolk to leave me thus!" she exclaimed.

"Why, you are surely not afraid of accompanying me down this walk, Miss Scarve," laughed the beau. "My valet is with us, and shall protect you. The Chinese pavilion is not more than a hundred yards off; and the walk, though dark, is not solitary."

Fancying she perceived some persons within it, Hilda suffered herself to be led on; but she had not advanced many steps, when all her uneasiness returned, and she bitterly regretted having assented. But it was too late. The beau's grasp had tightened upon her arm, and he drew her quickly forward, while Mr. Cripps proceeded at the same rapid pace. Once or twice, she thought she heard footsteps behind her, and almost fancied she could distinguish a figure walking near them, but

she did not dare to express her terrors. They had proceeded, so far as she could judge, about a hundred yards, when a sudden turn in the walk disclosed a low hedge; beyond was the open country, bathed in the moonlight. Coming to a sudden halt, the beau said in a hurried, almost fierce tone:—"Miss Scarve, I love you to desperation, and am determined to make you mine. You are now in my power, and must accompany me."

"Never!" replied Hilda, resolutely. "And I command you to release me."

She would have screamed for help if Villiers, who grasped her more tightly, had not taken out his handkerchief, and, placing it over her mouth, prevented her cries. While this was passing, Captain Culpepper emerged from the trees, and hastened with Mr. Cripps towards him.

"Bravo, sir!" cried the Captain. "All goes well this time. We'll have her in the coach in a twinkling."

"Not so fast, villains," thundered Randulph, rushing forward. "I have allowed you to go thus far to see to what lengths your villany would carry you. But you shall pay dearly for it."

As he spoke, he rushed to the beau, and snatching Hilda from him, dashed him backwards with such force that he fell upon the ground. Another person likewise came to the rescue. This was Jacob, who brandishing his cudgel, hurried to the scene of action. On seeing him, the valet whipped out his blade, but it was beaten from his grasp, and he only avoided a terrible blow from the cudgel, by a nimble leap aside. Without waiting for a second blow, he plunged into the wood, and made his escape. Captain Culpepper fared no better. Before he could draw his sword, he received a blow on the head, that stretched him senseless and bleeding on the ground. Hilda, meantime, had murmured her thanks to her deliverer, who felt, as he pressed her to his bosom, that the whole of his previous anxiety was more than repaid by the unutterable joy of the moment.

"Hilda!" he cried, passionately, "I would risk a thousand lives for you. Forgive me if, at this moment, I dare to ask if I may hope?"

She murmured a faint response in the affirmative.

"I am the happiest of men,"cried Randulph, transported with delight.

"Alas!" exclaimed Hilda, "my avowal can give you little happiness. I can never be yours."

"There you speak truth," cried Villiers, who by this time had regained his feet, and furiously approached them. "You never shall be his."

"This is the leader of the gang," cried Jacob, who having just disposed of Captain Culpepper, now rushed towards the beau, brandishing his cudgel in a formidable manner. "I'll soon settle him."

"Leave him alone, Jacob," cried Randulph, authoritatively; "his punishment belongs to me."

"You're wrong, sir," rejoined Jacob, "but I sha'n't disobey you. He does'nt deserve to be treated like a gentleman."

"Will it please you to step aside with me for a moment, Mr. Crew!" said the beau, with forced politeness. And as Randulph complied, he added, "I shall expect satisfaction for the injury you have done me."

"I might well refuse it," replied Randulph; "but I am too eager for vengeance myself to do so. You shall have the satisfaction you seek as soon as you please."

"To-morrow morning, then, at the earliest hour—at five—in Tothill Fields," said Villiers.

"I will be there," replied Randulph.

And, quitting the beau, he rejoined Hilda, to whom he offered his arm. They walked down the avenue together, Jacob following close beside them. Hilda allowed her hand to remain in his, while he poured the warmest protestations of attachment into her ear. She did not attempt to check him, and perhaps it would be difficult to say which of the two felt the most regret when that brief dream of happiness was ended, as they emerged into the lighted vista.

Almost immediately on entering the great walk, they met Sir Norfolk and Lady Brabazon and the rest of the party. Her ladyship was at first greatly confused at seeing Randulph, but she instantly guessed what had happened, and tried to put a good face on the matter. Advancing to Hilda, she hastily inquired what had happened; but the latter turned coldly from her, and taking the arm of Sir Norfolk Salusbury, desired to be led home.

"Your ladyship is perfectly aware of the peril in which I have have been placed," she said. "But I have been delivered from it by the courage and address of Mr. Crew."

"Before you go, Miss Scarve," said Lady Brabazon, "I beseech you to give me some explanation of what has happened."

"It must suffice, then, to say, that Mr. Villiers has attempted to carry me off," replied Hilda; "but his purpose has been defeated."

"What is this I hear!" cried Sir Norfolk. "Mr. Villiers guilty of so base an attempt. I will go in search of him instantly."

"I have undertaken the punishment of Mr. Villiers' offence, sir," said Randulph.

"You have an account to settle with me, yourself, sir," rejoined Sir Norfolk, sternly.

"I will settle it at five o'clock to-morrow morning, in Tothill Fields," replied Randulph in a low tone—"after I have arranged with Mr. Villiers."

"Be it so," replied Sir Norfolk.

And he strode off with Hilda, followed by Jacob, while Randulph, without staying to exchange a word with Lady Brabazon, walked away in the opposite direction.

## CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

RANDULPH WORSTS BEAU VILLIERS IN A DUEL IN TOTHILL FIELDS; AND IS WORSTED HIMSELF IN A SECOND DUEL BY SIR NORFOLK SALUSBURY.

On quitting Vauxhall, Randulph made the best of his way home, agitated by a crowd of tumultuous thoughts. Abel had retired to rest more than an hour ago, but Trussell was not yet come home. Telling Mr. Jukes, therefore, that he must see his younger uncle directly, he set off again without a moment's delay, and taking a boat at Lambeth stairs, rowed to the nearest point to Covent Garden. He then hurried to Tom's coffee-house, where he found his uncle at supper in a box by himself, and proceeded to relate to him all that had occurred.

"A pretty adventure!" exclaimed Trussell at the close of the recital. "An abduction prevented, and a couple of duels. I'm sorry I wasn't with you, that I might have taken one of the latter off your hands. It 'll be a mortal conflict with the beau. I'm glad you've had lessons from Hewitt. He told me himself, not many days ago, that you were one of his best scholars, and had as strong a wrist, and as quick an eye as any man he knew."

"I have no fear of the result in either case," replied Randulph.

"I'm glad you're so confident," said Trussell; "but neither of your antagonists are to be despised. Take a glass of punch—well, as you please. We must go and make arrangements instanter. Our best plan will be to go to Hewitt, and tell him to be in the field with swords and a surgeon at the appointed hour."

Emptying the rummer of punch before him, he called to the drawer, paid him, and taking his nephew's arm, they set forth. Mr. Hewitt lived in Leicester-street, Leicester-fields—now Leicester-square. He was gone to bed, but they soon knocked him up, and explaining their business, he entered upon it immediately.

"I'll be sure to be on the ground at the time appointed, and will bring Mr. Molson, the surgeon, with me," said Hewitt. "He will take care of you in case of accident. But I don't apprehend any such to you, because I know what you can do. You shall have my favourite German blade—here it is," he added, taking down a sword. "This is the strongest and lightest sword I ever handled, and equal to any Spanish tuck. Be sure you come coolly into the field. The best swordsman that ever fought will be worsted if he is in a passion. You'll need judgment, as well as skill, to-morrow, and take care you do not disorder it any way. Mr. Villiers is a very skilful fencer, but he is likely enough to be in a passion. As to Sir Norfolk, you will find him as calm as death. He is a far more dangerous adversary than the other."

"Far more dangerous," echoed Trussell.

"Sir Norfolk being so much taller than yourself," pursued the fencing-master, "the best way when you intend to make a thrust at him will be to come to half sword, you will then be within distance. If you act on the defensive, engage only five inches, and keep him at that distance. You understand?"

"Perfectly," replied Randulph.

"The best thrust you can make at him will be seconde, or carte under the shell, or you may dart your sword as I have taught you. And now I recommend you to go to rest. Think no more of the duel, but sleep soundly, and come to the field as fresh as a lark."

Randulph smiled at the fencing-master's advice, and having arranged a meeting at the horseferry, Westminster, opposite Lambeth stairs, at half-past four o'clock, he took his departure with his uncle. They reached home in about half an hour, and Mr. Jukes expressed great delight at seeing them. It had been previously agreed, for fear of mistake, that Trussell should sit up all night, and call his nephew in sufficient time in the morning, and he therefore ordered Mr. Jukes to bring him a bottle of brandy, and a large jug of cold water. The butler obeyed, and took the opportunity of inquiring whether anything was the matter, but received no direct answer.

On retiring to his own room, Randulph threw himself into a chair, and turned over the events of the day. Amid a multitude of dark and disagreeable thoughts was one that was bright and cheering. He had seen Hilda—avowed his passion to her—and received an assurance that he was not indifferent to her. This thought buoyed him up, and made him regard with indifference the danger to which he was exposed. His most painful reflections were connected with his mother, and knowing the anguish she would experience if anything should happen to him, he sat down and wrote a letter, full of filial affection and tenderness, to be delivered to her in case of his fall. This done, he threw himself on his couch, but his mind was too much disturbed to allow him to sleep.

Long before it was light, he arose and dressed himself, and when Trussell entered the room, he was on his knees at the bedside, at prayer. On rising, he gave the letter he had written to the charge of his uncle, and they crept down stairs as softly as they could, for fear of disturbing any one in the house. They then proceeded to the dining-room, where Trussell swallowed a glass of brandy to keep the cold out of his stomach, and recommended his nephew to do the same to steady his hand, but the latter, doubting the efficacy of the prescription, declined it. Their hope of getting away proved fallacious, for as they entered the hall on their way to the door, they found Abel standing there wrapped in his dressing-gown.

"Randulph," he said, eyeing his nephew severely—"You are

going to fight a duel. It is useless to deny it. I am sure you are."

"I shall not attempt to deny it, sir," replied Randulph; "I am."

"He is going to fight two duels, brother," said Trussell, emboldened by the brandy he just had swallowed.

"Two duels!" echoed Abel—"then he is doubly foolish—doubly culpable. Randulph, you are about to commit a very sinful, and very foolish action, and though you may be justified in what you do by the laws of honour, and the usages of society, you will not be justified before Heaven."

"Really, my dear sir," said Trussell, "you view this matter much too seriously."

"Not a whit," replied Abel, "Randulph might stop if he would. But he would rather run the risk of offending his Maker than man."

"Uncle," said Randulph, "I cannot now argue with you; but I have good reasons for what I am about to do."

"No reason can warrant bloodshed," replied Abel, sternly. "Since you are deaf to my counsels, go. Yet think what a blow it will be to your mother, if she finds on her arrival that she has lost her son."

"I *have* thought of that, uncle," replied Randulph; "and I have left a letter with my uncle Trussell. Perhaps, you will now permit me to commit its charge to you."

"Here it is, sir," said Trussell, handing him the letter. "Time presses. We must be gone. We hope to be back again with you at breakfast, and to make a hearty and merry meal. We are quite sorry to have disturbed you. Good morning, sir."

Abel threw a severe and disgusted look at him, and then turning to Randulph, pressed his hand affectionately, and said, "I hope I *may* see you at breakfast, and with no blood on your soul."

And with these words, he walked away.

"Devilish unlucky we should meet him!" said Trussell, forcing a laugh, as they quitted the house. "I suppose Jukes must have suspected something, and called him up, for I don't think he could have overheard us."

Randulph made no reply, for Abel's parting speech had sunk deep into his breast, and they proceeded in silence towards the palace stairs. It was a fresh and beautiful morning, though the sun was scarcely risen, and a thin silvery mist hung like a veil over the smooth surface of the water. Two or three watermen were lying asleep in their tilts, and they roused one of them, who speedily rowed them to the opposite bank, near which they found Mr. Hewitt with a couple of swords under his arm, in addition to the one by his side, accompanied by a tall stout man with a red face, dressed in well-powdered wig, and a suit of purple velvet, and carrying a gold-headed cane, who was introduced as Mr. Molson, the surgeon.

"You look famously," said the fencing-master to Randulph.

"Follow my instructions, and you're sure to come off victorious."

The party then walked along the Horseferry Road, which speedily brought them to Tothill Fields. They were the first on the ground, and Mr. Hewitt, after looking about for a short time, discovered a spot excellently adapted for the encounters.

By this time, the sun having risen, the morning's early promise of beauty was fully confirmed. The spot selected for the combats commanded a fine view of Westminster Abbey, which reared its massive body and tall towers above a range of mean habitations masking its back. A cloud of cawing jackdaws wheeled in the sunny air above its pinnacles. A calmer or more beautiful scene could not be imagined. Randulph's reflections were interrupted by the approach of two persons from the left of the fields, who proved to be Sir Norfolk Salusbury, and Cordwell Firebras. Sir Norfolk bowed stiffly to Randulph, and also to Trussell, and seeing that the beau was not arrived, said to the former, "As I am first in the field, I am entitled to the first bout."

"I am sorry I cannot oblige you, Sir Norfolk," replied Randulph; "but I *must* give Mr. Villiers priority."

"Well, as you please, sir," said the baronet, walking aside.

Cordwell Firebras then advanced to Randulph.

"I am here as Sir Norfolk's second," he said; "but I hope the matter may only serve as a little breathing for you both before breakfast. It is an idle quarrel. We must talk about Villiers's attempt anon. But here he is."

As he spoke, two chairs were seen approaching from the lower end of the fields. When they came within a hundred yards of the party, they stopped, and from the first issued Mr. Villiers, and from the other, Sir Bulkeley Price. Mr. Cripps walked by the side of his master's chair, bearing a water-bottle and a glass. The new-comers advanced slowly towards the party, and Mr. Villiers having bowed with much haughtiness to Randulph, gracefully saluted the rest of the company.

"Have we anything to wait for, gentlemen?" he asked.

"Nothing," replied Trussell; "we are all ready."

"To business, then," rejoined the beau.

At a motion from his master, Mr. Cripps advanced towards him, and receiving his clouded cane, proceeded to divest him of his coat, leaving him on a light striped silk waistcoat, with sleeves of the same material. Randulph, meantime, threw off his upper garment, and rolled up the shirt-sleeve on his right arm. Mr. Hewitt then stepped up to him, and gave him the German sword he had promised; while Mr. Villiers received an exquisitely tempered blade from the valet. These preparations made, the seconds and bystanders fell back a few paces, Trussell, Firebras and Hewitt retiring on one side, and the two baronets on the other, while the surgeon stood at a little distance in the rear with Mr. Cripps.

Advancing towards each other, the combatants saluted, and in another moment their blades were crossed, and several rapid passes exchanged. The spectators watched the conflict with the greatest interest, for both parties appeared admirably matched, and the beau's superior skill was counterbalanced by Randulph's extraordinary vigour and quickness. Thrusts were made and parried on both sides, but not a single hit was given, until Randulph, finding his adversary engaged in tierce with a high point, made a firm thrust in carte over the arm, and passed his sword through the fleshy part of the other's shoulder. At this successful hit, the seconds rushed forward, but before they reached the spot, the beau's sword fell from his grasp.

"It is nothing," said Villiers, surrendering himself to the surgeon, who likewise hurried towards him, "but I acknowledge myself defeated."

While the beau's wound was bound up by the surgeon, and he was led to the chair by Mr. Cripps, Sir Norfolk Salusbury, who had been a watchful spectator of the conflict, stepped forward, and said to Randulph, "Whatever may be the issue of our encounter, Mr. Crew, I shall declare that in the combat which has just taken place, you have conducted yourself like a man of honour and spirit."

"I am glad to receive the acknowledgment from you, Sir Norfolk," replied Randulph, bowing.

"Pray do not hurry yourself on my account," said the baronet, courteously.

"I am quite ready for you," replied Randulph. "What I have gone through has only served to steady my nerves."

With the assistance of Firebras, who had come over to him, Sir Norfolk then took off his coat, waistcoat, and shirt, and in this state presented so extraordinary an appearance, that Randulph could scarcely repress a smile. The punctilious old knight's first step was to deliver his sword to Mr. Hewitt, who, on measuring it with that of Randulph, found that it exceeded the latter in length by two inches. He, therefore, gave him one of his own swords, and Sir Norfolk beating an appeal with his right foot, bade his youthful opponent come on. Having gone through their salutes with the greatest formality, they commenced the combat with the utmost caution. Sir Norfolk acted chiefly upon the defensive, and contented himself almost entirely with parrying the thrusts aimed at him. Randulph soon found that he had a formidable antagonist to deal with, and altering his plan, tried to compel him to attack him. He made several feints with great dexterity, and just touched his adversary's breast with an inside thrust in carte, causing a slight effusion of blood. This had the effect of rousing the old baronet into exertion, and in his turn he became the assailant. He attacked Randulph with such force and fury, that he drove him back several paces. The young man returned to the charge, and pressed his adversary in his turn,

The Duel in Tothill Fields.

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so that he regained his ground; but while making a pass in carte, his sword was turned near the wrist by a dexterous and sudden lounge on the part of the baronet, whose point entered his side below the elbow, and inflicted a severe wound. Maddened by the pain, Randulph continued to fight desperately, but the seconds rushed between the combatants, and interposing their blades, declared that the strife must terminate, and that Sir Norfolk was the victor. The baronet immediately dropped his sword, and Randulph, whose strength had been fast failing, fell to the ground insensible.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

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## THE SONGS OF ITALY.—No. III.

BY EDWARD KENEALY, ESQ.

"Studiorum amænitates quærimus."—*Pliny.*

THERE is now lying beside me an Italian madrigal, which allegorizes the fleetness of beauty by a thought original and pretty. Without so much pretension as the Latin verses, or the fine poetic spirit of the English, it is, to my mind, a prettier little thing than either, and is, in sooth, entirely Italian. The first may be compared to those full-blown flowers which wave in the sunshine and delight the eye, while the other is like a modest violet hidden under a heap of leaves, which, while it pleases the sight, makes us *think* also:—

### Madrigale di Francesco de Lemene.

| LA BELEZZA. | BEAUTY. |
|---|---|
| Di se stessa invaghita e del suo bello<br>Si specchiava una rosa<br>In un limpido ruscello.<br>Quando d'ogni sua foglia<br>Un aura impetuosa<br>La bella rosa spoglia.<br>Cascar nel rio le foglie, il rio fuggendo<br>Se le porta correndo:<br>E così la beltà<br>Rapidissimamente oh Dio! seu va. | A Rose bent o'er a stream,<br>To watch her beauty's beam<br>Reflected on its glassy bosom;<br>The wind on wings of power<br>Came by, and smote the flower,<br>The waves bore off its shatter'd blossom.<br>So fleetly from our eyes<br>Our BEAUTY flies. |

All the world has united to praise the Abbé Metastatio's Hymn to Venus. But the world is at times a very good-natured, kind old gentleman, who praises and pampers without exactly knowing, or even caring, why. In the present instance, he has given a large quantity of commendation where it was by no means deserved to the extent awarded, for the Hymn in question is scarcely anything more than the *Pervigilium Veneris*, copied in miniature, with a few brilliant touches adroitly appropriated from the famous passage in Lucretius, commencing—

"Æneadum genetrix, hominum, Divumque, voluptas."

It is, however, a very charming little poem, and has not, I believe, been ever translated into English before. I give a version as literal as possible, nearly, indeed, line for line with the original. The English reader who feels any curiosity to see how cleverly the Abbé has copied Catullus, will find a most exquisite adaptation into our own language, of the *Pervigilium*, by the classic Parnell. It begins with very good advice:—

"Let those love now who never loved before,
Let those who always loved, now love the more."

## Metastatio. Hymn to Venus.

Scendi propizia
Col tuo splendóre,
O bella VENERE,
Madre d' AMORE.
O bella VENERE
Che sóla séi
Piacer degli riómini
E degli Dei.
Tu colle lúcide
Pupille care
Fai lieta e fertile
La terra e il máre.
Presso a' tuoi plácidi
Astri ridenti
Le nube fúggono
Fúggono i venti.
A te fioríscono
Gli erbosi práti
E i flutti ridono
Nel mar placáti.
Per te le trémule
Faci del ciélo
Dell' ombre squárciano
L' oscuro velo.
E allor che sórgono
In lieta schiéra
I grati ZEFIRI
Di primavéra.
Ta Dea salutano
Gli augei canóri
Che in petto accolgono
Tuoi dolci ardori.
Per te le timide
Colombe i fígli
In preda lasciano
De' fieri artigli.
Per te abbandonano
Dentro le táne
I partè teneri
Le tigri Ircane.
Per te spiégano
Le forme ascóse
Per te propágano
Le umane cose.
Vien dal tuo spírito
Dolce e fecondo
Ciò che d' amabile
Racchiude il mondo.
Scendi propizia
Col tuo splendóre
O bella VENERE
Madre d' AMORE.
O bella VENERE
Che sola séi
Piacer degli riómini
E degli Dei.

Beautiful VENUS,
Sweet mother of LOVE,
Descend with thy splendours
To us from above.
Beautiful VENUS,
The only delight
Of earth and of heaven,
Bend hither thy flight.
Thou that canst brighten
The coldest with mirth—
Thou that mak'st fertile
The ocean and earth—
Thou, whose glad planet
Dispels from the sphere
Tempest and darkness,
Be here—oh, be here!
When thine own star
Riseth bright in the skies,
Forth in the meadows
A thousand buds rise.
All the blue waters
Are hush'd to repose,
Sweetly in music
Each rivulet flows.
And the mild ether
Shines sweetly serene,
Like thine own countenance,
Sea-born Queen!
When in the summer
The ZEPHYR on wings
Laden with perfume
O'er flower'd earth springs,
Birds in the woodlands,
Inspired by thy flame,
Greet thee with melody,
Hymning thy name;
And the coy turtle-doves,
Fill'd with thy fire,
Leave their young to the vulture,
And yield to desire.
Wildly the tigers
Go forth from their lair,
Leaving their cubs
When thou urgest to pair.
Lovely enchantress,
The brightest—the best
In heaven or earth,
By thy sight make me blest.
Beautiful VENUS,
Sweet mother of LOVE,
Descend with thy splendours
To us from above!
Beautiful VENUS,
The only delight
Of gods and of mortals,
Bend hither thy flight!

I cannot follow an invocation to Venus, better than by giving an invocation to a pretty little girl with blue eyes, who is the subject of the following.

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## Una Barcarola Veneziana.

Sono inamorato
D'una Morettina:
Ladra assassina
Il cuore m' a rubbà:
Ahime! ch' io muoro,
E muoro per amore;
Un T, un I, un A, un M, un O.

A blue-ey'd nymph of beauty,
Who thinks her only duty
Is youthful hearts to steal;
Casting her spells around me,
In CUPID'S chains has bound me,
While hopelessly I kneel—
But, ah! there's no persuading
That cruel, blue-eyed maiden.
No tenderness she shews,
No pity lends my woes,
Though all my acts discover
I die because I LOVE her.

Tutte le donne
Le donne son crudele,
Son zenza cuore
E zenza fedeltà.
Ahime! ch' io muro
E muoro per amore;
Un T, un I, un A, un M, un O.

Disi me un puoco
Cosa vuol dire
Quello un T, un I,
Un A, un M, un O?—
Vuol dir ch' io t' amo
E sempre t' amero;
Un T, un I, un A, un M, un O.

The ladies all are cruel;
They value not the jewel
Of fond and faithful love;
Than ice their hearts are colder,
They dazzle the beholder,
But false and fickle prove.
And is there no persuading
A certain blue-eyed maiden?
No pity will she shew
To end my hopeless woe?
Though all my acts discover,
I love her, how I LOVE her.

Tell me, what mean these letters—
Are they not CUPID's fetters,
And shew they not I LOVE?
Answer me, pretty sweeting;—
Nay, nay, there's no retreating—
An inch you shall not move,
Until, my blue-eyed maiden,
You yield to my persuading;
I love thee—wildly love,
And by the stars above,
Time in his flight shall never
My heart from thine, love, sever.

And here I am warned to break off; but the following song is so wonderful, when coming from a poet, that I cannot defer its insertion. It is but rarely that we find those of the Parnassian *genus* indulging in religious reveries, and when we do, to neglect chronicling it is a serious injustice. It does some credit, really, to the tribe; for the world is too apt to suspect minstrels, of devotion to almost every other kind of pursuit than saying their prayers. Yet, in the instance of Gabriele Fiamma, we have for once, at least, a record of the fact, and I print it as one of those "Curiosities of Literature" which Mr. Israel D'Israeli has omitted to enrol in his common-place books. I hope no graceless gentleman will assert that, in this case, the poet was merely exercising his privilege of fiction:—

## Gabriele Fiamma.

Non è sì vaga alla stagion novella
L' ape dì puri ed odorati fiori
Allor che i novi preziosi umori
Industre porta ad arricher la cella.

Ne cervetta giammai leggiadra e snella
Dianzi seguita ne' riposti orrori
Di fieri veltri, da sospetto fuori
Si ratta corse all' acqua chiara e bella.

Com io son vago d' un ardente umore
Che versan gli occhi, allor che tema o zelo
Od altro affeto più m' accende in Dio:
Dìc allor ebbro di dolcezza il core;
Quanto è felice quei ch' alberga in cielo
S' egli ha gioja maggior del pianto mio?

Sweeter than SUMMER'S fair face
To the bee, which wanders from flower to flower,
To cull from each resting place
A treasure to store in her wild honey-bower.

Sweeter than FOUNTS crystal-clear
To the hound-chased hind, when at length she resteth
In her covert, and nought is near
Which her timid and panting spirit molesteth,

Are those burning tears I shed,
Thy grandeur and goodness, O sweet GOD adoring;
And my soul, with pinion outspread
Like an eagle, unto thy HEAVEN in thought is soaring.

Oh! is not their lot divine
Who bask in the untold bliss of THY Presence?
When mere passing tears, like mine,
Can charm my soul more than aught of earthly pleasaunce.

Its origin, however, may be accounted for by the supposition that it was the product of his old age, when, like Falstaff, he had resolved "to live cleanly and forswear sack." The moral Plato was so strongly of opinion that poetry and drinking should never be separated, that he declares the gods gave them to mankind to brighten their festivals and alleviate their cares. Οι θεοι οικτειραντες ανθρωπων επι πονον πεφυκος γενος, τας Μουσας και Απολλωνα και Διονυσον ξυνεορτασταϛ εδοσαν. [*De Legibus, Lib.* 2.] Or perhaps our friend Fiamma had exhausted his wine-cellar.

## CLOUD-LAND.

Oh! pleasant Cloud-land! many a structure fair
In thy romantic region have I rear'd,
When life was new, and countless paths appear'd
Leading to happiness. Even early care
(For it came early) scarcely could impair
Th' aërial masonry; rebuilt as fast,
As by unkind reality down-cast.
But then the springs of life began to wear,
Of life and hope. The toppling fabrics fell,
Each after other crush'd—the builder last,
Storm-beat to earth. But there I cannot dwell:
Too hard the soil—too keen the bitter blast—
The clime too treacherous—I must away
To the warm sunshine of "the perfect day."

C. S.

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## LINES—ADDRESSED TO THE LADY ELIZABETH LEVESON GOWER.

BY MRS. GORE.

I hail'd thee first a bright and gracious child,
Fair as though earth had gain'd an angel guest,
And by thine artless blandishment beguiled,
Pray'd thou might'st "still be fair and still be blest!"—
And those who idolized thine infant grace,
As with their own thy little hands entwined,
Drew back the silken ringlets from thy face,
And smiling, call'd thy destinies to mind!

For *thee* that prayer seem'd more than vain!—For *thee*
So loved,—so lovely,—so intelligent,—
The golden threads of human destiny
Seem'd in one rich and gorgeous tissue blent!
All that the pomp of high estate imparts,
All that the gauds of vanity enshrine,
And more,—far more,—the warmth of many hearts
Was lavish'd on that beauteous head of thine!

But 'twas for *this*, I bad thee "still be fair
And still be blest!"—A stern, unworldly eye,
Saw in such gifts the germ of future care,
And fatal ills in such idolatry!
For in the gay savannah's blossom'd ground,
Where brightest shines the sun and blooms the flower,
Mephitic vapours breathe perdition round,
And reptiles coil, and latent monsters cower!—

But Heaven hath guarded *thee*;—thy choice is made!
Holy of heart and mind,—serene of brow,—
The trembling blossom of some wild wood shade
Is not more spotless from the world than thou!—
To wish thee fairer,—better,—brighter,—were
A claim beyond the lot to mortals given;
Too many need thy gentle virtues here,
To spare thee yet unto the joys of Heaven!

# MARY O'BRIEN.

A TALE.

BY LADY HARRIETTE D'ORSAY.

PART II.—MAURICE MAHONEY.

On leaving old Alice's cottage, Mary had avoided the village, and taken a shorter road, leading through a deep, thickly-wooded ravine, at the bottom of which flowed, over a rocky bed, a rapid stream. She had hastened onward, unmindful of anything save anxiety to reach her destination, when her child began to cry, and she sat down to endeavour to soothe it. She herself, also, began to feel the effects of fatigue, and was glad to rest for a few moments. The sun had just set, and there was a loneliness and stillness about the scene and hour, interrupted only by the murmuring of the mountain stream, or the carol of some solitary bird, that brought back to Mary's mind scenes of past days that she would gladly have altogether banished from her recollection. But it is hard to drive away the obtrusive thought, and to hush the still, small voice of conscience within the breast. Mary, like most of the lower orders of Irish, was superstitious; and she could almost fancy, in that lonely spot, that she beheld the shade of one she half hoped, half feared was among the dead, hover round her, and fix on her the fierce dark eyes, under whose piercing glance she had so often quailed in life.

Instinctively she clasped her child, and thought of its father—the beloved one with whom she had linked her destiny—and then she remembered how rudely those links might be severed any moment; how all her earthly happiness depended on the fate of the man she hated; and, starting to her feet, was once more hastening homewards, when her arm was firmly grasped, and a voice inquired, in no very gentle tone—

"Young woman, can you tell me the nearest road to K——?" At this moment the falling of a leaf would have startled Mary; it is no wonder, then, that she was alarmed by the presence of a stranger in this lonely spot.

She turned quickly round, and her eyes met those of the inquirer, whose tall figure was enveloped in a large cloak. He was gazing intently on her face, and she, scarcely knowing why, felt as if spell-bound.

She made a rapid sign with her hand in the direction of K——, and was again hurrying forwards when the stranger once more seized her arm, and in a low, hollow voice, that seemed to come from the recesses of an overburdened heart, but which sounded like a peal of thunder in her ears, he whispered, "Mary!" It was enough; she reeled backwards, everything seemed to swim before her eyes, and she fell senseless on the ground. On recovering, she found herself reclining against a bank, and, for an instant, she hoped that what she had seen and heard were but the creations of her own foolish fancy; but on raising her eyes, she beheld the stranger standing but a few steps from her: his arms were folded across his breast, and there was in his countenance a look of savage determination, that made her blood freeze in her veins.

She endeavoured to rise and make her escape, but her strength failed her, and she sunk back on the same spot. Her companion smiled bitterly, and then drew near, and seated himself by her side. Mary's slight frame trembled, and again she made a desperate effort to rise, but he held her arm, and with a look that filled her with terror, he said—

"You wont have the throuble of tellin' me your story, Mary; some one's been before you there, and troth a mighty pleasant one it is for a husband's ears to listen to. Thank you for havin' a baby all ready for me ; shure that was very considerate of you."

These words were uttered in a tone of fierce and bitter mockery, that sent the blood rushing to Mary's heart. She almost mechanically pressed her icy lips to her infant's warm, rosy cheek. A smile played round its coral mouth, as it looked up in her face with a crow of delight. This caused her tears to flow, and she muttered in broken accents—

"Och, smile on, my little one, for you know not the weight of grief that's pressin' on my poor heart, and niver another smile or song will your poor mother have for you again! Dennis, my own darling, this will be a sore day for you!"

Maurice Mahoney fiercely grasped her arm, and said, in accents of smothered fury—

"Hould your audacious tongue, woman! or I'll dash you and your accursed brat down into the ravine yonder; and then what will your darling Dennis say?"

A deep groan was Mary's sole reply. Fain would she have lifted up a prayer to God; but she felt she was guilty, and had no right to claim his support and consolation at this trying hour. She had sinned against his holy law, and He hid his face in the hour of her calamity.

I have already said that Maurice loved her. She had been the object of a boyish passion, and though his love had been unrequited, and she had married him in fear of her life, yet he loved her still, and not even the roving life of a smuggler had been able to destroy his early impressions. His feelings of fury on finding her, on his return, the wife of another, may easily be imagined, and, unaccustomed to struggle against the violence of his passions, he thirsted for revenge, and was resolved, at all hazards, to obtain it.

But when in her deep despair, Mary turned upon him her soft blue eyes, faded and dim with weeping, a gleam of pity shot through his heart; he addressed her in gentler accents,—"Mary, you have grievously injured me, and you deserve nothing less than death at my hands; but I haven't in my heart, could and hard as you may think it, to harm a hair of your head ; besides, Mary, there's a holy tie between us, one that no human hands can break. You are my wedded wife! and, strange as it may seem, afther what I know of you, you're still as dear to my heart as when you were a bright, gladsome lass, bounding over the green near ould Alice Connor's cottage. Och, aroon! but you were a swate crathur thin—there wasn't in the wide world, let alone ould Ireland, anither like yourself! but, Mary, you never loved me; though I take Heaven and the blessed Virgin to witness, you were dear to me, and dearer than the life-blood of my heart,—and why couldn't you love me, darling ? When I was rough and fierce to all, wasn't I as gentle as a lamb to you?—and when your head ached, didn't

I pillow it as tenderly as you would that baby's yonder ?—and when there was a tear in your blue eye, didn't I wipe it away as kindly as if I were the mother that bare you ?—and what was there, had I been king of the world, I would not have given you, and gladly, too? Ah ! sure now, Dennis can't love you as I do!—tell me he doesn't, and I'll forgive you all."

Maurice had passed his arm round Mary's waist, but she started from his embrace, and covering her face with her hands, she exclaimed, passionately—

" Maurice Mahoney, treat me as you list!—hate me, curse me, murder me—but jist don't spake to me of loving me, for I can't bear it. I'd rather you'd dash me at once into the ravine there; and troth, maybe, it would be the best thing that could happen to me now."

Maurice's eyes sparkled with fury, but he subdued his indignant feeling, and said quietly,—" You're an ungrateful woman, and not worth the thinkin' about at all at all. I'm shure I was a fool ever to have cared for the like of you. I thought, for the sake of by-gone days, and your mother who's dead, I'd thry what kindness would do; but I see it's no use rasoning with you, poor wake crathur that you are; so just be so obligin' as to put your best foot foremost, and come along with me. We'll be off, plase the fates, this blessed night, in my little craft, and Masther Dennis may go a whistlin' for you, my jewil. As to this bonny babby, we may jist drop it at yer dour, or down the ravine."

Mary feared Maurice—she knew his fierce and reckless character, alike unmindful of God or man ; but when does not the deep love of a woman's heart overcome any selfish terrors? Her adoration for Dennis rose in proportion as her hatred for the man beside her increased. She clasped her baby firmly to her breast; and, turning her flashing eyes upon Maurice, said, with energy—

" Could-blooded man, you may talk of touchin' my babby, but I tell you, it will be at your peril, for I'll defend it with my life. As to my going away with you, I'll never stir one step with the likes of you. I never loved you. I married you, because I was a coward and feared you, and I have raped my reward ; for better would it have been to die a bloody death, than call such a one as you my husband ! And, if I must die, it will be near Dennis, in my own home, and on my own hearth ;—and now, Maurice Mahoney, you know my mind."

" I do," he replied, sullenly ; " but you have got to learn mine ; for as yet, I've spoken softly to you, for the sake of ould times ; but know, Mary, that none ever dared to brave me, and by the blessed Virgin, you shall not be the first to begin! So jist come along quietly, for it's no use strugglin'."

He put forth his powerful arm, and was about to sieze her, when she sprang forward, and, in a moment, stood on the verge of the precipice. She made signs to him that if he should venture to approach her with hostile intentions, she would dash herself down—and he felt that she would do so without hesitation. He remained standing at a few yards' distance, uncertain how to act. When he next addressed her, it was in a more conciliatory tone.

" Well, Mary, I see it's jist no use talkin' to you ; so, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. You've left your child here near me—(and he took it in his arms)—now I'll make a bargain with you. You say you want

to go back to Dennis—curses on him ! Well, and so you may; but if you're not here at this place by sunset to-morrow, it's little this crathur will see of its risin'—so you can take your choice. You know you're my wife; who cares whether or no you married me from choice? —you're mine in the sight of God and man ; and its only my wake nathur that lets you go back at all at all. Remember the bargain ; for, by the blessed Virgin, I'll be as good as my word ! and, as to Masther Dennis, let him look to himself."

The ghastly paleness that overspread poor Mary's face could even be perceived by the light of the moon, which had just risen. Her first impulse was to follow her child, no matter where ; but the thought that a vessel would tear her away from all she loved and valued, overcame every other feeling. Between this and the morrow, something might be done ; and so with a heavy heart, she parted from her babe.

"Fear nothin' in life for it! If you come back here to-morrow evening, you'll find the crathur as safe as when you left it ; but if not—" and Maurice significantly passed his hand across his throat, and disappeared in the thicket.

How Mary got home, it is impossible to say—her brain was on fire —and she rushed onwards, scarcely knowing whither her feet were carrying her. When the village doctor arrived, he found her in a most alarming state: the extreme excitement and anguish of mind had brought on violent fever and delirium—for two days she lay without recognising any one round her. She frequently called on Dennis and her child, which made him dread that some fatal accident had occurred ; but researches were made in vain.

The third day, however, she fell into a deep sleep, and woke apparently composed and refreshed. Her cheeks were no longer flushed, and her eyes had lost the wild and fearful brilliancy which fever had lent them for a time.

Dennis was seated beside his wife's bed, watching over her with the most unwearied solicitude: the deep anxiety he felt for the fate of their child, and the fears he entertained for the life of her he loved so fondly, had produced a sad alteration in poor Dennis O'Brien's once happy and healthful countenance.

" You look ill, Dennis asthore," said Mary, affectionately gazing on her husband's face ; " what ails you, darling ?"

" Oh, nothin', nothin', mavoureen"—for he had been forbidden to allude to the disappearance of the infant till his wife was quite restored to health and strength—" nothin', that seeing you yourself again wont cure ; and thank God, you're gettin' round now."

" Yes, yes, Dennis, dear—I'm well enough now;" and Mary sighed, for the remembrance of past events was fast returning on her brain— it was too much for her exhausted frame, and for some moments she was unable to speak. At length she ventured to ask, in a faint, trembling voice, whether the sun was set—for she had no recollection of how long she had been ill.

" No, jewel, not yet, and it's as fine an evenin' as you'd wish to see ; it would do your heart good if you could feel how soft the air blows in from our little garden."

A bright smile, for a moment, illumined Mary's pale face ; and she said—" God be praised—then it's all right! I must get up, Dennis, darling."

"Not to-day, dear—you're not well enough; to-morrow, perhaps."

"That wont do—I must get up to-day—this moment!"

And then the thought that she was probably leaving her beloved Dennis for ever, rushed upon her with overpowering force; and fixing her eyes intently on him, she sunk into his arms, bursting into a torrent of tears.

"Och, Dennis, jewel! if iver I've grieved you by my foolishness and odd ways—if iver I've made your precious heart ache, forgive me!—forget it, darling!—and when I'm far away—when, maybe, some one else, younger and purter than me is sittin' by your hearth, singin' to you the songs I've thried to divart you with—och, pulse of my heart! then just remember me, for I loved you, Heaven knows, only *too* well!"

"What do you mane, Mary asthore? what are you talkin' about? Sure you're not goin' to lave me—you'll be as well and as lively as iver in a day or two."

But Mary slowly and sorrowfully shook her head.

"The sun's goin' down, and I must be gone!"

Dennis thought her senses still wandered, and endeavoured to compose her; but, when he said, "Sure, Mary, afther havin' been three days in bed with a fever, you cannot think of goin' out"—she shrieked wildly, and exerting her utmost strength, sprang from the bed, and rushed out of the house. She never stopped running frantically on, till she reached the spot where she had met Maurice. In vain Dennis endeavoured to arrest her progress. She was armed with a strange supernatural energy, that rendered every effort to detain her fruitless. The spot was quite solitary—and a sort of desperate hope came over Mary, that it was all a hideous dream, and that she and Maurice Mahoney had never met. But this illusion was of short duration.

Near the bank where she had been seated three days before, lay the corpse of her beautiful child. Alice's words had come true—there was blood, innocent blood, between her and Dennis; and the punishment, deep, bitter punishment, had followed the offence.

* * * * *

Years have elapsed since the events recorded in my tale took place. The long grass now grows over the head of Dennis O'Brien. He died soon after the dreadful catastrophe before related. Maurice Mahoney was shipwrecked, in attempting to escape after the crime he had committed. Old Alice sleeps with her fathers, and Mary, poor Mary!—has she survived the wreck of all her hopes—of all her happiness? Alas!—

> "Life's strange principle will often lie
> Deepest in those who long the most to die."

She lived on, if it could be called life, for her reason was completely gone ever since the dreadful shock she had received. Some pitied her—many blamed her; but she heeded not their pity or their blame.

Faithful to him she had loved, she still sat at Dennis's grave, and suffered none to disturb, as she thought, his repose. Year after year rolled on, and found her still watching there. She is now unheeded, and if any stranger asks who is that wild-looking woman, sitting on that grave, a careless answer is given—"*Only poor Mary!*" That lonely, neglected grave is now the only home of the once lovely and happy Mary O'Brien!

# NERO.

*(From the German of Friedrich Von Sallet.*)*

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

THE buildings of old Rome, so darkly gray,
Stand forth gigantic in the spangled sky;
The billows of the Tiber gently play,
While o'er the stream a gondola† flits by.

And in it a fair youth, with yellow tresses,
Whose heart with anxious expectation burns—
Stretch'd at his ease, a gorgeous cushion presses,—
His breath sounds wildly, and is check'd by turns.

'Tis Nero—not with Empire's circlet crown'd—
That were too heavy for his tender head—
His temples with a wreath are lightly bound,
Form'd of soft roses, delicately red.

Why at Rome's mansions is his glance so keen?
He shrinks, and yet delay he cannot bear.
He trembles—sighs—"Oh, will it ne'er begin?"—
His heart beats wildly with voluptuous fear.

Mark, now, that flash—through the blue sky 'tis shining—
Now rises sparkling, a bright flame—behold!
And there!—and there! like serpents are they twining,—
Now, from a thousand mansions are they roll'd.

Around the heavens with deep red colour glow,
And in the river, smoke and flame are glass'd—
A double arch of fire, above, below,
Of fearful beauty, as in one mould cast.

And in the centre of that burning sphere,
Rock'd softly on the stream, is seen the boat;
There shining amphora and cup appear,
And on the wine light sprigs of roses float.

And Nero—like an angry god, his mood—
Who o'er his world, fiercely destroying, reigns—
Terrific pleasure wantons with his blood—
Now lashes it, now curbs in icy chains.

To see his slaves, in graceful postures, torn
By raging beasts, as in some pictured fight—
The sight has grown too common to be borne,
His slacken'd nerves it scarcely can excite.

To satisfy a feverish desire,
The lord of earth for nobler pastime calls;—
Perhaps it may his weaken'd bosom fire,
If the world's capital before him falls!

* Born in 1812. He is a very beautiful poet, and I only regret that I have not been able to find corresponding words to the magnificent compounds which appear in the above poem. The sense, however, will be found correctly given.—J. O.

† So in the original: "Gondel."

See, round his wreath a fiery circlet plays—
Mark, the red glare upon his brow is glancing,—
His eye beams brightly—mark his ardent gaze—
Behold his slender fingers feebly dancing.

Over the lute-strings must they trembling stray
Ere he can pluck them into vig'rous sound,
And make them follow Homer's mournful lay,
How flames have levell'd Ilion with the ground.

That song the Emp'ror has sung o'er and o'er—
That song of fate his breast has often stirr'd;
But never did he know its force before
As now, when 'mid his blazing Rome, 'tis heard.

The soft Greek music now with anger swells—
Fiercely as yonder flames it rolls along;
And while he lists to yonder anguish'd yells,
He feels the giant beauty of the song.

And now his tears reflect those flames so bright—
The gush of song is nearly check'd by weeping,—
The joys of art and nature here unite—
He sinks, a weakening rapture o'er him creeping.

Now is the half of Rome in ashes sunk,
And every shriek and flash has ceased at last—
The song breaks lightly, and with pleasure drunk*—
Is hush'd—and many a life has with it pass'd!

O, thou world's empire!—has it come to this?
His own Rome must a Roman emp'ror burn—
That he the lofty pleasure may not miss,
Of giving a Greek song its proper turn?

Behold, the Emp'ror of the heathen nations,
Now, dancing to the lute, soft vestment wears—
Now tumbles, juggles, spouts forth declamations;
The ball of earth, as 'twere a toy, he bears.

And if it please him, like a wanton boy,
He lets it to a thousand pieces shiver,
Merely that, with some new and untried joy,
The weakling's slacken'd nerves once more may quiver.

On the next day, with seeming wrath, he cries—
"It was the Nazarenes—let them be slain!"
Thus, after novel tragedies he flies—
They follow his new melody of pain.†

This time, terrific weakling, thou strik'st home!
More surely far than thy dull mind can know;
But to the worn-out profligate, old Rome,
Who is it gives the last, the mortal blow?

Canst guess? Thy throne on crumbling foot is standing—
The Nazarenes are forced to bear the cross;
But once a symbol, all the world commanding,
Shall stand upon thy capital—the CROSS!‡

* "Wollust-trunken." † Schmerz-melodié.
‡ The second and fourth lines of the original end, in the same manner, with "Kreuz."

## "GROCERY ORDERS" AND "TAKING THE BENEFIT."

BY UNCLE SAM.

THE value of "hard Jackson money," or cash, in New York State and Pennsylvania, particularly in the latter, is sometimes very ludicrous. A respectable tradesman will not hesitate to confess that he is minus a dollar, but then he adds—"I have considerable of *grocery orders*;"—memoranda of credit on various stores. These orders are very troublesome to a stranger. They constitute a species of barter, without the fairness belonging to a real exchange of commodities. The first order I received was on a hat store, and not being aware of the usual plan of proceeding, I exhibited my seven-dollar order *previous* to purchasing a hat, and obtained a very bad one, besides, I have no doubt, being laughed at "for being so slow." My second order was on a shoe store, and I was scarcely less unfortunate. Thinking to drive my bargain before I produced the order in payment, I lowered the price of a pair of boots at least a dollar, according to the established custom, but did not take notice that the merchant made use of the word *cash*, of which he reminded me when I offered the order, and our bargain was at an end. Cash, he said, was so valuable, that he must have at least half a dollar more for the boots, if he took the order, and, accordingly, I had to pay the difference; but as I complained of this arrangement, he civilly observed, that he would give me a piece of advice worth more than the balance—namely, *always to buy boots and shoes wholesale, a quarter of a dozen at a time.*

When citizens who are insolvents release themselves by law from their debts, they are said to "take the benefit"—a very simple matter, as they have only to give a short notice, and swear they are not worth anything beyond clothing, necessary furniture, and the instruments of their trade. Persons sometimes *take the benefit* without shutting up their stores. Clerks *take the benefit* at the moment of getting into a good situation, or obtaining an increase of salary, and the commissioners of the Insolvent Court make no arrangement for any future payment. Some *take the benefit* for a hundred dollars, although in the receipt of a thousand a year. All classes *take the benefit*, and but comparatively few are ashamed of it; the senator who introduced the law into one of the State legislatures *took the benefit*—of his own act!

These explanatory remarks on "grocery orders" and "taking the benefit" are necessary to elucidate the following anecdotes.

A *bos* (master) jeweller trusted a young man, a clerk in Philadelphia, with goods destined to be a present to his future wife. The young man married, and then *took the benefit*, and the jeweller had to pay for the goods which he had only obtained on credit. He, however, went to an attorney (Philadelphia lawyers are famous all over the States), and was advised to proceed against the young man, on the ground that his wife still held the goods. The attorney took the case into court, but failed in the suit, and sent in a bill for two hundred dollars to the jeweller, who then *took the benefit* to pay the attorney! This was certainly puzzling a Philadelphia lawyer with a vengeance.

The next anecdote on this subject is of a lover, and might be introduced into an American farce with some effect. A young man, an artist and engraver, of Philadelphia, was deeply enamoured of a

beautiful girl who was an indented apprentice to her uncle, a very stern *bos,* who wished her to marry an old Virginian, to whom he was under some obligation. The lover tried in vain to obtain the uncle's consent to the marriage, without a stipulated payment of two hundred dollars for the remaining term of the "lady's" apprenticeship. He would readily have paid the sum, but his inamorata refused her assent to it, observing that he should never have to say he *purchased* her; she was determined not to be sold, although she confessed it was *very* hard —truly heartrending—to remain any longer in single wretchedness. What was then to be done in such an extremity? Young Jonathan schemed a plan very readily, and immediately put it in practice. He went to the bos uncle:—

"Is the bos within?"

"You see me, I expect."

"Well now, once for all, how much will you take to let Miss Clementina off, right away?"

"Two hundred dollars, hard Jackson, and no grocery orders."

"I guess I'll give you a hundred."

"No; don't want to part with her."

"Take a hundred and fifty, dead on the nail, and safe as a hickory pole, two hours after the wedding."

"No; it don't convene."

"Give you one hundred and seventy, no ways slow."

"It'll take two hundred to stir me, and *they* can *hardly.*"

"Well, darn it, you're too hard; but I want the young lady at once, to keep house, and so you shall have the two hundred."

The agreement was made, and the young couple married; but the Jackson money was not forthcoming according to promise, and the artist *took the benefit;* thus obtaining his wife without buying her, or, at least, without paying for her, while the bos uncle was swindled out of two hundred dollars, and the old Virginian disappointed of a blooming bride of seventeen.

"Taking the benefit" in one State does not exonerate the party from his debts in any of the other States; he must go through the process in every State where his creditors live, or he is not free from arrest; and it requires a residence of six months as a freeman, or of three months as a prisoner, before any one can take the benefit in some of the States. If we suppose the case of an insolvent who owes money in all the twenty-four States of the Union, and who has to travel through them, and if we take the incarceration for an insolvent stranger to be three months in each State, this will give an imprisonment of *six years* previous to an independent citizen, "in a state of indebtedness," becoming perfectly free to travel. This is an *extreme* case, of course; but the imprisonment of New Yorkers in the States of New Jersey and Pennsylvania is of frequent occurrence. There are hundreds of insolvents in New York, who dare not cross the North River into New Jersey (except on Sundays), through fear of being arrested, and having to *take the benefit* a second time! This is an example of the disadvantages (of which there are many) arising from the *union* of "free, sovereign, and *independent* States."

I was taking breakfast one Monday morning at an hotel in Jersey city, when I heard two individuals conversing on the subject of a Mr. Maddison Oppenheit, of New Jersey, having "gone considerably ahead" of a

Mr. Skalder, of New York. It appeared the Jerseyman had met the Yorker in the charming sylvan walks of the Elysian fields, on the bank of the noble Hudson, New Jersey, tasting a spring of remarkably pure water, which gushes out of a rock into an artificial basin lately constructed; and in the course of conversation, the Yorker informed the Jerseyman that he had *taken the benefit* in York State—a little piece of legality, which threatened to cost his old friend, the Jerseyman, a certain number of dollars and cents. Cool and calculating was the Jerseyman, when he invited his friend to take certain slings (spirits and water) at the nearest hotel. His object in so doing was to see if any possibility existed of recovering any dividend on his debt; but before the last boat left the Hoboken Slip for the New York Quay, he found the slings were making rapid inroads on the nervous system of his friend, and he then considered it a duty he owed his own family to make the Yorker so intoxicated as to be unable to leave New Jersey that night; the consequence of which would be, that the next morning he would become an easy prey to the harpies of the law, who, at the Jerseyman's requisition, would pounce down upon him (with all the gravity of the Commonwealth, and the full power of the "Squire"* to help it on), and compel him either to pay his debt or *take the benefit* a second time. When the Yorker was quite "up Salt River"—decidedly intoxicated—he went to sleep "for a space," and the Jerseyman abstracted certain papers from his pocket, passing current under the general term of grocery orders—to wit, one order on a hat store, ditto on a hardware merchant, ditto on a shoe importer, ditto on a china ditto, ditto on a toy merchant, ditto on the "Lady Jackson" omnibus, a first-rate republican conveyance; and ditto on an ice company, besides three (comic, and not grocery) orders for the boxes of the Franklin Theatre. These orders, after a memorandum had been taken of them, were carefully deposited in the Yorker's pocket, and the Jerseyman, whistling—

"A Yankee boy is slim and tall, and seldom over fat, sir,"

retired to rest, with a full determination to "go ahead" of the Yorker the next morning.

"It takes *me*," said he, muttering to himself, "to do a thing of this kind in a scientific manner, and *I* can *hardly*."

The next morning, after breakfast, the Jerseyman went "right ahead clean past the bows" of the Yorker, in the following style:—

"As—I'm—a—living man, you don't clear out."

"I swear I've took the benefit."

"But not in this State; you've taken it in York State, but you can't make this Jersey city into a spoke of Manhattan† Island; there's the North River between them, and Hudson will divide New Jersey for ever from the Yorker's stony location. Think of that, and see how my flint's fixed. I have you at a short distance, with a sure aim; and

* Each ward of a town or city has a stipendiary magistrate, called the "Squire," who sits at a small desk in a small office, and without any coadjutor, gives verdicts on civil actions, and even issues warrants for imprisonment, in default of instant bail, for a pecuniary debt.

† The island on which the city of New York is built. The term "island" is barely appropriate, as it is only a broad rivulet that entitles the site to it.

as—I'm—a—living—man, you sha'n't clear until the account between us is as clean scooped out as a whistle, whittled ever so fine."

"I swear this is too bad. Why, you wouldn't have me take the benefit twice over, would you?"

"On no account, no way. You've taken the York benefit, and now pay me my Jersey debt. Come, down with it—either the hard Jackson, or a check; but if it's a check, be very particular how you draw it. See that you punctuate it so that the cashier can read *assets*. If he can't see that plain, you'll find yourself as difficult to move as a ton of brick mixed up with mortar. What do you say now, you are on the floor? Shall I write you a receipt, or introduce you to the Squire?"

"I swear—"

"No, you don't. I've known you fifteen years, and you never swear, but are always saying you do so. Leave it off; it ain't true."

"Keep your advice in store till there's a demand for it. I swear I've neither cash in hand nor shin-plasters* in bank. If you find me State lodgings you'll not get a cent, for I'm H. U. H. J."

"Are you? Howoo?"

"*Hard up for hard Jackson.*"

"Well then, mister, I'll just trouble you to walk to the Squire. He'll give me an order to take the change out in prisoning you; and when you *are* prisoned, you can amuse yourself all day with an immortal longing after the outside, and a confused idea of wishing to see universal nature generally."

"You're only trying this on now, ain't you? You wouldn't prison an old friend because he got up Salt River with you in the Elysian fields? And I swear I guess you made me row up on purpose. Come now, let me off, and I'll give you a grocery order for a hat."

"Look here, mister. I estimate you have more than a majority of orders to pay my debt; and I'll take them in exchange for a receipt. But I'll have my choice, or it's no reckoning. I can calculate your orders without seeing them. Give me an order on a hat store, another on a hardware merchant, and one on a shoe importer. Let's see, said Pug! Why, I guess my old woman wants some queen'sware; so give me a middling-sized order on a China importer,—and a small one on a toy merchant,—and a leetle one on the "Lady Jackson" omnibus,—three box orders for some genooin good comedian's benefit,—and a small one on an ice company; but this must be a very leetle one,—only as large almost as the fine end of nothing whittled down to a point."

"Why, that's every order I have. I swear you must have known it."

"Yes, setting on a rail, very fast asleep. Out with them! and if you're loafing my way,—Third Avenue, corner of Liberty and Locofoco,—step in for a sling, will you? I'll keep it cool with the change out of this ice order. As—I'm—a—living—man, this beats Bunker's Hill! The *very* identical, particular, individual orders I calculated upon!"

"I swear this is almost as confounded a smash, as beating a pumpkin squash with a ten-pin bowl. Give me a chance, and then see how I'll walk round you for this. You estimate, I'm flummuxed; but I swear I'll substaquilate you *some* when the day is hot enough for it!"

* Bank-notes.

## THE ANGEL OF THE FLOWERS.

BY T. J. OUSELEY.

She comes adown the pale blue depths of heaven;
Above her head, an undimm'd wreath of light
Spans the deep ether dome. In either hand
A vase of frosted silver, whence arises
Transparent clouds of incense. On her head
A coronal of snow-drops, like gemm'd tears
New fallen from sad loving spirits' eyes.
Her spotless wings, like sun-illumined snow,
Fan the ambrosial air, as seedlings rise
In beauty infantine, spreading their leaves
To catch the luscious sighs. She comes,
To kiss her sister May.
Who, robed in hawthorn, white,
Like a young fairy sprite,
Sings her enchanted lay:
The honeysuckle bells
The air with perfume swells;
And from the woodland spray
The songster's joy-notes trill,
As the low whispering rill
Breathes forth its calming music till the close of day.

The beauteous pansies rise
In purple, gold, and blue,
With tints of rainbow hue
Mocking the sunset skies;
The modest violets,
Under the hedge-row sets,
Lift up their soft blue eyes;
And the meek daisies shew
Their breasts of satin snow,
Bedeck'd with tiny stars of gold 'mid perfume sighs.
Moon-dyed primroses spread
Their leaves, her path to cheer,
As her step draweth near;
And the bronzed wall-flowers shed
Rich incense; summer hours
Are by the sweet bell-flowers
Ushered to life, and fed
By the young zephyr's wing,
Who elfin music ring,
Luring the bees from out their thyme-wove fragrant bed.

From their calm limpid cells
Fair Naiades arise,
With laughing, sunny eyes;
Casting their witching spells
The beauteous one to greet,
And lave her iv'ry feet;
At their bright crystal wells
Young buds pout forth their leaves—
Earth a green garland weaves—
New life, and joy, from nature's lovely bosom swells.

She comes with smiles upon her blushing cheek—
With fragrance breathing from her rosy lips;
A paragon of beauty—a desire—
An angel she of gladness * * * *

## THE COQUETTE'S WEEK.

*Sunday.*—A very tiresome day to get through. Went to hear the fashionable preacher at St. ——'s, just to shew the new bonnet Maradan sent me home yesterday for the Zoological Garden. The preacher is really very good-looking. Unluckily, his eye caught mine in the midst of the sermon, and the poor man was quite upset; I even think his voice trembled slightly. I dare say he inquired who I was the moment service was over. It is very unfortunate, that wherever I go, and whichever way I look, I am sure of causing mischief. . . . . Very delightful though, to increase the number of one's conquests. I shouldn't like to marry a parson, and be expected to wear nothing but slate-coloured silks. Horrid! . . . . If a bishopric were in view, it might be worth consideration. All the women began to whisper the moment I entered the church; my new bonnet set them on fire with envy and admiration. Two very soldierlike young men in the nearest pew could not attend to the sermon for looking at me: they were evidently struck by my profile, which is seen to advantage in that bonnet. I had a great mind to pull the veil down, in order to vex them, but refrained for fear of causing a scene. I hate making a scene, and being conspicuous. A sandy-whiskered man, with a militaried coat, seemed to have a mind to follow us home. Saw him speak to our footman. What insolence! Desired John to tell me what he had said; found he was asking the way to Oxford Street. I must give up church, if all this goes on.

Drove to the Zoological Garden, with Colonel A——, his wife, and his brother. The A——s, being newly married, like to walk together; so young A—— fell to my share. It is a bad speculation for Mrs. A—— to be seen so near me; I can't think why she's so friendly, considering how her complexion looks beside of mine. Young A—— is very stupid. I believe the poor fellow is over head and ears in love with me; but it wont do. He is too shy ever to have said a word, or even given a look, to imply it; but I can always guess at these sort of things. I was more admired here than even at church; the crowd followed whichever way I went. That blockhead A—— said it was all to look at the giraffe. Quere—is this from *dépit amoureux*, or downright stupidity? It is quite certain that I am the belle of the season—the cynosure of all eyes. Saw Theodore in the distance: he looked very sad and woe-begone. I suppose he wanted to watch me from afar. I pretended not to see him, and dealt my smiles and bows right and left, without ever taking the least notice of him. He will call this coquetry, I dare say; but I am resolved to cure him of his jealous fits, before I let him hope to obtain my hand. Persuaded the A——s to leave sooner than we had meant, on pretence of being tired, in order to provoke Theodore. Many of those who couldn't get to see me must have been greatly disappointed. Dined out. The stout gentleman opposite me could not eat a mouthful. Quite struck by my beauty. He affected to have a swelled face—the excuse might do with others—but I knew better.

*Monday.*—The anniversary of the day I left off mourning for my late husband. Poor soul! I felt quite low-spirited, thinking about him. Drove out shopping, to get rid of my thoughts. Widow's mourning is dreadfully unbecoming, though I stood it better than most people. Captain S—— said I was the prettiest widow he ever saw. I wonder why he did not propose? If I lose a second husband, I positively will not wear a cap—hair *à la chinoise* might do instead. Went to the jeweller's: he shewed me a beautiful diamond necklace he has just completed. My dear departed gave me nothing but cameos. I must manage better next time. The rich banker M—— could certainly buy the set if I accepted him; but he has

such a red nose! All those moneyed men are such frights! As I was purchasing a pair of earrings, a gentleman came into the shop about a chain. I could see that he was very much struck by my appearance, though I scarcely turned my head to look at him. He was extremely good-looking, and dressed in the most fashionable manner. I was wondering who he could be, when I perceived that he was tormented by a similar curiosity with regard to myself, and took the opportunity of my crossing to the opposite counter, to inquire of the jeweller, in a low voice, "who that beautiful woman was?" I gave him time to ask several questions, and being determined to outstay him, I pulled about a quantity of trinkets, and pretended to see nothing that pleased me. He evidently prolonged his purchase as long as propriety admitted, and went away with seeming reluctance. I perceived he spoke to my footman, who was standing at the door.

"Do you know that gentleman?" said I, with great indifference, to the jeweller.

"Here is his card, madam. It's an Irish baronet, whom I never saw before, Sir Honorius O'Bryan."

The name was not new to me; my uncle the major, who lives in Dublin, has often mentioned him. I wished that I had known it sooner, and spoken to him; but I said nothing, and left the shop. Really Sir Honorius is very handsome. Felt afraid to question John, after yesterday's mistake, but at last curiosity got the better of my scruples, and I said, half angrily, "What was that gentleman saying to you?"

"Please, ma'am," said John, grinning, "he says as how he comes from Major Ashton's, and wanted to know your direction to call with a message, ma'am."

"You are not very clear, John," said I; "it's no doubt all a blunder."

"May be, ma'am," said John, shutting the carriage door.

"But I hope not," thought I, "for this is a conquest worth attempting."

In the evening went to Mrs. Sprightly's quadrille party. Dressed myself in blue, because Theodore hates that colour, and I was determined to shew him how well I look in it. To my great disappointment, he was not there. On inquiring for him of Mrs. Sprightly, she said she thought he must be in love, as he had lately grown quite unfit for society.

Danced in every quadrille—three times with Frank. Half my partners were in love before the evening concluded.

Quere—can Theodore be unfaithful after all? I think I must be a little more gracious next time.

*Tuesday.*—Dear delightful Sir Honorius called to pay me a morning visit. He found me *en negligé*; but some think I look best so, and if I am to judge by the compliments he paid me, he seems likely to be of the same opinion. He brought me a letter from the major—not a very long one, as usual, but full of recommendations of his friend, to whom Hector and Achilles were mere schoolboys, he says, in point of valour. As for his personal qualifications, he disdains to mention them, but leaves it to my discernment to find out how handsome he is. To be sure he speaks with a strong brogue, but that I don't much mind. I shewed him my portrait by Chalon, which he pronounced "a jewel of a picthur;" and I told him that I was sitting to another painter, in which I should be represented in a Polish costume which I had worn at the last fancy ball. I observed to him, by the way, that I never allowed any of my male friends to be present in the artist's studio; whereupon he instantly said he hoped that did not extend to himself; and on my asking him why, with a very vacant and innocent look, he answered that he wished to be considered something more than a friend. This was very pointed for a first visit. I never saw a man come to so quickly. I replied, that I would not tell him that the artist

lived in B—— Street, for fear he should put his threats into execution. Then he laughed a great deal, and said I was a charming "crathur;" and when he took his leave, (fearful he should forget it,) I called after him—"I give you leave to try any number but twenty-three, but mind I forbid you that."

In the evening I went to the opera, with a party of friends, to hear *il divino* Rubini. Our box was next to the stage. It was allowed on all hands, that never had *il divino* sung with such overpowering torrents of passionate earnestness. The secret of it was known only to myself. I breathed it not, nor would I for the world cause the Signora Rubini the least uneasy feeling of jealousy; but he saw *me*, and the emotion he felt was at once discernible in the tremor of his voice. It was not to Grisi, who stood by him, but to me alone, that he addressed those melodious outpourings, that came gushing forth like the full swell of an Eolian harp, then melted away into a sort of ecstatic whisper. I felt my cheeks glow beneath his ardent gaze; it seemed as if the eyes of the whole house were directed towards me. Mrs. D——, who sat next me, asked me if I didn't enjoy the opera? I replied, with some embarrassment, that I pitied poor Rubini very much. Whereupon her brother, who sat behind me, laughed, and said he thought him, on the contrary, one of the luckiest of fortune's children; "and," said he, "to parody a great man's saying, I may add, that if I were not myself I would be Rubini."

I bowed to acknowledge what I took as a compliment, and again turned my attention towards the stage. Grisi, I thought, looked daggers at me, whether for diverting the attention of the audience, or for absorbing her stage lover's admiration, I cannot decide. I had been too much excited by the opera to stay out the whole of the ballet, so I begged Frederick (Mrs. D——'s brother) to hand me to my carriage.

"It is too bad of you to go away," replied Frederick, "when the Persian princes have been trying to catch a glimpse of your face for the last half-hour."

"I think they are looking at Queen Adelaide," said Mrs. D——, "and hoping for a bow of recognition."

"Nonsense!" said Frederick, who I thought gave his sister some sort of a sign; "do you think that I can't see which way they are looking? This is not the first time they have spied out a certain houri visible two nights in the week, even when the weather is not fair."

"It is time for me to retire," said I, rising; "I do not wish to occasion any more mischief;" and without listening to anything further, I had the door of the box opened, and Frederick was obliged to give me his arm to escort me down stairs, saying, in a bantering tone, "Have you done so much already?" I did not choose to enter into any explanation, and therefore left him to imagine what he pleased. I drove home, and retired to bed, in order to keep my good looks unimpaired by any further fatigue, against sitting for my picture to-morrow.

*Wednesday.*—Went to the artist's with Mrs. W——, who usually accompanies me on these occasions. The artist is an interesting young man, with a pale, pensive countenance, and a look of genius. He seems unhappy. I hope I have not unconsciously given him any hopes, by now and then smiling when he has fixed his looks intently upon me. No trial is so dangerous as taking the likeness of a handsome person; we dwell on each feature till—— Well! let me hope the poor young man has sufficient nerve to carry him through his arduous profession. I really pity painters exceedingly.

Every knock that came to the door while I was sitting made me start and turn round, in hopes that it was Sir Honorius. The painter, after

begging me to have the kindness to keep in the same attitude, asked me if I expected any one.

"O dear no!" I replied, "it would annoy me excessively if any one but dear Mrs. W—— were in the room."

He assured me that orders were always given to that effect, and that no one should be allowed to disturb me. All those who came while a sitter was with him were requested either to wait, or to call again at an hour when he was disengaged. I began to be afraid that Sir Honorius would be actually sent away, but was relieved at length by hearing his voice in the hall, loudly insisting on being shewn up stairs. "I think," said I, "that is Sir Honorius O'Bryan; and as he is a particular friend—not of mine, but of my uncle," I added, seeing a faint smile pass over the painter's countenance, "I—should be sorry if he were turned away."

The painter flew to open the door, and met Sir Honorius, who, nowise daunted by the servant's remonstrances, had made a forcible irruption as far as the landing. He fell into ecstacies at the sight of the Polish dress, and called up a deep flush on the artist's countenance, by asking him whether he was not in love with the beautiful original of the picture? He then examined the different portraits that were about the room, making his remarks on each with so much drollery and originality that he kept me in a constant laugh, to the great scandal, as it appeared, of Mrs. W——, and the no small annoyance of the painter, who at length said, he found it quite impossible to proceed any further that day. And he appealed to Mrs. W——, to say if she thought it possible he could do either me or himself justice, when I denied him the privilege of seeing any part of my face.

"It's myself shall do justice any way to that beautiful face," said Sir Honorius, bounding forward with a leap that overturned the easel, and giving me so hearty a kiss that it resounded through the unfurnished room in a manner that quite distressed me. Mrs. W—— looked horrified—the painter utterly surprised and confounded, and I was really so ashamed that, profiting by his stooping to pick up the painting, I wished him good morning in an inaudible tone, and left the room. After my friend and myself had got into the carriage, Sir Honorius waited for no invitation, but jumped in after us, when Mrs. W—— said to me, in the most serious manner,—"If you have so little dignity as to allow that man to enter your carriage, after his ungentlemanly behaviour, it is no reason for me to degrade myself by bearing with his company—I shall walk," she added, finding that I made no attempt to eject my boisterous admirer; and ordering John to open the carriage door, she actually got down, without even wishing me good morning.

Mem. 1. Mrs. W—— shall never go with me to the painter's again.

Mem. 2. When I am Lady O'Bryan, I shall cut her acquaintance.

*Thursday.*—Found several notes on the table when I came down to breakfast, amongst which was one written on beautiful vellum paper, and instead of the usual envelop, it was wrapped in a piece of brocaded silk. It smelt divinely of otto of roses. I read as follows:—

"Lovely Houri,—Your eyes are like two flaming stars that have scorched up my heart.

"Your face is like the full moon that illumines the countenance of a dying man, whom love for you has reduced to the last extremity.

"Your lips are roses, that I long to water with the dewy tears of my hopeless passion, and your teeth are pearls of equal value with those I shall be proud to lay at your feet, in the form of two bracelets, if you condescend to smile on the homage of one of the

"Persian Princes."

Reflected a long while as I sipped my coffee. Sir Honorius would, of course, propose—indeed he had almost done so yesterday, in the carriage; but here was the chance of a throne.

Mem. Must get the interpreter to tell me if there are any balls and plays in Persia, before I give an answer.

Paid some visits. Came home, and wrote to Mr. J. B. F——r, to tell him that before I gave a decided answer to the Prince, I must know what sort of jointure I was to expect. Also, begged him to tell me as a friend, which of the two princes was in love with me.

Went to a *soirée dansante*. Danced twice with Frederick, who was unusually gay. Smiled at Theodore, as he passed me. He is really very handsome; and if he were rich, I should take pity on him. Quere, is he still so angry at what he calls my levity, that he would not speak to me? Made a conquest of Colonel N——, who took me down to supper.

Dreamt of Persian Princes.

*Friday.*—Went to keep a stall at the fancy fair. Threw all the other stall-keepers into the shade. Everybody came to look at me. Forced all my male acquaintance to buy something, because it would look so well to the charity. Sir Honorius bought a pin. He asked me whether I sold wedding-rings? Told him I did not. He said, he hoped soon to want one, and looked at me with a smile. Pretended to be busy with my goods, and not to understand him. Flirted with little Fanny L——'s lover. Her stall was opposite mine; she kept looking at us all the while, and not minding her business, and lost, I am sure, a dozen customers. Think I have secured him as an admirer.

Mem. 1. It is convenient to have danglers to play off against real lovers.

Mem. 2. Inquire of J. B. F——r whether the bazaars in the East are like our fancy fairs, and whether the ladies are veiled when they keep a stall.

*Saturday.*—At breakfast, amused myself with reckoning up the conquests of the week:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Sunday—Two officers; Mrs. A——'s brother; one stout gentleman ... | 4 |
| Monday—Sir Honorius; a dozen of my partners ... ... ... | 13 |
| Tuesday—Rubini; the Persian Princes ... ... .. ... ... | 3 |
| Wednesday—The Painter ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1 |
| Thursday—Colonel N—— ... ... .. ... ... ... | 1 |
| Friday—Fanny's lover; the world at large, say at a moderate computation, 10 ... ... ... ... ... ... | 11 |
| Total... | 33 |

Pretty well for one week! But, to separate the wheat from the chaff, only about four useful ones, namely: Sir Honorius, the Persian Princes, and Colonel N——.

Here the postman brought a letter from Major Ashton. Read as follows:

"Dear Niece,—If a rascally valet of Sir Honorius O'Bryan should appear in his master's clothes, and pass himself off for the baronet, *beware of counterfeits*, as the newspapers say, and tell your footman to kick him out of the house. Hoping that by this time the scoundrel has been apprehended, and Sir H.'s watch &c. been recovered,

"I remain, dear niece, your affectionate uncle, G. Ashton."

Flung the letter into the fire in a passion.

Began to read the *Court Journal* to get rid of my thoughts. Saw the following paragraph:—"Yesterday morning, at St. George's, Theodore ———, of the —th Dragoons, to Alicia, only daughter of the Hon. Mr. Allworth, of Allworth Park."

What! married one of the richest heiresses in England! A little trumpery lieutenant, who had not a farthing of his own! These unequal matches are positively disgusting! Should have thrown the paper after the letter if it could have annihilated the fact.

Went to Mrs. D——, by appointment, to rehearse some charades and tableaux. That odious Fanny L—— was there; she is to act a Greek girl, because they all think she has a Grecian profile.

Mrs. D—— took me aside, and said she hoped I should not be angry, but she had allowed the Persian Prince to come to meet me; that he was below, and would not come up before the unveiled ladies, but begged to be allowed to lay his devotion at my feet. I consented to go down stairs. Fanny L—— accompanied me, to keep me in countenance. The Prince, on seeing me enter, threw himself on the floor, with his head almost touching the carpet. The interpreter, who stood by, told me he would remain in that posture till I gave him some hope. I told him I was not more hard-hearted than others of my sex. Then he said some gibberish to the interpreter, who asked me whether I would fix the day for him to enter the paradise of his hopes; and that he should think himself as much honoured by my alliance, as if he were going to marry the sister of the sun and the moon.

"But," said I, "how many wives is his highness already married to?—for I am very jealous."

The interpreter leaned his ear towards his royal master, and then answered: "His sublime highness owns to sixty-seven wives, all of whom shall be strangled before your arrival in Persia; and you will be the only and beloved wife of his bosom."

I thought of Sir Honorius's failure, and that helped to decide me. "What settlements will he make?" said I, "and does he know the meaning of the word?"

"His sublime highness," continued the interpreter, after exchanging a few more unknown words with the prince, "does not know the exact meaning of the word; but he offers you forty camel-loads of gold and precious stones."

"That will do as well," I replied, when Fanny L—— burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, at the same time the interpreter turned round to conceal his, and the Prince bent in two with his efforts to restrain his merriment, till his beard came off and his turban rolled on the floor, and discovered Mrs D——'s brother to my indignant sight. The interpreter was Fanny L——'s lover. I left the house in a passion, and went home. It was in vain that Mrs D—— came an hour after to try and appease me, and beg me not to be angry with Frederick, who, she said, was much more really my admirer than any of those whom I fancied in love with me. It would not do; I could not forgive him, and I never will. Declared I would not act in any of the charades. Was not at home for the rest of that day. Tore the *Court Journal* into little pieces. Unripped all my dresses for the tableaux and charades. Could not eat any dinner. Did not go to the Opera, to spite the people. Hate everybody and everything. Obliged to deduct two Persian Princes, one Sir Honorius, one Fanny's lover, from the list, leaving a total of only twenty-nine. Received a note from J. B. F——r, saying he did not understand what I meant, and begged me to explain.

Twelve o'clock at night. Been reading some French books; determined in future to imitate "la belle Paule" of olden times, who was obliged to shew herself once a week, to prevent her lovers (that is to say the whole male population of the town) dying of grief at not seeing her. "*Et ce n'était pas trop*," said the narrator very *naïvement;* and all (male) London shall soon be forced to repeat "ce n'est pas trop," while all female London will no doubt think even one day of conquests *est trop* for their liking. C. DE P.

## A VISION OF COVENTRY.

THE sublime and beautiful are avowedly the province of poetry. Prose, however,—nay, even slang—has its beauties and its mysteries; an inquiry into which is more especially the duty of the prosy of this wicked though rigidly-righteous-seeming world. Dr. Johnson might didacticize whole libraries in exposition of certain familiar phrases, vulgarly supposed to originate with the pot-boys of our enlightened metropolis, which, we suspect, might be traced, with quite as much plausibility as envelops other crotchets of the learned, to the Eleusinian mysteries, or the inscriptions of the Rosetta stone.

To go no further than COVENTRY! Which of us has not, by word of pen, or word of mouth, perpetrated the phrase of "sending to Coventry?" Which of us has not talked, with apparent potentiality, of sending such and such persons to Coventry?—Now *where* is Coventry?—Who really knows anything of Coventry?—The first gazetteer will readily supply the latitude and longitude of a certain city in the county of Warwick, much famed for the manufacture of members of parliament and silk ribbons; and far more, as the birthplace of the most modest lady and immodest gentleman of feudal times —the Lady Godiva and her peeping Tom,—a legend recently vivified and freshened by the verse of Alfred Tennyson, like the re-florescence of the Glastonbury Thorn!—

But to THAT Coventry,—that matter-of-fact city of beams and treddles,—no one in his senses ever thought of sending a human being, even since the establishment of the railroad,—unless his younger brother, to be woven into an M.P. The Coventry to which we send our friends when we begin to treat them as foes,—the Coventry so extensively talked of,—is, on the contrary,

> "An undiscovered country, from whose bourne
> No traveller returns!"

People come back from transportation; people come back from New Zealand; people come back from the North Pole. Captain Ross came back from his voyages; Commander Napier from his campaign; but from Coventry, we protest again—

> "*No* traveller returns!"

No one, at least, avows that he was ever expedited on that unseemly tour, for which the world is consequently never likely to be the wiser. The London hotels advertise among their arrivals,—"Mr. Smith and family, from Calcutta!"—"the Rev. John Thompson, from Sierra Leone!" But what confusion would arise from an announcement of "The Marquis of Nithsdale, from Coventry!"—"Lady Louisa Quickfidget, from Coventry?" Nevertheless, as Georgia U. S., and Jersey U. S., serve to distinguish the Georgias and Jerseys of the two hemispheres, "Coventry T. I.," or Terra Incognita, might be made to point out the difference between the city of ribbon-weavers, and the land of *mauvais sujets*.

In these days of philosophical investigation, learned associations of all sorts and conditions are engrossed by the consideration of much that baffled the wisdom of our ancestors. The Geographical Society no longer admits of our placing

> "Elephants, for want of towns,"

on the downs of Mesopotamia, or the Abyssinian flats; nor does the

Statistic suffer us to remain in ignorance of the exact number of Hottentots annually fatted for the royal table of the King of Chinderhithegoneong. But how insignificant the importance of these ultramontane countries, which not a soul among us is likely to visit, unless created a K.C.B. for the purpose, and packed off with a governmental staff in a government transport, with two bales of printed circulars and state papers dated "Government House," three aide-de-camps, a chaplain, and a patent coffin! Whereas the best man among us all, let his account at his banker's be ever so good, his pedigree ever so unimpeachable, his honour ever so spick-and-span, may eventually be sent to Coventry;—Coventry—the mysterious Coventry,—not the better land, but the worse,—a visionary city more unsubstantial than the sublimest creations of Virgil, Milton, Dante, or Beckford.

Let no proud pharisee,—let no haughty aristocrat,—let no self-conceited beauty,—let neither priest nor Levite—neither great nor small—conceive themselves safe. A man may live blameless, and in the best company, from eighteen to eighty, yet at eighty-one be sent to Coventry. A woman may, in her high and palmy days, be the queen of the *grand monde*—a patroness of Almack's—a lady of the Bedchamber,—yet, when a grandmother, fall under sentence of banishment to Coventry. The most bland and benevolent old gentleman or lady may, in their dotage, inadvertently leave a friend to die alone on the railroad, while hurrying on to a dinner party; and, the world may take it into its head to send them to Coventry. The paroxysm of an election fever may betray a gentleman of unimpeachable reputation into a rash speech on the hustings, or silly letter to the newspapers; or in the heat of a convivial banquet in the dog-days, he may give utterance to equivocal expressions concerning some public character, which serve, for the remainder of his own, to banish him to Coventry! Does it not, therefore, behove every mother's son and daughter of us all, to examine into the localities of this mystic region? Does it not import us to satisfy ourselves, in the language of Pinnock's catechisms, — "Where situated? — How bounded? — What rivers, mountains, lakes?—What form of government and religion?"—Are the people one is likely to meet at Coventry decent Christians?—Are they cannibals, or do they keep a French cook?—Do their tribunals give the premium of a pension for life, one day, to miscreants for shooting at a queen, and hang them for it the next?—Do the magnates of Coventry condemn a murderer to death, then go and gloat upon the last agonies of the wretch about to follow his victim into eternity?—Do the fairest feeding gastronomers luxuriate on fat venison and fatter turtle, with the thermometer at 90° in the shade; or compress themselves into crowds of five hundred, not souls, but soulless bodies, at a season of the year, when even two or three gathered together are two *too* many?—Are their practices, in short, savage or humane?—wicked or charitable?—Do they cut their poor relations, and cut up their rich friends?—Do the ladies of Coventry "amble, and lisp, and nickname God's creatures?"—Do the gentlemen love the ladies of other lords, and win the money of other lords and gentlemen—"honestly, if they can, at all events, win money?"—Has Coventry its Whites, its Crockfords, its Almacks—its Epsom, Ascot, Newmarket?—Above all, whither are the individuals sent who, *at* Coventry, violate the rules of decorum?

It was after cogitating over these and similar surmises the other night, in the easiest of easy chairs, that a visionary spell appeared to transport

us into the regions which had disturbed our waking dreams. We dreamt we were at Coventry, with no Virgil by our side to expound the wonders of the spot—no archangel to serve as *laquais de place!* Be our sins, therefore, forgiven us, if our "*Commedia*" prove anything but "*divina*," and our perceptions of "Paradise Lost" less than Miltonic.

We dreamt, we say again, that we were at Coventry ;—and lo ! our vision of that moral Alsatia—that penal settlement of fashionable delinquency, was as of a species of third-rate watering-place,—something between Boulogne, Cheltenham, and Baden-Baden ; having a perpetual savour of table d'hôtes, and a never-ending noise of sackbut, lute, harp, and psaltery,—the harp jangling and out of tune, and the sackbut singing wretchedly "i' the nose;"—a rattling jovial place,—whereof the mirth was somewhat forced, and wherewith, while the inhabitants pretended to be contented, they betrayed their inward discontent by assigning all sorts of false motives for their naturalization. As the inmates of Bedlam on being questioned, describe themselves as rational victims immured by their insane relations,—as Mr. Tibbs accounted for lodging in the first floor down the chimney by praising the fine view he should command if the opposite house were demolished,—the denizens of Coventry protested with one accord that, though they had never been so happy in their lives as since they became members of the Coventryan commonwealth, nothing could exceed the absurdity of the grounds on which their freedom of the mysterious city had been assigned.

"You will scarcely believe me," observed a sallow, care-worn gentleman, (to whom I addressed myself for information, as to one of the gravest members of the society,) "when I assure you that I never should have found my way hither but for the rash act of appearing at the Opera in a velvet coat !—As a man of enormous fortune, I was once the petted of the gay world, and admitted into the circle at Carlton House. Fancying my thirty thousand a-year a sufficient set-off against the wit and impudence of Brummel, (a man without a grandfather or a guinea!) in an evil hour, I listened to the indiscreet counsels of an enterprising tailor, and for Saxon broadcloth substituted Genoa velvet.—I rose that morning a fine gentleman, and went to bed a tiger !—The transformations of the metempsychosis were outdone. On the morrow,—I found myself at Coventry !"

An incredulous smile probably played over our features ; for our companion instantly began to assign grounds still more ludicrous, for the ostracism of his companions.

"Yonder beautiful woman," said he, (pointing to a lovely creature at the head of the table,—a sort of Cleopatra *manquée*,) "was, for years, the idol of the *beau monde*. Whatever follies she chose to commit, were adopted as rational ; and the vices in which she thought proper to indulge, became invisible to eyes polite. One unlucky night, at D—— House, overpowered by the fragrance of the orange-blossoms, the closeness of the atmosphere, or the beauty of a rival, she indulged in a fit of hysterics ; and next morning found that, in the silence of the night, she had been transported by evil genii to Coventry !—'*C'était une femme qui ne savait pas vivre!*'—Hysterics ?—a scene ?—Worthy of the housekeeper's room !—Away with her to Coventry !

"The handsome young man by her side is indebted for his residence here solely to his capillary attraction! Choosing to appear at his desk in a public office decorated with moustachios, he was dismissed to Coventry

at the very moment that the moping young fellow opposite was sent hither, out of a dashing Hussar regiment, for the smoothness of his upper lip and missishness of his deportment. The gentleman to my right was sent to Coventry for having appeared at a fancy ball in a fancy dress; the gentleman to my left, for attempting to figure in plain clothes at a royal masque.—Dozens upon dozens are here for having been engaged in duels; dozens upon dozens, for having declined them.—Many a repining damsel arrives among us, branded with the disgrace of having jilted a man whom she found she did not love sufficiently to marry; many a matron, for having disregarded the claims of the husband of whom the world had jeered her into becoming the wife!—You will find among us several meritorious writers, sent to Coventry by the literary world for the cut of their coats in the portrait prefixed to their works; or the spelling of their words, or the accentuation of their syllables. You will find noblemen banished by their peers for some eccentricity of equipage;—there is, in short, no possible caprice or transition of public opinion, which has not been the means of increasing our population. The laws which serve for condemnation to Coventry are writ in sand; and every flux and reflux of the tide of fashion serves to vary the shaping of the code. Multitudes are despatched hither from Great Britain by the freedom of the press—multitudes by the slavery of society; a sin against the slightest of conventional usages, or the most groundless stigma inflicted by a Sunday paper, sufficing as a passport. A considerable number of the dowdy elderlies you behold, owe their exile to their children—who, having achieved fashion, become ashamed of them; a considerable number of the flashy juveniles, to the parsimony of parents unwilling to find themselves prematurely unseated from their thrones. Yonder simple-hearted countess has been immured by her gay and handsome husband—yonder crest-fallen young lord was sent to Coventry by his frisky young wife!"—

We were still listening attentively, when a louder crash of the timbrels drowned the utterance of our cicerone. These men of Coventry were mighty noisy, if not mighty merry fellows. Their life was a perpetual round of the sports of a race-course—the pastimes of a fair; and but that each of them bore within his bosom a forked sting, agonizing as the flame burning in the heart of the victims in the Hall of Eblis, we should almost have envied their gaiety. The cause of their present uproar was the arrival of a new member of the community. Our curiosity was instantly astir. *Who* was the doomed man?—*who* the fated woman?—member of parliament?—member of the household?—royal, gentle, simple? In the eagerness of the moment, we started from our chair and our sleep, to pry into the mystery; and lo! by a bitter mockery of fate, the countenance that met our view was our own wondering face reflected in the chimney-glass by the light of an expiring fire!—

Such was our vision of Coventry. If incorrect or feeble in its details, we are satisfied that none of our readers will venture to avow a more intimate acquaintance with the shadowy region—the anti-Utopia, whose mephitic vapours constitute a mal'aria, or rather *mauvaise odeur*, fatal to fashionable existence. Like the aeronauts of the Nassau balloon, we are privileged to tell our own story; and intend to remain, for the next half-dozen sessions, "the eloquent, enlightened, and independent Member for Coventry."

# THE SHRIFT ON THE RAFT.

BY CHARLES W. BROOKS.

The terrible storm which ravaged the coast of Norway on the 12th of October, 1715, was remembered in that country long after the hand of time and the industry of man had obliterated the marks of its fury. As sudden as it was tremendous, it arose after several weeks of settled weather, and having wrought more havoc in a few hours than ordinary tempests effect in days, it subsided with corresponding rapidity, leaving upon the minds of the peasants who witnessed its terrors a singular impression with regard to its origin. For years, the herdsman of that rugged land, and the sailor of that dangerous sea, believed that the dreadful storm, which had swept away sheep and shepherd amid the ruin of house and fold, and had dashed the largest craft upon the rocks that received the shattered fishing-boats, was caused by a sudden exertion among the demons of the Pole, who, forbidden by the mandate of Heaven to enter earth while it shall move in its appointed orbit, are perpetually labouring to disturb its charmed circle, that they may rush in to havoc by land and wave.

Strange tales are still told of the events of that fatal day, and of the night which ensued; and the following legend, relating to one of the voyagers who suffered in the storm, bears some evidence of the feeling with which the Norwegians regarded so terrible a visitation; a feeling in which is mingled some vague recollection of the time when Norway itself was one of the most unfortunate of the stakes in the game played by the great Continental powers.

The tempest was rapidly subsiding as dusk drew on, but the cessation of the violent turmoil brought no comfort to the scanty crew of the ill-fated ship Drontheim, which had sailed from the port of that name on the preceding day, and had met the wrath of the storm in full career. She had been bound for France; but at the time we speak of, she was a helpless and naked hull, drifting whither the caprice of the wind, which seemed to blow from all points of the compass at once, chose to hurry her. She was now making her rapid but involuntary course northwards; but to the few human beings who yet clung to her decks, the state of her shattered sides, through which the water was forcing its way at twenty wounds, left it a matter of hideous unconcern where they might meet the certain fate which awaited them. It was obvious that many minutes could not elapse before the vessel and all she contained should be sucked into the troubled abyss on which she yet floated. Her smaller boats had long since been carried away by a burst of the storm, which, hurling three or four monster waves across her deck, had swept every moveable thing from its surface, including more than a third of the wretched crew. In the next moment, one of terrified madness, the survivors had crowded the long boat, which had scarcely touched the foaming billows ere it was swamped, and went down with every soul it bore. Not a dozen men remained on the fated vessel, when the sudden and horrible change in motion which announces the foundering of a ship, took place. She ceased to make way; the violent agitation which had for hours rendered it nearly impossible to stand upon her deck was exchanged for a sullen lurch, followed by a second and third; and then the hideous roar of the

waters rushing in on every hand, told the frantic crew that all was over. Amid the loud and agonized prayers of a few, and the blasphemous ravings of the rest, the waves of the Northern Sea closed over the Drontheim for ever.

As the vortex caused by the sinking of the vessel disappeared, one man alone was struggling in the water in the energy of despair. His rich dress rather encumbered his movements, but he was in the prime of manhood, and a practised swimmer, and was putting forth his full strength, in the hope of finding some relic of the ship on which to float for the chance of life. But his hope waxed fainter with his limbs, for the gathering dusk was rapidly reducing his chance of discovering any object around him, and the waves still ran too high and angrily to allow him a chance of endurance much longer. He still swam, but his despair was almost total when he discerned a dark body at a few yards' distance. He struck vigorously forward, and, to his inexpressible relief, discovered that it was a small raft, on which a human body was lying. A succession of violent strokes, now animated by renewed hope, brought him to its side, and, in a moment or two, the Count de Burigny was clinging to the buoyant mass.

When he had somewhat recovered breath, his next effort was to mount upon the raft itself; but as he made the attempt, the figure which already occupied it arose to a sitting posture, and gently repulsed him. Before he could speak, it addressed him in a pleasing voice, which, however, was piercing enough to make itself distinctly heard amid the dashing waters:—

"Stay, my son, you are welcome to all the support my raft will afford you, but for both of us to mount would entail destruction on both."

"Father," gasped the Count, "whoever you may be, you will surely assist me in saving my life."

"Truly, son," returned the other voice, "you apply for help at a most unseasonable time. But I am bound at least to succour you with my advice; and I therefore advise you to swim for some rocks, which are distant about a quarter of a league, in the direction in which I am pointing. They are always above water, and in the morning you will certainly be discovered by some vessel."

"Thanks, father," replied the Count; but I would rather cling here, with the certainty of being safe for the moment than again risk my life in a struggle with the waves, for a chance of reaching some rocks I may not be able to climb."

"Such is the wisdom of man!" said the other, "ever confident in the present, ever distrustful of the future. But I tell you, my son, that yon rocks are easily accessible, and that if you strike away now, you are safe."

"Safe or not, father, I remain here; and I therefore entreat you, if you have the means, to steer us in search of this same rocky platform,—we shall then have the satisfaction of being saved together."

"I am on my own course, my son, and I advise you not to keep my company," said the other voice. The words induced the Count to examine his companion as closely as possible, but the fast failing twilight only enabled him to discern a figure in a priest's robe, the hood of which effectually shrouded the features of the wearer.

"You speak strangely, father," said the Count; "but I hold my

intention, fervently wishing I had something easier to hold, for my fingers are numbed, and this wood is slippery."

"I have warned you, my son; but if you insist on remaining, I will do what I can to aid you."

The figure seemed engaged with its dress for a moment. The next, a small, but intensely bright red light appeared by its side, suddenly illuminating the raft, the two speakers, and the surrounding waters, with a lustre which seemed supernatural. As soon as the Count could recover from the effect upon his eyes, he eagerly scrutinized the face of the other, who had thrown back his hood, and was fixing a little lamp containing the light into the wood of the raft. The features were calm and regular, and the tonsure on the head added to their dignified character. The stranger was clearly a priest, but his dress offered no aid in the discovery of his rank or country, even to the experienced eye of the Count de Burigny.

"I repeat it, my son, I exhort you to save yourself by swimming, and you are still in time to do so. But, since you are obstinate, this cord will afford you the assistance you desire."

"Thanks, father," said the Count, as the Priest, gradually creeping towards him, drew the rope, which he had taken from his own waist, under the arms of the former, and attaching one end to a ring in the woodwork, passed the cord several times around the body of the Count, and at length secured him so effectually to the raft, that he floated without the least necessity for exertion. The Priest then regained his seat in the centre, and for some minutes they were silent. The Count was the first to speak.

"I did not see you, father, among us in the unfortunate Drontheim," he said.

"I remained below, at prayer, my son, until tarrying became presumption; I then hurled this raft upon the billows, and departed upon my mission."

"Again you speak mysteriously, father. Might one know what the mission may be which keeps a man on a raft, in the middle of the ocean, as calm as if he were at vespers in his own church."

The Priest smiled. "You forget, my son, that virtue is always tranquil in the hour of trial; and you forget, too, a very important difference in our situations."

"By no means," said the Count; "I am aware that I am chilling in the water, while you are apparently at ease, in a cloak against which I see the water strike in vain. I would suggest to you that the virtue you speak of could give a nobler proof of its efficacy, were we to change places for an hour."

"Nay, my son, that idea is selfish and unworthy. I impose a penance upon you for having entertained it, and enjoin you to walk for one hour, fasting, upon the ensuing morning."

"I pray that I may do so," said De Burigny; "and I entreat you to double the penance, if you can thereby double the chance of my performing it."

"Jest not, my son; but remember that you are still in a situation of great danger: a wave may dash your head against this raft, or may snap the cord which holds you to it, and in either case your own is desperate. It would rather become you to make a confession, and receive absolution while you may."

"I have no objection, father, the less that I have nothing else to do; but I give you fair warning that you will have to wait for your dues till we reach land."

"Hard-hearted, careless scoffer! what if that should not be so certain?"

"Then so much the better for the confessor, father," said the Count, whose natural audacity did not desert him even in that hour."

"And how much for the penitent, son?" asked the Priest, sternly. "But proceed, and that your wretched soul may come the sooner to peace, I will save you the narration of a life of crime, by apprizing you that I know you."

"By your mode of describing my history, I think you do," said the other. "I need not tell you, then, that I am the Count Guillaume de Burigny, a faithful servant of his Most Christian Majesty——"

"A faithless husband to a broken-hearted wife—a traitorous friend to a trusting associate—and a treacherous envoy to a betrayed people. You need not. I know the libertinism which ended in a murder committed, if not by your own hand, by your orders, and the object with which you have fled the scene of your guilt. I know that the Count de Burigny, having consummated a career of profligacy by a dastardly crime, which has banished him from France, has sought to purchase pardon for the ruin of a family, by intriguing for the ruin of a nation."

"Ha!" exclaimed the count; "you are aware of my errand to Norway?"

"Ay," said the Priest, "the sword of Sweden, whose blow already hurtles in the air, is less terrible to the Norwegians, than is the poison of France which you were sent to mix. This time, however, the cup shall be dashed from your hand. You laugh."

"I do," said the Count; "though, Heaven knows, this is no place for mirth. You, who have such unexceptionable information upon these matters, are doubtless aware that the cup you speak of *is* mixed."

"And in a woman's hand, that it may be presented. The Count de Burigny thinks he can safely return to his master, while his beautiful daughter remains to enforce, by blandishment and smile, the dark lesson he has tried to teach. How, if she, too, have left Norway?"

A shudder ran through the Count's frame, and all the recklessness of tone had left his voice, as he replied—

"Eugenia—tell me, father, in pity—what know you of Eugenia? I left her in Bergen, in safe watching and charge, though her work was somewhat bold. Nay, speak—whatever else I am, I am her father—you do not know—you cannot have heard aught of her?"

"Nay," said the Priest; "I merely asked what Count de Burigny's next intrigue would be, should he hear that a noble and maidenly disposition had been revolted by the task he had given it, and that a daughter had silently left Bergen, and, following the footsteps of her father, had secretly embarked——"

"Not in the Drontheim—not in the accursed Drontheim, father?" screamed, rather than exclaimed the Count.

The Priest made no reply, but pointed to the water. A sudden and wondrous change had taken place upon its surface. In lieu of the foaming and dashing billows, the sea had become calm as a mountain lake. The roar of the waves was hushed, but in its stead, had arisen a low, droning, and distant sound, which brought with it a fear the mind

owned, but could not explain. The raft had hitherto been carried swiftly along, but its speed was now increasing tenfold. The consternation of the Count became evident, but to all his exclamations the Priest gave no answer. That strange droning sound grew gradually louder, but the ear struggled in vain to discover how it was composed. Still the raft hurried on with lightning speed. Darkness was all around it, save the bright red gleam of the Priest's lamp.

Suddenly the thought of his daughter recrossed the Count's brain. He gasped—for the swiftness of their course now rendered speaking difficult—

"Father! I implore you, what know you of Eugenia?"

Once more the priest pointed silently to the water, and as the Count's eye followed the motion, he beheld a form whirling by his side in a current, the intense fierceness of which rendered its surface smooth as glass. There was the corpse of a pale and beautiful girl, lovely even in death. Long and golden locks clustered around her neck and shoulders, but the locks were wet and tangled, and the alabaster skin was becoming blue with exposure to the water. The eyes were closed—it was well they were so. That form was following the raft, but the increasing velocity of the latter left the corpse behind in a moment;—that moment had sufficed for a father to recognise his daughter. He uttered no word, but gazed steadily at the priest.

The terrible and indescribable sound had now increased to a roar, which would have rendered the voice inaudible at the shortest distance. The speed of the raft was now terrific; yet it neither swerved nor swayed, and the priest sat unmoved, returning the stupified gaze of the Count! Suddenly one side of the raft became depressed, and in that position it continued its furious career. The roar had now become more hideous than any noise which can be conceived, and yet it was of a nature that baffled the ear. The Priest rose slowly to his feet, and preserving his balance, apparently unconscious of the frightful slope of the hurrying raft, he leaned to De Burigny, and in a low tone, which, in spite of the horrible noise around, carried the full meaning of its words to the Count's understanding, said,—

"We are in the Maelstrom!"

They were indeed in that dreadful whirlpool—the most awful abyss which disfigures the face of creation. That hideous roar, so strange and so appalling, was the sound of the waters which whirl and rage in the unfathomable gulf. Louder and louder still it waxed, until the ear could bear no addition to the noise, and faster and faster flew the raft, but every instant it went deeper down the vortex. The wretched De Burigny struggled with the cord which held him to the raft, and sought to break from it in vain. The link which he had demanded when exertion would have saved him, was now the means of dragging him more surely to destruction. For one instant he looked upwards, and, to his horror, beheld the red light of the lamp, reflected on a sloping wall of raging water, rising a hundred yards above him, down the side of which he was hurrying to an abyss on which he dared give no glance. Then his eye turned to the raft—there was no one upon it; but in the maddening agony of that moment De Burigny heard, accompanied by a hellish laugh, the words—"The priest's dues for thy shrift are *paid!*" The next instant, the cords gave way, the raft shot violently forwards, and De Burigny was alone—in the Maelstrom.

# A GOSSIP ABOUT "ENGLAND'S HELICON."

BY ROBERT BELL.

Old books! The magic is in the word *old*. A true lover of books loves them all the better for being old. A book is the only thing one can fall in love with for its age. Old wine is a fallacy, subject to exceptions where the wine has a robust constitution. Besides, books are for serene solitude; and wine, with all its picturesque and poetical associations, belongs only to crowds. It is a disorderly pleasure, too wilful and feverish for retirement. A vineyard is suggestive enough, with its tangled meshes floating in crisp clusters like the dishevelled locks of the frantic Bacchæ, its luscious tendrils reeling backwards over the earth, and its dusky fruit throbbing under the luxuriant and loving foliage. The imagination revels over such delicious images. But the revel for solitude is of another kind. Here you must extract—not the spirit of the grape, but the spiritual life of books. Here there must be no panting fire mounting to the brain, but gentle thoughts, and sweet fancies, and noontide dreams, of the good and beautiful.

And of all books for solitude, old books are the best; and of all old books, there are none like old English books—none so full of wisdom and purity, so earnest, so sincere,—none that sustain so gracious and so cordial a companionship between the Reader and the Author.

Here is one of them, one of the rarest and most exquisite, full of the tenderest verses and quaintest figures, yet so simple and natural, that it is as true and intelligible to-day as when it was written, nearly two hundred and fifty years ago. It is called "England's Helicon." The very name sets one thinking about ballads and lyrics, and sylvan verse, such as the poets used to write who really drew their inspiration from woods, and streams, and lustrous eyes. The book is unknown to the public at large, and is only to be heard of incidentally in the nooks and crannies of literary history and loving criticism, familiar enough to a few students, but a sealed volume to the million. Let us open it, and peep into its reverend leaves.

It was first printed in 1600, in 4to, by J. R., for John Flasket, in Paule's Churchyard, at the sign of the "Beare." This edition was inscribed in a sonnet to Maister Iohn Bodenham, who had published three collections of extracts from various writers: "Wits' Commonwealth" and "Wits' Theater," consisting of sententious passages from the ancient moral philosophers; and "Belvidere, or the Garden of the Muses," an anthology of sentences in verse. It seems that Bodenham set the example of this species of publication, which proved so successful in his hands as to suggest a still more ambitious undertaking of a similar kind in the "Helicon." The sonnet is signed "A. B.," who also, strangely enough, dedicates the work in prose to two gentlemen of York, who appear to have been the earliest patrons of the design. Having got over the ceremonies of dedication, we come to a preface addressed to the Reader, in which the character of the contents is described by the Editor, or some person who answers for him, under the initials "L. N." From this preface we gather some curious particulars concerning the "getting up" of the book.

The plan of the "Helicon" resembles very nearly that of a modern Annual, with this exception, that some of the pieces were extracted from the published works of the authors, while the remainder were printed in its pages for the first time. And in every case great pains were evidently taken to authenticate the authorship, so that no mistake should occur in attributing to one man a piece that was written by another; "no one thing," says "L. N.," "being here placed by the Collector of the same vnder any man's name, eyther at large or in letters, but as it was deliuered by some especiall coppy comming to his handes." The trouble of collecting the materials discovers exactly the same kind of toil that descends in our times upon the editors of such works as the "Forget me not" or "the Souvenir." "The trauaile," says "L. N.," letting his readers behind the scenes, "that hath beene taken in gathering them from so many handes hath wearied some howres, which seuered, might in part haue perished; digested into this meane volume, may in the opinion of some not be altogether vnworthy the labour." The modesty of this expression challenges

the admiration of all posterity. The "meane volume" is a magnificent quarto, containing by far the most considerable collection of pastoral poetry extant in our language. What a treasury a few more such mean volumes would be to the lover of the golden lore of the sixteenth century!

The success of the book led to the publication of a second and enlarged edition in 1614. A second title was added on this occasion—"England's Helicon, or the Mvses' Harmony;" and the following motto, supplanting a Latin quatrain that garnished the first edition, appeared on the title-page :—

> "The Courts of Kings heare no such straines,
> As daily lull the Rusticke Swaines."

We are probably indebted for this little fling at the court to the publisher, Richard More, of St. Dunstane's Churchyard, who dedicates the volume to the Lady Elizabeth Carie, in a sonnet in which he displays a true relish for the "tuneful noates" of the "shepheard's reeds." All honour to the memory of the publisher who could indulge in such genuine fantasy as the following :—

> "Sweet is the concord, and the musicke such,
> That as it rivers have been seene to daunce,
> When these musitians did their sweet pipes tuch
> In silence lay the vales, as in a traunce!"

And this, too, while most of the "musitians" were still living, and in such needy circumstances as to render it very likely that they would call upon the bookseller to make good his admiration of their music in some shape more substantial than a sonnet. Richard More was a bold publisher, to praise his poets so enthusiastically; for, after having declared that their sweet pipes hushed the vales into a trance, how could he, who was so touched by their songs, affect indifference to their necessities?

For two hundred years from that time, the "Helicon" was never reprinted. Of the two editions published in the seventeenth century not a fragment survived, except a few stray copies in the cabinets of the curious. Such was the scarcity of the work, that the most diligent investigation, in the words of a recent archaiologist, could very rarely procure the sight of a copy. Yet there was no doubt of its celebrity in its own day, nor of the extensive use that was made of it by subsequent collectors. Phillips frequently refers to it in his "Theatrum Poetarum," and notices of it are preserved in nearly every literary miscellany or anthology of any note throughout the seventeenth century. The value of the book was unquestionable, yet it perished even in the public libraries. Park, Malone, and Heber, had copies; and if it had not been for the liberality with which they allowed Sir Egerton Brydges and Mr. Haslewood to inspect them, the probability is that the work might have passed away by this time into total oblivion.

Sir Egerton Brydges, assisted by Mr. Haslewood, reprinted the "Helicon" in 1812, with a biographical and critical introduction. But by way of giving a keener relish to the rarity, and making the world run after it with greater eagerness, they printed only 120 copies—at least, so the catalogues inform us. How these 120 grand quarto copies were to satisfy the curiosity of the English public was a question the editors did not pretend to take into consideration; but it is tolerably certain that, in consequence of the smallness of the number thus issued, the work is as scarce at this moment as it was then. Indeed, there is some reason to believe that its editors contemplated this very end. Sir Egerton seems to have desired nothing better than to throw the scent of these old works upon the wind, and then to put the curious reader upon the chase, and baffle him. Perhaps he thought that by keeping up a certain degree of rarity he might keep alive the interest of the public in old literature, which might possibly lose its charm in the estimation of the vulgar if it once became cheap and common. At all events, there is no doubt that he studiously limited his reprints for the express purpose of rendering them scarce in after years. In the preface to the last volume of the "Restituta," he frankly confesses as much; and, after enumerating the treasures he had preserved in this way, he adds, as if he really congratulated himself upon the prospect, that "the very few copies taken of all these works will make them shortly almost as rare as the originals!" The prophecy is already fulfilled in the case of the "Helicon." It would be very nearly as easy to get a copy of one of the old editions as of

that of 1812. But what an odd thing it was for a man of letters to pride himself upon the reproduction of rare books, only to excite and disappoint the curiosity of the public!

Amongst the contributors to the "Helicon," are to be found some of the greatest poets of the Elizabethan age; and the reader who is familiar with the literature of that period will appreciate the value of the collection, when he learns that it contains pieces from the hands of Surrey and Sydney, Raleigh, Dyer, and Spenser, Shakspeare and Drayton, Marlow, Peele, and Green, besides many more whose names are of less note in our time, although well-known to their contemporaries. It is not to be expected in a miscellaneous gathering of such extent, that there should not be some articles admitted of an inferior character; and it may be observed of the "Helicon," as it has frequently been of our yearly Ephemera, that the worst pieces are sometimes to be detected under the most promising signatures. Thus, for example, two or three of the articles that appear with the names of Drayton and Spenser, could never be suspected of having welled up from the rich spring that produced the "Nymphidia" and the "Faery Queen." But on the other hand, there is many a surprise nestling in the poems, in the way of charming verses coming from minor or unknown rhymers, full of beauty and melody, and having a fresh and natural grace in them which abundantly compensates for the incidental failures of greater writers. One of the most agreeable uses of these old anthologies, was to draw out new poets, whose timidity was appeased by being thus enabled to appear in a crowd, and who would never have ventured into print at all if they had been required to set up for themselves. To such writers we are indebted for some of the most exquisite things in the book,—small pieces highly concentrated and carefully finished—the results of a larger expenditure of time and workmanship than greater faculties would have cared to bestow upon madrigals and roundelays.

The pastoral poetry of that day was very different from the pastorals of Philips and Pope. The difference was, as nearly as possible, the sort of difference which you detect between a bunch of freshly-plucked flowers, carried in from the garden, with the summer air yet breathing upon them, and a bouquet of artificial flowers just arrived from a French milliner's. There are many people who would prefer the latter—why should we quarrel about a matter of taste? Let them go to "Tonson's Miscellanies," and enjoy their painted nosegays, while we drink in a little living fragrance from the "Helicon."

One of the most varied of these songsters signs himself "Shepherd Tonie." This shepherd, who chose to conceal himself under a mask, was evidently a fine poet, although occasionally too fond of voluptuous descriptions, a little out of the way of pastoral life. He is open to the suspicion of having been a courtier, who went into the country now and then for a breath of the fields, with town desires in his brain, and an imagination fertile enough in conceits, but too apt to make freer with the shepherdesses than was quite consistent with the innocence of rural nature. By way of shewing that he could do better, here are a couple of verses from a song in praise of Aminta:—

"I serve Aminta, whiter than the snowe,
Straighter than cedar, brighter than the glasse,
More fine in trip than foot of running roe,
More pleasant than the field of flow'ring grasse.
More gladsome to my withering ioyes that fade;
Than Winter's sonne, or Summer's cooling shade.

"Sweeter than swelling grape of ripest wine,
Softer than feathers of the fairest swan;
Smoother than iet, more stately than the pine,
Fresher than poplar, smaller than my span.
Clearer than Phœbus' fierie pointed beame
Or icie crust of christal's frozen streame."

The versification is as smooth as if it had been wrought by one of Queen Anne's poets. Surely when the critics attribute all the polish and refinement of our poetry to Denham, Waller, and Pope, they run too fast. Warton goes back as far as Sandys, the translator of Ovid, and says, that he did more in that way than anybody alse; but here was a poet who was certainly antecedent to Sandys, and who set an example of metrical elegance which none of them excelled. It is a great mistake to suppose that the art of versification, as it was understood, practised, and, so to speak, perfected by Pope, was not cultivated with the highest success two hundred years before his time. The "Helicon" teems with proofs of the fact.

Of this Shepherd Tonie, nothing whatever is known. It would be little better than idle conjecture to attempt to trace the real authorship now. Sir Egerton Brydges fancied that the signature was assumed by Antony Munday, but he had not a shadow of pretext for such an assumption, and he is candid enough to say so.

Thomas Lodge, the dramatist, has several lyrics in the collection. They are not remarkable for much elasticity, and reflect, for the most part, the melancholy spirit of a man whose life was passed in a succession of vicissitudes. In one of his pastorals, he moralizes out of the bitterness of his own painful experiences :—

"Time hath been that I have longed,
Foolish I, to like of folly,
To converse where honour thronged,
To my pleasures linkéd wholly.

"Now I see, and seeing sorrow
That the day consumed returns not.
Who dares trust upon to-morrow,
When nor time nor life sojourns not!"

Lodge had a most graceful talent for pastoral poetry, and wrote with a profound feeling of beauty, when he was in the humour, or, perhaps, when he was enjoying a temporary respite from the calamities that seem to have hunted him through his life. How exquisite, for instance, is the opening of the "Solitarie Shepherd's song :"—

"O shadie vale, O faire enrichéd meades,
O sacred woods, sweet fields, and rising mountaines;
O painted flowers, greene hearbs, where Flora treads,
Refresht by wanton winds and watry fountaines.

"O all you wingéd queristers of wood,
That pearcht aloft, your former paines report:
And strait again recount with pleasant moode,
Your present ioyes in sweet and seemely sort."

Lodge's fate is not known. He is supposed to have perished in the plague. He was always in trouble; was taken out of prison by Philip Henslowe, who became security for him to a tailor in the Strand; was sued for the obligation by Alleyn, and died ultimately, after a thousand trials and sufferings, in such obscurity, that it is not known, with any certainty, how, when, or where, he drew his last breath. He was a dramatist, a poet, an actor, and a physician, by turns, and had a high reputation in all his callings: yet he could hardly keep soul and body together, by the exercise of all his varied accomplishments!

Another distinguished contributor to the "Helicon" was Robert Greene, the dramatist. His description of the fair Samela is one of his most striking pieces, beginning with

"Like to Diana in her sommer weede,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest die,
Goes faire Samela.

"Whiter than be the flocks that stragling feede,
When wash'd by Arethusa, faint they lie,
Is fair Samela."

The picture of Diana at her fountain, in the madrigal of Montanus, is another passage of considerable beauty :—

"A fount it was that no sonne sees,
Cirkled in with cypress trees;
Set so nie,
As Phœbus' eye
Could not doe the virgins scathe,
To see them naked when they bathe.

"She sate there all in white,
Colour fitting her delight,
Virgins so
Ought to goe:
For white in armorie is plaste,
To be the color that is chaste."

Greene's life presents a remarkable contrast to that of poor Lodge. He was steeped in profligate courses from the very beginning, out of mere wilfulness. He was a clergyman by profession; was presented to a vicarage, but threw it up, that he might indulge his licentious tastes the more freely. Shortly afterwards, he married; spent all the money he got with his wife, and then deserted her. He is stated by Winstanley and Shiels, to have been a mercenary writer, and to have been the first of our poets who wrote for bread. This charge is not very clear, and it comes from a prejudiced quarter. Greene was bad enough in reality, without being made worse by his biographers. He led the life of a vagrant; and in the midst of his excesses, wrote an extraordinary number of plays, poems, and pamphlets of all sorts. The fertility of his resources was surprising; and many of his productions still survive amongst the curiosities of the age in which he flourished. He ended his life appropriately —dying of a surfeit of pickled herrings and sour wine. Nash was present at the miserable feast; and Dekker, in his "Knight's Coniuring," makes him deplore the condition of the poets, to be reduced in their diet to such a sorry supper, instead of being fed with fat capons and burnt sack and sugar!

Peele, who came by his death in an equally disastrous way according to Meres, in his "Wits' Treasury;" and Marlow, who was stabbed with his own dagger by a rival, in a low broil; and Browne, the author of "Britannia's Pastorals;" and Sir Edward Dyer, the friend of the Countess of Pembroke and Sir Philip Sydney, who was possessed of 4000*l.* a-year, and fourscore thousand pounds in money, and spent it all; and Richard Barnfield, a poet of whom there is little known, but of whom it is enough to know that he was the author of that glorious lyric, that leaps like echoes in the sunshine amongst the hills, with a thrilling and bounding sweetness,—

"As it fell upon a day!"

and Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke; and Captain Nicholas Breton, who wrote so many pastorals, that if they were drawn out in lines, they would form a cordon round the county of Middlesex; and half-a-dozen University scholars with more learning than wit or fancy; and a dozen or so of delicately-hearted lovers of nature, who took great delight in spinning fantastic verses upon the tiniest buds and blossoms, are also pressed into the service of the "Helicon." But this is a subject upon which we might gossip for hours together without exhausting our own enthusiasm, and forgetful that there are other voices more worthy to be heard around us. So shutting the book at once, and putting out the lights, in the bravery of a self-suppressing resolution, the gossip is over!

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## THE TWELFTH MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE,

Manchester, June, 1842.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

THE Annual Parliament of Science held its meeting this year at a town which is surpassed by none in the United Kingdom, in perfection of the industrial arts, and in mechanical skill and invention. The environs of Manchester are also rich in mineral treasures; the town is crowded with intelligent, active, and opulent persons, among whom are some whose fame is European, and these gathered (several hundreds in number) in the halls of science, to join with strangers and foreigners for one short week, in a glorious labour on which no worldly interests came to breathe anxiety, and with which no human passions mingled in saddening conflict.

The British Association distributes its members among many sections, each corresponding to a particular branch of investigation, and commencing with one the highest and most important, that of mathematics and physics. The contributions were also both theoretical and practical, or shaped into reports of progress, or of experiment and research, which latter often comprised the most valuable and efficient parts of the good accomplished.

It would be a work much beyond our limits, to follow the successive order of these communications, many read in the day, and that for several days in succession, and often commented upon verbally at considerable length. It is rather our wish to glean a few of the most prominent facts that distinguished this great anniversary.

### MATHEMATICS.

The mathematical labours were of a generally high order; foremost among them, perhaps, stands Jacobi's communication on analytic mechanics, which was regarded by the president of the section as one of the most important announcements made in modern times. The principles developed by the learned professor related to the different problems on the motion of a system of material points, on which subject he announced, as the result of his researches, that whenever the forces have the functions of co-ordinates upon moving points only, and the problem is reduced to the integration of a differential equation of the first order, it may also be reduced to quadratures. The form preserved to the dynamic differential equations was that under which they were first presented by the illustrious astronomer-royal of Dublin, Sir W. Hamilton.

Next in importance came the communication of Professor Braschman, of Moscow, upon the principles of equilibrium and motion, in which he announced a new theorem on equilibrium and molecular forces.

## ASTRONOMY.

Astronomy stands justly at the head of the physical sciences. The present meeting of the British Association, if it did not offer any very great and important novelty, was still one of triumphant congratulation at the termination of several long continued labours. It is well known, that from 3000*l.* to 4000*l.* have been expended by the association in furtherance of this branch of inquiry; and the manner in which this has chiefly been expended has been in the extensive reductions to be made for the formation of the Catalogue of Stars, formerly known as that of the Astronomical Society, but now as that of the British Association; the reduction of the astronomical observations in Lacaille's Catalogue of the Stars, and of the stars in the *Histoire Celeste* of Lalande.

Mr. Baily read a report on the last of these reductions, the whole of which, with a few omissions, he stated, had been reduced, being in number upwards of 47,000 stars. Mr. B. also reported, on the British Association Catalogue of Stars, in which the calculations of the proper places of the stars, with the logarithms of the proper constants &c., are furnished for nearly 83,000 stars. Sir J. Herschell reported on the reduction of Lacaille's stars, made by a committee, and under the superintendence of Mr. Henderson, the whole of which work was now completed; and the resulting catalogue, arranged in the order of right ascension, was written out for the press. The number of stars reduced was about 10,000.

Apart from these elaborate reports, was a very valuable memoir on astronomical clocks, by Professor Bessel, of Königsberg, whom Sir W. Hamilton, in great modesty, places at the head of living astronomers. Mr. Talbot also communicated an important memoir on the improvement of telescopes.

Mr. Dent also made several interesting communications chiefly on the subject of chronometers.

## OPTICS.

The science of optics, which has attracted so much attention, and made so much progress of late years, was chiefly represented, on the present occasion, by Sir David Brewster, who made altogether nine different communications on the subject. These, in part, concerned the action of the media of different coloured rays; and contained an account of certain luminous bands in the spectra of various flames, of luminous lines in certain flames corresponding to the defective lines in the sun's light, and of the structure of a part of the solar spectrum, hitherto unexamined.

An important and interesting communication, which involved the much-debated question of the undulatory theory, was made by Sir David; in it he described what he considered, as a new property of light, a polarity in the simple rays. The subject, although discussed at previous meetings of the association, was opportunely brought forward on the present occasion, as there were present most of those who, in this country, have devoted their attention to the investigation of the physical properties of light.

## MAGNETISM.

The leading communication upon this very interesting branch of inquiry was the report, by Sir J. Herschell and Colonel Sabine, on the great system of magnetic and meteorological observations, carried on at the same time by naval expeditions and fixed land observations, a system which has been truly designated as the greatest combined scientific operation the world has ever yet witnessed. The report of progress was highly satisfactory. The extent of operations is now vastly increased, by new foreign establishments observing upon the same concerted plan, and at the same hours—by the adoption of a system of colonial and national magnetic surveys, based upon, and correlative with, the fundamental determinations at the fixed magnetic centres—and by the introduction of new instruments and processes of observation, affording great facilities for magnetic determinations both by land and by sea. The annual reports of the British Association could not be better modelled than after the present one on magnetism—business-like, and noticing every memoir and publication on the subject. In furtherance of the same branch of inquiry, there was also a communication from Sir Thomas Brisbane; another, by Dr. Scoresby, on improved permanent magnets, and the modes of determining their powers; and a further one, by Professor Marianini, on the magnetic action of momentaneous currents. In addition to these, Dr. Reade read some experiments on magnetic polarity connected with electricity.

## METEOROLOGY.

The number of communications in this branch of knowledge amounted to eight. Among these were two interesting ones on anemometers, by Sir D. Brewster and

Mr. Snow Harris. We may also notice Mr. Nasmyth's application of the theory of definite proportions to the explanation of the theory of clouds, and Dr. Lamont's report of a great system of meteorological co-operation about to be carried on, on the Continent, from the Pyrenees to the frontiers of Persia.

### TIDES AND WAVES.

These constitute comparatively new subjects of inquiry, and not less interesting from that circumstance. This year a supplemental report of the committee on waves was read by Mr. Russell, and referred to a third inferior class of waves, which were designated as capillary waves, in resulting from the same causes which give rise to the forces of capillary attraction. There were also some remarkable admeasurements given of the comparative length and velocity of common waves, which corresponded so closely with the Newtonian law on that subject as now to entitle the common wave to be distinguished as the Newtonian. In an able communication made by the same gentleman, on an abnormal tide wave in the Firth of Forth, it was stated, that from the peculiar form of that Firth, the tides of which are principally due to the great northern tide wave which comes round the north of Scotland, curious results were produced in the form of the curve, the level of the low water at Alloa being, for example, far above the level of the high water at Crail; and the tide at Stirling (although the general range in the Firth was only sixteen feet) rose to the extraordinary height of thirty feet above the the level of low water at the lower part of the Firth. Mr. Rook read a memoir on the tidal phenomena in the bay of Fundy and the river of La Plata, and Mr. Walker, of Plymouth, made a communication on the movement of oceanic waves in that harbour.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

To be classed as such, comes one, perhaps, of the most remarkable communications made at this meeting of the association. It was communicated by Professor Bessel, as the discovery of Professor Moser, of Königsberg, and related that, when a black plate, either of horn or agate, is placed below a polished surface of silver, at the distance of one-twentieth of an inch, and remains there for ten minutes, the latter receives an impression of figures &c. engraved on the former, which may be rendered visible by exposing the silver plate to vapour, either of water, mercury, or of other substances. This process takes place at midnight as well as mid-day, and the picture on the silver surface is to be called into sight even by a *breath*. Sir W. Hamilton called it scotography; but, Sir J. Herschell asked, might it not be thermography?

### CHEMISTRY.

The most interesting communication made in chemical science was Professor Liebig's report on organic chemistry, applied to physiology and pathology. The mere consideration of such a subject opens a new and wide field of inquiry. The report contained a vast number of curious and remarkable facts, many of which apply themselves to the interests of everyone, and to the daily occurrences of life. We regret much, then, that our limits do not allow us to give an analysis of a paper of so much public value. In theoretical chemistry we may rank Professor Schönbein's communication on the electrolysing power of a simple voltaic circle. The result of various experiments made by the author, going to establish the fact, that voltaic effects may be produced without the solution of a metal, the usual source of voltaic actions, but by nitric and other acids. Also Mr. Joules' communication, in which he endeavoured to account for the heat evolved by the combustion of certain bodies, on the hypothesis of its arising from resistance to the conduction of electricity between oxygen and the combustibles at the moment of their union. Another interesting communication in chemical philosophy was Mr. Mercer's attempt to explain, on ordinary chemical principles, some effects hitherto described as catalysis. Perhaps the most important communication in practical chemistry was that of Dr. Playfair, in which he made known certain new oxides of metals, of the magnesian family. This memoir was of high importance to chemical geology. Next came three papers by the venerable Dr. Dalton, who was the lion of the Manchester meeting, on phosphates and arseniates; on microcosmic salt, and on a new and easy method of analyzing sugar. There were also papers on the influence of light on the germination of seeds, by Mr. Hunt; on the modes of production of sulphuric acid, by Mr. Blyth; on agricultural chemistry, by Dr. Daubeny; on Kakodylic acid, by Mr. Bunsen; and several others of practical importance. There was only one mineralogical communication, and that was by Professor Haidinger, being an account of the mineralogical and geological museum of the Imperial mining department, and which eloquently extolled the effects, in arresting the

attention and challenging the admiration, of an arrangement after the method of Mohs. This is certainly a novel claim of that method to philosophical consideration. Mineralogy itself does not appear to be, at the present moment a popular science in England, and this may be attributed to several combining causes: among which stand prominent the fact, that the chemical method has never been efficiently made known in this country; secondly, that many of the leaders of the more popular pursuit of geology are but indifferent mineralogists, and consequently pay little attention to mineralogical geology; and thirdly, that our keepers of museums, more especially our national one, should not, for the adequate salaries which they enjoy, give, at least, short summer courses of lectures.

## GEOLOGY.

If geology does not rank first among the sciences, it certainly enjoyed the advantage of the greatest popularity, and of the largest attendance.

The most important contribution in this branch of inquiry—although, perhaps, not the most important to the progress of the science—was, decidedly, the memoir communicated by Dr. Dale Owen, on the Western States of North America. The country to which the paper referred embraced Illinois, Indiana, a portion of Kentucky, and Ohio. In this large portion of country there were two coal-fields, one of which was nearly as large as Great Britain. It was truly remarked that such resources, placed by Providence in the hands of an intelligent and industrious community, had promise of power and opulence in store which exceeded anything that the imagination dare picture to itself. As the special object of the author, however, in bringing the communication before the English public, was to have the identification established between those lower rocks on which the coal-fields rest, and those which support our great carboniferous series,—much discussion ensued upon these topics. Next in importance came the memoir of Mr. Griffiths, on the fossils of the mountain limestone of Ireland. The exact succession of the different members of the great formation which covers so large a portion of the sister isle, to the unfortunate exclusion of its associated rich coal-fields, has long been a desideratum to geologists, the more especially as it was hoped that the details would fill up certain lacunæ existing in the perfect understanding of our own carboniferous limestones.

As the association met in the heart of a great coal-field, it was natural to expect that much attention would be devoted to the subject, and it eliminated, in the first place, a most valuable and accurate paper from Mr. Binney, on the Lancashire coal-field, which supplied almost everything that could be desired for an accurate acquaintance with that formation. Some gigantic fossil trees, which had been found broken, but in an erect position, in cutting the Manchester and Bolton railway, had been carefully preserved for examination; and it was the general opinion of visitors that they were not, strictly speaking, dicotyledonous plants, as advocated by Mr. Bowman, but that they had decidedly grown *in sitû*. In connexion with the same subject, Mr. Williamson read an argumentative paper on the formation of coal-fields.

The next important subject was the theory of elevations and disturbances, which was ably brought forward, in a memoir on the physical structure of the Appalachian chain, by Professors H. D. Rogers and W. B. Rogers. It excited much discussion, and caused many interesting facts to be eliminated.

The report of the committee for registering shocks of earthquakes in Great Britain states, that sixty shocks had been observed at Comrie, in Perthshire, during the last year, and recommended that a person be employed, at that remarkable station, to observe further. The nature of the instruments used were described. The places most liable to earthquakes were situated along the lines of elevation, as at Falmouth and Chichester, and at Swansea, in South Wales. The two leading geological reports were those of Professor Owen, on the fossil mammalia of Great Britain,—the publication of which will be a subject of congratulation to all geologists,—and that of Professor Johnson, on chemical geology.

The glacial theory, the hobby of the day, was not passed over in silence. Dr. Stark communicated a memoir on the structure and mode of formation of glaciers, in which he overlooked the artificial divisions of firn névé, &c., and argued that there existed no constant differences in the crystalline structure of ice in different parts of glaciers; a view of the case which must, in theory, be correct, if we consider the elementary form of ice, as shewn by the researches of French and English crystallographers, to be an octahedron, and the common form a superinduced rhomb. The author's views, concerning the origin of the superinduced ribbon structure, were also very interesting.

Mr. Hawkshaw read a communication on the footsteps of the great animals of the toad species which trod the earth in the time of red sandstones. These animals were once as large as camels, but they gradually dwindled in size, even at that early epoch, as was ably shewn by the author, till the circumstances became so unfit for the propagation of an animal abhorrent to man, as to appear in the present day to have attained a point proximate to total annihilation.

ZOOLOGY.

There was not much done in this section. We shall briefly recapitulate the chief results under their proper heads of *Mammalogy*, in which class, we can merely notice a memoir by Dr. Hodgkin, on the "Races of Men;" and the exhibition of a gigantic pair of the horns of the Wapeti deer. *Ornithology*—Mr. Couch read a memoir on the migration of birds in Cornwall; and Mr. Blackwall, a list of summer birds observed in Denbighshire. *Icthyology*—Dr. Richardson read a description of a new genus of fishes, called Machærium Subducens, from Port Essington, in New Holland. The same naturalist read a report on the icthyology of New Zealand, which contained descriptions of seventy-seven species. *Invertebrata*—Mr. Blackwall communicated a curious notice on the palpi of spiders, in which he stated that the full development of these organs indicates a maturity in male spiders. Mr. Moore exhibited specimens of the parasites of salmon and carp, which led to an interesting discussion. Mr. Peach announced, that the so-called "sea cup," was not the product of the turbo littoreus, but of the purpureus capillus, and that the patella lævis is the young of the patella pellucida. Among the miscellaneous papers belonging to the same class, was the report of the committee on zoological nomenclature. A report also of the committee for the preservation of animal and vegetable substances, which reported most favourably on the solution of the subcarbonate of potash for such purposes.

BOTANY.

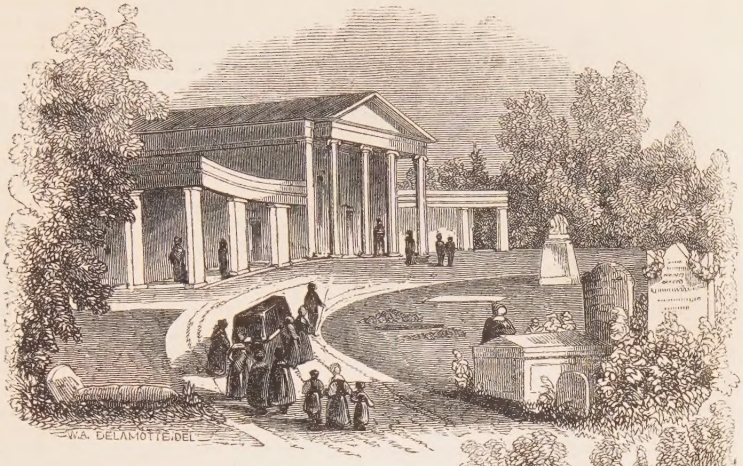
In this branch of knowledge, interesting papers were read by Professor Royle, on the growth of cotton in India; on the means of promoting the growth of plants, by Mr. Webb Hall; a paper by Mr. Reade, opposed to Liebig's theory of fallows; a notice of an irregular production of flowers in an aloe, at Ham Court, near Bristol, by Professor Daubeny; and the first report from the committee on the growth and vitality of seeds.

STATISTICS.

Many of the statistical papers led to results of considerable interest and importance. There were among these, five papers on vital statistics, in which Manchester and its cotton-spinners were included; two papers on criminal statistics; three on the statistics of colleges, academies, and schools; two on the loan funds and monts de piété in Ireland; the registers of the collegiate church, Manchester; the statistics of Plymouth, &c.

MECHANICAL SCIENCE.

There were no less than twenty-nine communications read at this section, all of which contained some practical fact of greater or less importance. Besides the report on railway sections, there were also connected with the same subject, a memoir by Mr. Vignolles, on the axles of locomotive engines; and a paper by the same author, on the best form of railway bars, and on the upper works of railways generally; a memoir by Mr. Nasmyth, on the strength of hammered and annealed bars of iron and railway axles; Mr. Smith, on an improved steam boiler; and Mr. Russell, on an index of speed for steam vessels; a memoir on floating breakwaters, a subject which has assumed a national importance; and one on the application of beton and concrete to the construction of breakwaters; three papers on the strength of materials; another on the ventilation of houses; on a self-acting wear; on the pressure of earth against walls; a memoir by Sir J. Robison, on making street-paving blocks from round timber, now proposed in Paris; a report on the form of ships; and another on iron, as a material for ship building; on a new mode of raising water; on producing artificial threads or filaments for weaving; Mr. Brockedon, on new patent stoppers; Mr. Vignolles, on Clegg's dry gas meter; and lastly, two papers, besides one read at the chemical section, on the interesting subject of the efficacy of plans for abating the smoke nuisance, and the consumption of smoke. There is now in Manchester an especial association for determining the merits of the various plans, which are now forty-two in number, submitted as effectual for this purpose, and its operation has been further assisted by a grant from the British Association.



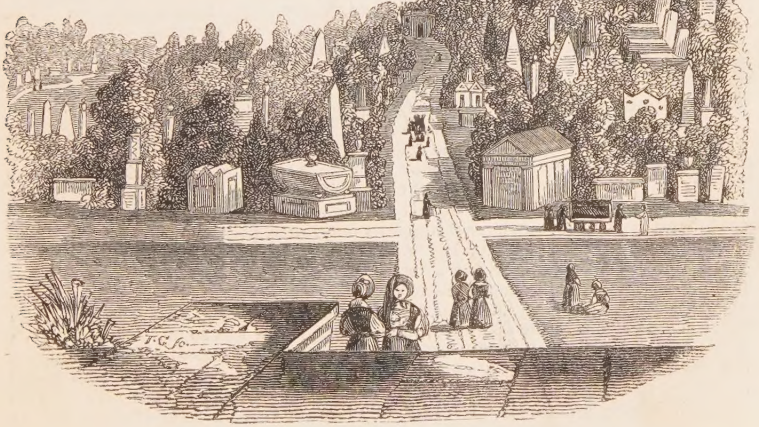

# A VISIT TO THE GENERAL CEMETERY AT KENSAL GREEN.

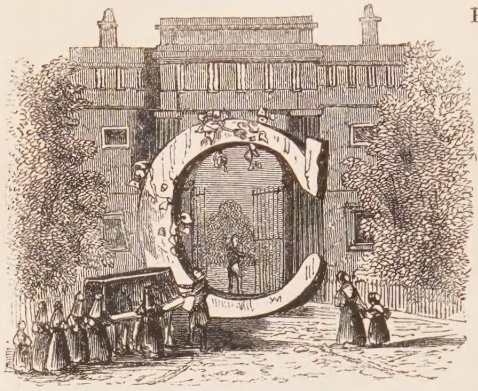
BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. ALFRED DELAMOTTE.

"THE ashes of Domitian were mingled with those of Julia; of Achilles with those of Patroclus. All urns contained not single ashes. Without confused burnings they affectionately compounded their bones; passionately endeavouring to continue their living unions. And when distance of death denied such conjunctions, unsatisfied affections conceived some satisfaction to be neighbours in the grave, to be urn by urn, and touch but in their names."

SIR THOMAS BROWNE: *Urn Burial.*





HANGE — so busy in this eventful century with Life —is busier yet with Death. There is no late step in the progress of opinion or the habits of society so broad as the distinction between the city Churchyard and the suburban Cemetery. Nor is it possible for change to take a healthier or wiser direction. In those dark, pent-up, narrow nooks of the busy town to which past generations have been consigned, — in those forlorn, railed-in, grassless recesses, which hold, in mingled heaps, the bones of the city's forefathers,—the pure and exquisite sentiment that should embalm the memory of the dead is stifled. The stir of the populous street—the rattling wheels—the hoarse cries—the ring of laughter and the yelling of oaths—the grey smoke that canopies the scene, or the yellow fog that envelops all,—combine to banish from the home of the departed every idea of the repose and quiet which had else sanctified it, and weigh us down with a sense of things the most sickening and repulsive. The hallowed associations which drew us gently to the spot are scared and driven back by a quick succession of ghastly images. What should be awe is terror—what should be pity is disgust. When we think of the dead afterwards, it is a thought that has no sweetness in it—like a flower without perfume. Our sympathies turn from the beloved object that lies below—we forget even the one most precious to us—to commiserate the strangers who dwell around, on the brink of the churchyard, inhaling its unwholesome vapours, familiarized with its loathsome secrets, and witnessing its profanation.

The desecration with which continued interments in most of these churchyards is inevitably attended has of late years greatly diminished, and there is a hope that it will soon wholly cease. What an escape from the atmosphere of London burial-places to the air of Kensal Green,—from the choked charnel-house to that verdant wide expanse, studded with white tombs of infinite shapes, and stone-marked graves covered with flowers of every brilliant dye!

With what a different impulse does memory revisit this Asylum of the Dead! The weight with which we had contemplated the mortal relics of the Immortal lost to us, flies off as we approach. We meditate with serenity ; we retire, with cheerfulness mingling in the calm that has stolen over us. Here there has been nothing to repel, nothing to shock, nothing to wound the profound and sensitive feeling. The mourner here has held uninterrupted intercourse with the mourned. Kneeling beside the bed of the Sleeper, the watcher Love has felt for a time that Death was but a dream, and Life little more. Affection has said, in the language of the Hebrew in his vision, "Let these dry bones live!" and, as Light followed the creative Word, the lost has been restored, and the separated have been joined.

While sorrow may be thus soothed, while anguish and terror may be thus softened into a tender regret, it must be a cold and hard philosophy that would deem us victims to a morbid delusion, and endeavour to limit the imagination to the field of the senses. "Nature is above art in that respect." Not only do the remarkable beauty of the scene, and the touching evidences of human affection which everywhere present themselves to the wanderer through its labyrinths, pour balm upon the troubled heart that heaves for the Dead ; but are not the Dying also cheered by thoughts derived from the loveliness and the serenity of the place! A friend, who has since become an inhabitant of another cemetery,* has recorded a touching incident connected with the cemetery at Kensal Green. It is related of Mr. Broughton, the surgeon. Previous to the operation, the effect of which was so fatal, he was driven in his carriage to the gate, and "sat there for some minutes *looking in*." Within a few days, amongst the stones, and shrubs, and flowers on which he thus gazed curiously, was his body deposited, according to the instructions in his will. "This story," it is truly remarked, "is beautifully expressive of a state of mind calmly

* Edward Chatfield, the artist; esteemed in that character, beloved in every other. He is buried in the cemetery at Norwood.

making itself up to a contingent, not remotely calculated, but felt to be hovering awfully near." We agree that the *looking in* is better than would have been the going in; but imagine the calm patient, conscious of his doom, glancing round the desolate precincts of a city churchyard, or prying into a horrid vault through the iron grating!

Let us pass the Lodge, and enter at the gates of the Cemetery. We are struck—first, doubtless, with the surrounding landscape, so rich in cultivation, in character so diversified, in extent so sweeping; next, with the beauty of that Garden of Death which is spread on either side of us, adorned with evergreens and flowers, broken with small clumps of trees, and covered with buildings tastefully designed. It is on these that our feelings pause, and surprise makes itself felt amidst the solemnity that fills the mind. Standing on that slight eminence, we are startled by the number of the monuments. It is scarcely ten years since the sheep were driven from their pasture, and already has there been about six thousand interments within that noble and spacious enclosure. The Cemetery comprises upwards of 40 acres of ground. Looking to the right from the entrance, a central walk leads to the church at some distance, in front of which is a large circle appropriated to many of the more splendid and spacious tombs and mausoleums. The north walk, skirting the wall along the public road, conducts us to the Catacombs and the Colonnade, whence there is a branch-walk across the Cemetery; passing which we reach the west walk, and arrive at the south path running on the canal side, which conducts us again to the entrance. Here, in the space beyond, we traverse the ground set apart for the burial of dissenters of every denomination, having a chapel for the performance of service according to their several forms of worship.

Before we enter either of the walks, we are attracted by a cluster of white marble monuments, prefiguring by their beauty the sacred tributes beyond. Amongst them is an elegant column, on which is chiselled a withered lily; and on the top, white as snow, is a young lamb, bound and dying. "*Julia Lamb*" is the inscription below. Pitying and sad is the sentiment with which the beholder turns aside; and close by, he sees, surmounting a granite tomb, a marble pillar, with the inscription—

"Grateful children in sacred remembrance of beloved parents."

At a little distance is another filial tribute, a plain stone rising amidst flowers—

"To the memory of Sir Anthony Carlisle, his affectionate daughters inscribe this stone."

And between the two, stands a handsome monument to Wyndham Lewis, M.P.—

"Erected by his widow, Mary Anne Lewis, who was united to him for seventeen years of unbroken happiness."

Rejoice, then! is the silent reflection with which we turn away; rejoice, then, ye who despond over the world's woes, and rush to meet the shadow of death as he advances! Life is something more than a walk by the grave's side, a looking down, and a sudden fall! Though budding infancy and blooming youth mingle their dust at our feet, to others may fall the fairer lot, the poet's dream, "years of unbroken happiness!"

Turning to the north walk, we pause before a broken pillar of white marble to

"James Lansdown, architect, erected as a testimony of their esteem by a few friends."

And at the family grave of "John Gosling" we stop to transcribe one of those frequent tributes, in which the mere overflow of sorrow, without the slightest inspiration of the fancy, seeks in the form of poetry an expression to which ordinary forms of language seem hopelessly inadequate:—

"Here lies the only comfort of my life,
A tender mother, and a faithful wife;
No peace, nor comfort, shall I ever have,
Till I lie by her in the silent grave."

But there are inscriptions which touch at once the imagination and the affections. "Who can help being moved," says the friend already adverted to, "by the glowing fire and radiance of an agonized love, which thus disperses the clouds hanging on the skirts of the world?

"'Young, beautiful, and good, God in his mercy numbered her with his angels at the early age of seventeen.'

"It seems as impious to doubt the faith as the love which dictated this inscription. A fact is assumed with all the confidence of an eye-witness. The letters with which the stone is firmly indented are but faint types of the vivid image stamped on the mind of the bereaved parent that his young, his beautiful, his virtuous child, is now and for ever an angel of light, admitted as one of that burning row of bright seraphim ministering before the throne of the Most High." The tears called forth by the inscription thus recorded fall upon the grave of Mary Scott Hogarth, sister of Mrs. Charles Dickens. Beside her lies her brother,

"George Hogarth, aged twenty. Like her, he was taken ill and died in one night."

Called hence at the same age, and ministering haply in the same angelic service, may Rosina Johnson be, whose ashes lie at a short distance, beneath heartsease and forget-me-not, honeysuckle and yew—

"As a flower, beautiful in form, she came forth, and was cut down; and like fragrance rich and grateful was the amiability of her disposition to all who knew her."

Passing a striking tomb, with rich corner ornaments, in honour of "John Campbell," the arms sculptured, with the impressive motto, "Follow me!" we stop to notice one of those inscriptions, of which the Cemetery contains several—records of grateful respect for the services of faithful dependents:—

"To the memory of Eleanor Anderson this stone is raised, as a tribute to long and faithful services, and as a testimony of attachment and regard, by the Duchess of Sutherland and her children."

If, for a contrast to such honourable tributes, for a touching evidence of the grateful remembrance in which the employer may hold the employed, we turn to a distant walk, we find one upon a simple stone, at whose foot spring a few evergreens—

"To Richard Stanton, M.D., erected by Sarah Towers, for many years his confidential housekeeper."

Returning, we find over the dust of William Henry Doggett, a verse which none but a doting mother could have ever dreamed of writing—

"Dear prattling child, to both our hearts still dear,
Long shall we bathe thy memory with a tear;
Farewell, too promising on earth to dwell!
Sweetest of fondlings—best of babes, farewell!"

And if rapturous affection sometimes run into eccentricity, who can help pitying while they smile! Little William Brown is made to say of himself—

"Affectionate baby once was I,
Pride of my parent's hearts,
Who soothed my sorrow when I cried,
And press'd me to their breast."

From the graves of the early-nipp'd, reminding us that no medicine can avail, we passed to an imposing mausoleum, inscribed "James Morison, the Hygeist;" and were immediately afterwards stopped, as by the touch of an angel, where the remains of the youthful Elizabeth Hermitage are covered with a plain stone, on which a handful of flowers had been newly scattered. A sister had been there!

Around us are testimonies of affection hallowing every degree of relationship. Mark a niece's intensity of love struggling to express itself in a tribute to Mrs. Ball—

"The loss of an aunt I deplore,
A dear and affectionate friend;
To me she will never return,
To her I hope to ascend.
Her love that of aunts surpass'd
Can nature do less than weep?
Oh no, for my tears flow so fast,
No bounds my poor nature can keep."

Pause, reader! and contemplate this square tomb of fine white veined marble. What elegant scholarship, what intellectual energy, what various knowledge of books and men, what practical skill—above all, perhaps, what kindliness of heart and steadiness of friendship, have gone down to it! It is erected

"In memory of Thomas Barnes, M.A., of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and editor of the *Times* journal, died 7th of May, 1841, aged 55 years.
"He was a man of eminent service to his country, and his death, to a numerous circle of friends, was a personal misfortune. As a politician, he conducted public opinion with great moral courage, inflexible integrity, and genuine patriotism; while he was distinguished by fine talents and a graceful elocution. Learning in him was united with facility, criticism with taste, and elegance with ease. The nation found in him a mind familiar with our native manners and institutions, and acquainted, through every grade, with the vast fabric of our social system. He was noble by being beneficial to others and disinterested in himself. In magnanimity above the vicissitudes of the world, he was a generous spirit—amiable in his domestic relations, and in his social qualities without an equal."

We must not pass the quaint lines inscribed on the tomb of Edward Hewson—

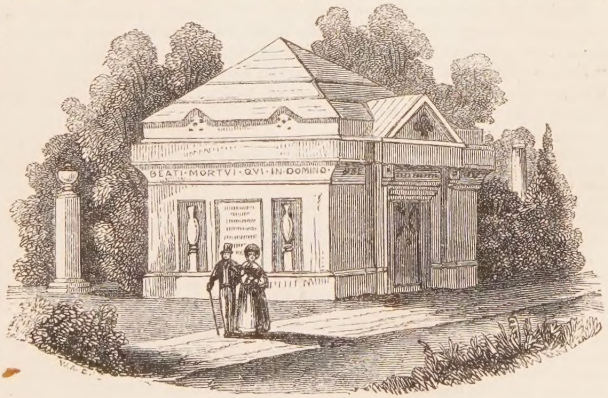
"Thy life is but a winter's day—
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dine, and are well fed;—
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.
Larger his debts who lingers out the day—
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay!"

Before we enter the Colonnade adorned with beautiful tablets, or inspect the Catacombs over which we now walk, shall we turn off towards the Circle, whither so many splendid and interesting objects attract us? And here as we wander, the eye glancing from the flower-circled tomb to the lofty column, from the delicate marble to the massive granite, by what a name is it suddenly arrested! "CHARLOTTE SOPHIA LOCKHART, daughter of Sir Walter Scott, of Abbotsford, Bart.;" while an inscription on the other side records that her sister, Anne Scott, reposes there also, having perished in her thirtieth year. What mourners

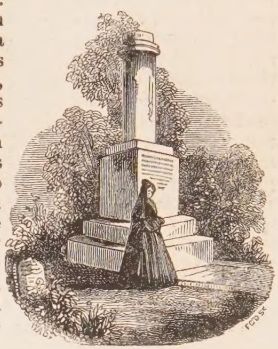
have lingered around! How many eyes which never beheld the sleepers within have wept for their loss, while tracing that revered name — glancing upward in the dusk of eve, almost expecting to see the spirit of Scott descending in the twilight, to hover over the devoted beings he loved so well. On every side here, some tribute to virtue, some testimonial of suffering, claims more than a passing regard. Here stands a white marble pillar to the memory of a young sportsman, shot at the age of twenty; here, near the church, full of years and honours, inhabiting a handsome mausoleum of stone, sleeps Dr. Valpy. Another, surrounded by flowers, is raised to the wife of Mr. Frederick Sprattlin; and opposite is the monument of Captain Thomas Blair and several of his family, who died early. That broken pillar of white marble bears inscriptions on either side—one of which records the "awful and agonizing catastrophe" of April, 1839, when Eliza Maria, the "youngest and fondly-cherished daughter," was thrown from her horse in Hyde Park, and expired in St. George's Hospital. Very near each other in the circle are striking monuments commemorative of a similar fate—those of Mr. Burton, Mr. Powell, and Mr. Sams; all of whom, like poor Miss Blair, were killed by accidents with horses.

CHARLOTTE SOPHIA
WIFE OF J.G. LOCKHART ESQ.
AND DAUGHTER OF SIR W. SCOTT
OF ABBOTSFORD BART
HER SON JOHN HUGH LOCKHART
DIED DECEMBER 15 1831
IN HIS ELEVENTH YEAR

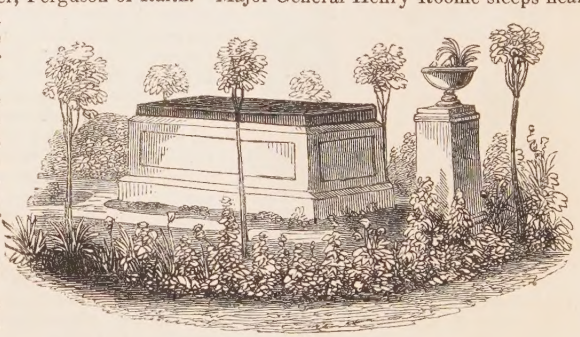
Suddenly we pause to admire a contrast with all the richly-adorned sepulchres around. Behold it simple, grand, massive—formed of huge blocks of granite—sober in hue, sublime in its effect—the mausoleum of the "Rashleigh Family of Menabilly." We pass amidst tombs of various form to a large space railed in, in the midst of which stands a beautiful cenotaph of white marble, superbly ornamented—it is that of Mr. Holland, a wealthy merchant. Close to it, a lofty obelisk of red granite, to the memory of Thomas Lothian, claims notice; and at a brief distance, more remarkable than all, appears a magnificent catacomb mausoleum; that of Mr. Huth, a Prussian merchant. The beholder passes on each side of this in mute



surprise and admiration. It is fitted to contain forty coffins, and was erected at a cost of 1500*l.* Near the Circle, rest Sir W. Beattie, who extracted the ball from Nelson—and Morris, the Haymarket manager. Within it, and therefore neighbouring each other, lie Daniells, the Orientalist; Joseph Chitty, the famous barrister; and under the shadow of a pretty monument, silent as "a nightingale o'ercome in music," Rosoman Mountain, the modest actress and sweet-toned singer who charmed so many of us in youth. Winding our way about, in the pensive mood which the scene so naturally awakens, the eye traces, among many others, the names of the Duchess Dowager of Leeds, Lady Galloway, two sons of the Hon. George Ponsonby, General Skelton, Admiral Donnelly, Sir M. White Ridley, Bart., and others. Near us stands an elegant tomb of white marble, raised in honour of a respected physician, Edward Turner, M.D. There is also one to the memory of Sir Francis Freeling, Bart., Secretary to the Post Office, who spent upwards of half a century "in a course of faithful and distinguished official service." The hapless youth whom Medhurst stabbed sleeps with his sister here: hers was the broken heart. Ah! how life is linked to life, how victim follows victim! Who can say in his frenzy, "I will strike *one* blow," and feel sure that the death-stroke will not reach another bosom? We find a second example in another part of the Cemetery, where a low tomb, surrounded by yew, bears the affecting record that the wife of Mr. Beard was hastened to her end by the loss of an affectionate mother.



Among the obelisks is one to Sir Robert Baker, and another, of white marble, to Mrs. Tremaine, who perished by fire. Among the monuments is that of the Honourable Frances Bowles, Lord Palmerston's sister; and one of enduring granite to a good man, General Sir Ronald C. Ferguson, G.C.B. & M.P. Next to him lies his brother, Ferguson of Raith. Major General Henry Roome sleeps near them, and, within a noble granite tomb, Admiral Sir Henry Duncan. But of all the tombs which grace the Cemetery, not one is there to eclipse the strikingly plain and simple style of beauty, costly though it be, that adorns the enclosure sacred to the relics of Doctor Hewitt.



Before we quit the splendid circle, two objects require to be noticed. On the approach through the central walk from the entrance, they are the first prominent ones that present themselves—(see the engraving on the last page.) One is the "Family Vault of Andrew Ducrow, Esq." It is large and lavishly decorated; but the plants which encircle it form a welcome relief to its gorgeous ornaments. There is an inscription on either side.

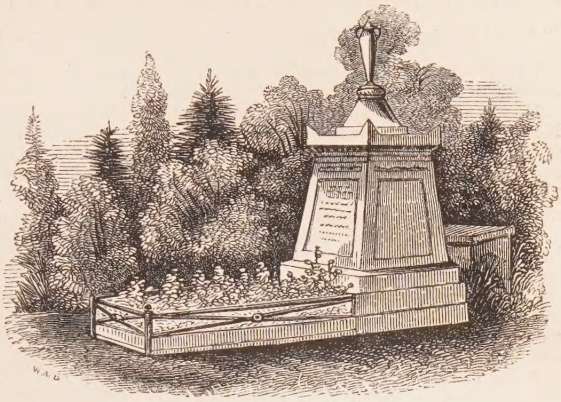
"Here repose in sacred memory the mortal remains of the beloved wife of Andrew Ducrow, Esq., by whom this monument is reared, as a last tribute to his love, as a lasting testimony to her worth—who departed this life 26th January 1837.

"A sorrowing husband still
Shews the parting tear,
That silent drops for thee,
Till Death has brought him here."

"Within this tomb, erected by Genius for the reception of its own remains, are deposited those of Andrew Ducrow, whose death deprived the arts and sciences of an eminent professor and liberal patron; his family of an affectionate husband and father; and the world of an upright man. He died 27th of January, 1842. To commemorate such virtues, his affectionate Widow has erected this tribute."

Opposite this striking mausoleum is one scarcely inferior to it in magnitude.

"It is the fate of most men, to have many enemies and few friends. This monumental pile is not intended to mark the career, but to shew how much its inhabitant was respected by those who knew his worth, and the benefits derived from his remedial discovery. He is now at rest, and far beyond the praises or censures of this world. Stranger, as you respect the receptacle of the dead, read the name of John St. John Long without comment."



In a walk leading again into the path which encloses all, we have a view of a newly erected tribute, combining great simplicity of architectural design with pre-eminence of floral beauty. Above its simple inscription is an extinguished funeral torch; and beneath — "The family tomb of William Harrison Ainsworth, Esq."

"In memory of Thomas Ainsworth, Esq., of Manchester, who died on the 20th June, 1824, aged 45 years: his remains are deposited in Rosthorne Churchyard, Cheshire.

"Also of Mrs. Ann Ainsworth, widow of the above, who died on the 15th of March, 1842, aged 64 years. Her remains are deposited in the vault beneath."

Entering the Colonnade, the object that first fixed our gaze was an elegant white marble tablet. The inscription is affecting. How beautiful in its strength and intensity is that mysterious bond of love, which death cannot divide, linking the perished one and the survivor in the same record, joining the future to the past.

"To Louisa, the most beloved wife of John Cox, of Hyde Park-street, Esq. Her husband endured his affliction until the — day of —— 18—, when he had entered his — th year. His body is placed close to the remains of her who was the comfort and support of his soul upon earth."

On a headstone not far off there is a second example of this anticipated reunion.

"Also Susannah Pillock, his wife, who died —— aged ——"

These blanks in the inscription have an awful look, and speak eloquently of the future. They are as graves already dug, and waiting only to be filled up. The feeling which suggests them tells us that the business of this world is over, the account drawn up, the record entered—all but a few figures. The life of life is felt to be at an end—there can be no stay here—the date of departure is alone required to be inserted in the register!

Near the tablet just noticed appears a well-executed head of Sir William Knighton, and a record of the death of Lord George Murray, Bishop of St. David's:—

"His lordship was the inventor of the first telegraph established in this kingdom, 1796."

There is an elegant bas-relief above the ashes of Thomas Peake, of Perthwig, Denbigh, with many other interesting and graceful memorials.

### WEST AND SOUTH WALKS.

Descending, and advancing a few yards upon the green turf, we notice, among the many lovely tokens we had overlooked, a small, light, temple-fashioned memorial, surrounded with yew, to the relict of Col. George Mence; and making our way towards the west walk, passing various massy tombs—that, for example, of Richard Gregory, of Berners-street—whose closed doors look sealed up for ever, we arrived at some pretty, small, encircled monuments;—one to

"Blanche Eliza, eldest and beloved daughter of Lord and Lady Howard."

The solemnities which enclose the dust of children are almost invariably in good taste. Within a railing filled with violets and harebells, lies an infant named Porter; a tastefully sculptured design indicates the simple state in which the offspring of John and Susannah Cowie lies buried; an enclosure of laurel and yew reveals, above the remains of two little brothers named Coster, the inscription—

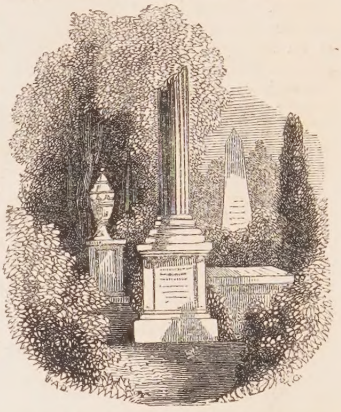
"Why should we repine when our little ones are crowned with glory;"—

and beyond this, with *one* word of the record inscribed in italic letters, is a column—

"Sacred to the memory of Francis, the *only* child of Derwentwater and Lela Anne Radcliffe."

What a depth of meaning—what a gush of agony—what a sense of loneliness and bereavement, are in that word *only*, so inscribed!

Do you note that tomb, coffin-shaped, on which is written—"Edwin, the eldest son!" Now glance further down the South Walk!—the walk, not dreary, not desolate—oh no! beautiful, and arched with rainbows, in spite of these evidences of mourning—and observe the plain, flat stone, which bears these words, and these alone—"Sacred to the memory of a beloved mother." How touchingly does the parental tenderness in one place harmonize with the filial delicacy and devotion in the other!



It was a beautiful conception, to illustrate, by a broken shaft, a column, rising in strength and snapped midway—the sudden cessation of life in its prime and vigour—cut off where its ties were strongest, and the pride of health gave promise of length of days. There are several of these images in the Cemetery.

A plain stone pillar, bearing a cushion of white marble, on which rests a soldier's hat and various insignia, marks the burial-place of

"Col. Gorrequer, who served upwards of forty years in the army;"

and at a little distance is an ivy-circled tomb of white marble, the home of

"Frederick Augustus Rosen, a profound Oriental scholar."

Above the ashes of John Kennedy, Holywood House, county Down, as an affecting inscription states—

"A sorrowing mother placed this humble stone,
To cover his remains, and wait her own."

The resignation here expressed is intimated also, though in a very different manner, over the grave of two young sisters, named Jenks—

"Sleep on, dear children, within thy clay-cold beds,
Thy parents still live who supported thy heads;
And though you have left them they cannot repine,
Aware that no bliss can be greater than thine."

Whatever feelings these lines may suggest, we find the simple "J. L. H.," or "W. A. H.," which appear on infant graves close by, at least as touching.

More suggestive and mysterious still is the spell with which we linger round the turf that covers some fair but unnamed being; some "Helen," some "Caroline," with whose spirits we seem to hold a more intimate communion, in virtue of the very obscurity that wraps their ashes. We are struck with the blank in the record,—with the vacuity which at first appeals to the imagination to supply a name—and then invites the feeling to join in sweeter intercourse with theirs who withheld it. We would not hear the other name if we might—it would chill us with the intelligence that a stranger's dust is beside us. The peculiar charm would be broken, the subtle tie would instantly dissolve. As it is, how closely are we united to the deceased! "Helen" contains a little history; "Caroline" is somebody that we knew. The very familiarity wins our sympathies; and knowing so little of the dwellers below, we feel that we know more than can ever be known of the stranger. Sacred is the sentiment that dictated the scanty record; sweet be the sleep of the lamented; and silver-lined, like the cloud in "Comus," the grief that hangs over the mourners!

Affecting is the character of the plain pillar, and the mignonette which marks where lies "Eliza Locke, aged 20." This is one of the many that contrasts with the handsome square granite monument, inscribed with names once associated with a gayer scene in St. James's-street—names that having lived through various report, are now linked with the "nil nisi bonum," of the sepulchre—

"Robert Bond, Esq., beloved and lamented. Ephraim Bond, brother to the above. He was a man, and nothing that relates to a man was foreign to his feelings.

"Of talents rare, and sentiments refined,
And with a heart benevolent and kind;
He might have fill'd high honour's palmy seat,
Where haply rank and genius joy to meet."

There is a striking inscription on the headstone in memory of William Chions—

"Death! like an irresistible King,
Reigns over us all; he holds in his hand
An iron sceptre; and when he smites
None can escape!"

We place beside it Mrs. Mary Capp's epitaph, less figurative, if less intelligible—

"Since our good friend is gone to rest,
Within the silent grave,
We hope her soul amongst the blest,
Let fruitless sorrows wave."

Bright are the flowers, as the flush on the cheek of Consumption, that cover the remains of "a beloved daughter," the fatal and piteous symptoms of whose decline are described in the following—

"In the dismal night-air dress'd,
I will creep into her breast,
Flush her cheek and blanch her skin,
And feed on the vital fire within.
Lover, do not trust her eyes,
When they sparkle most, she dies;
Mother, do not trust her breath,
Comfort she will breathe in death;
Father, do not strive to save her,
She is mine and I must have her;
The coffin must be her bridal bed,
The winding sheet must wrap her head;
The whisp'ring winds must o'er her sigh,
For soon in the grave the maid must lie;
The worm it will riot on heavenly diet,
When death has deflowered her eye."

These lines—unremembered when we copied them, as breathing the poetical spirit, however wild and disfigured—are from the melancholy muse of Kirk White.

Simplicity always wins us—and again in association with childhood. Beautiful urn wreathed with clematis! gentle flowers carefully tended! how happily ye associate with the description of William Williams—

"An only and idolized child, to the inexpressible sorrow of his unhappy parents."

Yet not wholly inexpressible while such tokens remain, worthy to match with the pretty column and enclosure where Charles Leopold Spaeth lies.

"Death found strange beauty in that cherub brow,
He touched the veins with ice, and the rose faded."

An urn, wreathed with a serpent, the emblem of immortality, and inscribed with the word "Mercy," marks the resting-place of Mercy, the wife of Robert Barclay. This conducts us to the scene of a double bereavement—

"Emma, wife of George Simpson, surgeon, died 1835, aged 29. Mary Louisa, his second wife, died 1840, aged 23."

Two rose-trees, a white and a blush rose, bend over the record of early death and pitiable misfortune. Peculiar for its neatness is a small plain column in memory of the wife of George Allen; plain also, and handsome, is the tomb of Eliza Jobling.

"A tribute to her eminent talents and amiable disposition by a few of her pupils and friends."

The name of Daniell, the academician, invites a pause; we pause, too, at the family grave of Richard J. Lane, with its adornment of ground-ivy and flowers—

"The patient abiding of the meek shall not perish."

Among the ornaments near, which claim notice, are the beautiful tribute to the daughter of John Morris, Esq., and the peculiar plain red brick family grave of Charles Cheel. But swerving from this path, towards the end of which we have arrived, how simple, yet how irresistible is the charm that stays us opposite a white marble slab, on which is delicately sculptured a rose-bud with its stem broken.

"To little Kate, eldest daughter of Robt. Park, Esq."

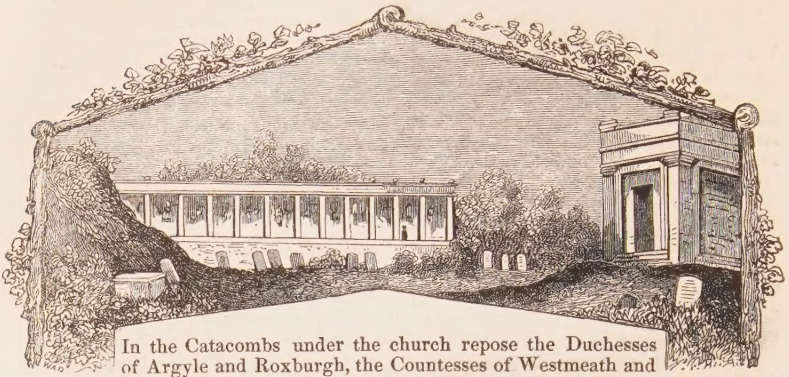
Two years and four months was the age of little Kate, and she was the eldest daughter! How we seem to have watched her first tottering steps, and to have heard the earliest words she ever lisped. Who shall persuade us that we never saw the light gushing out of the smiling eyes of little Kate!

### THE CHURCH—THE CATACOMBS, ETC.

Let us now visit the Catacombs under the church. Here there is room for ten thousand coffins. On the walls above are many tablets and sculptured pieces. To the left of the church door as you approach, is a marble figure reclining on a couch, and covered with a sheet; above is a released spirit rising to the skies with an angel companion. The lady to whom this is erected was burnt to death. An open book exhibits on its marble page, the name of

"James Moyes, of London, an eminent printer."

There are tablets to the memory of Francis Const, barrister-at-law; Lord Douglas Gordon Halyburton, M.P.; Col. Leslie Grove Jones; Richard Pringle, Esq., and Lady Colville, whose coronet rests upon a white marble cushion, one tassel of which has been rudely broken off—a solitary instance of monumental desecration in this beautifully ordered cemetery.



In the Catacombs under the church repose the Duchesses of Argyle and Roxburgh, the Countesses of Westmeath and Bathyani, Lady Hamilton and Lady Louisa Murray; Lords Howden, St. Helens, and Teynham; Lord Gorvaugh also, who was brought from France, and lies in a very singular French coffin; Generals Gascoyne and Cleiland, Dr. Birkbeck, Mr. Horsley Palmer, &c. Here, too, is a large vault belonging to Mr. Macready; a youthful daughter is the occupant. In other Catacombs not under the church, are the vaults of Lords Cavan and Ashburton; of Thomas Wakley, M.P.; the coffins of Ladies Headfort, Kinnoul, and Anson; of Joseph Sabine, F.R.S., John Auldjo, and Mr. Praed, M.P., upon whose coffin a beautiful bouquet of fresh flowers had just been placed. The list includes a long array of noble and honourable names, many of them renowned in our military and naval annals.

There are many beautiful crosses in the Cemetery. Not far from the spot at which we now emerge stands a fine old cross of speckled granite, in memory of Rebecca Anne Scobell; and elsewhere, there is an object of singular and touching interest, which may serve to represent this class of design. Of the graves and monuments that are evidently Catholic, several are equally unobtrusive and affecting. As we stand before a headstone hung with wreaths that outlive the season's decay, and shaded by a profusion of carefully tended flowers and evergreens, we feel the beautiful truth of Godwin's reflection, in his Essay on Sepulchres,—"the world is for ever in its infancy,"—and prefer the sweet, touching, childlike piety that dwells around that humble dwelling of death, whether it contain white hairs or the bright locks of youth, to the lofty column and the sculptured mausoleum. With no heavy or morbid oppression of the spirit, we yet are with the dead, who, at fourscore, had but tottered on a brief way before, like little children,—and we linger in peaceful reflection,—as old Marvell says—

> "Annihilating all that's made
> To a green thought in a green shade."

These are graves indeed, and not vacant monuments. A writer who has described Père la Chaise, bids us look at a mausoleum; "it is an empty one." Yonder is another, and further on are many more. "Know ye not, (he asks) that it is usual with the man of wealth at Paris to possess his town hotel, his country-house at St. Cloud, a box at the Italian Opera, and a tomb in this Cemetery?" We have never felt our human sympathies repelled, whilst traversing the English Cemetery, with a suspicion of

this kind,—sent back, as from a fruitless errand, by a sound from the hollow mausoleum, which to the ear of imagination might say, "Not at home." Yet here are edifices sufficiently spacious to beget the same misapprehension into which the child ran in Père la Chaise, when mistaking from the size of the buildings their object, he asked, as he stopped before one of them, "Who lives here?"

In the Dissenters' portion of the Cemetery there is a fair proportion of striking monuments and interesting records. Proceeding along the path towards the Chapel, and passing one of those needless applications of the word private, of which there are so many examples, "the private grave of Richard Rootsey," we pause to copy a verse inscribed to Mrs. Sarah Flint; the personal pronoun with which it terminates had evidently been masculine in the original, and the change conveys a peculiar effect:—

"Grave of the righteous, surely there
The sweetest bloom of beauty is;
Oh may I sleep in Christ as fair,
And with a hope as bright as hers."

Among several tombs is one conspicuously handsome, to the memory of the wife of Mr. Hopper, the sculptor; and a very plain one to Mr. George Comb,

"Seventeen years pastor of the Particular Baptist Church, Soho Chapel, who fell asleep in Jesus, 1841."

A stone to the memory of John Sears, relates that

"He was born of sinful parents, born again of the Spirit, tasted of the promises of Jehovah's grace, longed for their consummation, and peacefully slept in Jesus."

There is something startling, and yet at the close, something impressive and sweet, in the tribute to the wife of Daniel Curtis, dissenting minister—

"She was a pattern of good works, and though her faith was weak, it triumphed over the gates of Hell on the very threshold of death, and she began the Hallelujahs of Heaven before she left the earth."

On the elegant tomb of Mrs. Elizabeth Harrison, it is written—

"In Adam, her head, she acknowledged she fell,
But in Jesus, her Lord, she loved much to dwell;
Thus living, she felt there was no condemnation,
And dying, rejoiced there was no separation."

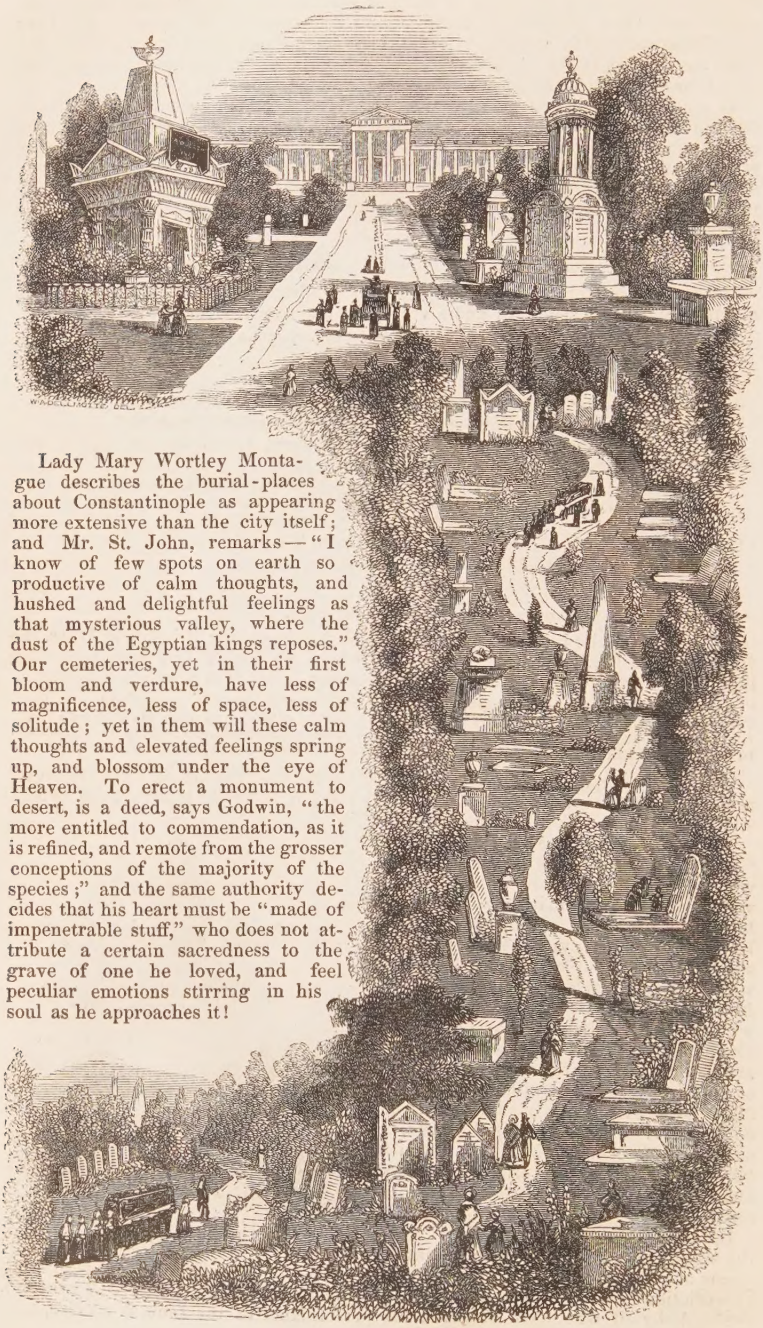
Linger we awhile beside the grave at which we now stop; it is that of Dyer, the friend of Charles Lamb; the G. D. with whom the gentle Elia held such long literary and social conference. George Dyer was in his 86th year when he died.

"Above the scholar's fame, the poet's bays,
Thus Dyer on the tomb we write thy praise,—
A life of truth—a heart from guile as free,
In manhood and in age, as infancy;
And brotherly affection, unconfined
By partial creeds, and open to mankind;
Even here did Heaven to recompense thee send
Long life uncensured, and a tranquil end."

As the noble epitaph, "Here lies Fulke Greville, the friend of Sir Philip Sidney," remains to this hour, honouring him who devised it, so might it have been briefly written of G. D., "Here lies the friend of Elia."

Taking a farewell view of this scene of "sad enchantment," we remember what we owe to the taste and talent of the various artists by whom its embellishments have been executed. Many of the most beautiful are by Sievier. We annex one simply as an example. It is of beautiful white veined marble—two children of Mrs. Hollond, of Grosvenor Place, sleep within. Mr. Mares, of Kensal Green, is also among those successful sculptors who are distinguished for the vigour and purity of their designs; nor will the spectator fail to admire the works of several of their competitors. The mason, Mr. Lander, is so extensively occupied here, that it would be wonderful if the fruits of his knowledge and experience did not invariably ensure satisfaction.

Space does not permit us to dwell upon the admirable manner in which the interments are conducted; but it would be unjust to omit an expression of that respectful appreciation in which the qualities displayed by the chaplain, the Rev. J. Twigger, are held, by all who have observed his performance of the funeral service, and listened to his impressive reading.



Lady Mary Wortley Montague describes the burial-places about Constantinople as appearing more extensive than the city itself; and Mr. St. John, remarks—"I know of few spots on earth so productive of calm thoughts, and hushed and delightful feelings as that mysterious valley, where the dust of the Egyptian kings reposes." Our cemeteries, yet in their first bloom and verdure, have less of magnificence, less of space, less of solitude; yet in them will these calm thoughts and elevated feelings spring up, and blossom under the eye of Heaven. To erect a monument to desert, is a deed, says Godwin, "the more entitled to commendation, as it is refined, and remote from the grosser conceptions of the majority of the species;" and the same authority decides that his heart must be "made of impenetrable stuff," who does not attribute a certain sacredness to the grave of one he loved, and feel peculiar emotions stirring in his soul as he approaches it!

# THE MISER'S DAUGHTER.

A Tale.

BY THE EDITOR.

## BOOK THE THIRD.

### CHAPTER THE FIRST.

HOW HILDA RECEIVED THE INTELLIGENCE THAT RANDULPH HAD BEEN WOUNDED IN THE DUEL; AND WHAT PASSED BETWEEN CORDWELL FIREBRAS AND THE MISER.

Not having seen his daughter overnight, for he did not wait up for her, Mr. Scarve only became acquainted with the beau's attempt to carry her off, on the following morning. The relation of the matter threw him into a violent passion, and when, shortly afterwards, Jacob ushered in Sir Norfolk Salusbury and Firebras, who called to acquaint him with the result of the two duels, they found him in a state of the greatest excitement. Without allowing the baronet time to utter a word, he rushed up to him, and, in a voice half choked by fury, exclaimed—"Have you killed him?—have you killed him?"

"Do you allude to Mr. Randulph Crew, sir?" demanded Sir Norfolk, calmly.

"No, to the beau—to Villiers!" rejoined the miser.

"I have not engaged with him," replied the old baronet; "but he has met with due chastisement from Mr. Crew."

"I am glad to hear it," rejoined the miser; "but I should have been better pleased if his villainy had been punished by any other person. You, yourself, are in some measure to blame for this misadventure, Sir Norfolk."

"I can make due allowance for your excited feelings, Mr. Scarve," returned the baronet; "but—"

"'Sdeath, sir!" interrupted the miser—"why did you let Hilda out of your sight? Since you undertook the charge of her, it was your duty to keep strict watch over her."

"I feel there is reason in what you say, Mr. Scarve," replied Sir Norfolk; "nevertheless—"

"I want no explanation," cried the miser, fiercely; "it is sufficient for me that the thing has happened. And look how it stands:—My daughter is entrusted to your care—is all but carried off by a libertine, from under your very nose—and is rescued by the very person of all others I wished her to avoid, and against whom I cautioned you. Can anything be imagined more vexatious?"

"It is as vexatious to me as it can be to yourself, Mr. Scarve,"

replied Sir Norfolk, sternly, for his forbearance was fast ebbing; "but I must pray of you to use more moderation in your tones and language. Recollect whom you are addressing."

"I ought to have recollected your blind and stupid punctiliousness, which so easily makes you the dupe of designers, before I committed my daughter to your charge," cried the miser, exasperated by the other's haughtiness.

"Whew!" exclaimed Firebras, with a slight whistle. "There'll be another duel presently, if he goes on at this rate."

"Mr. Scarve, I wish you a good morning," said the old baronet, bowing stiffly; "you shall hear from me ere long."

"Stay, Sir Norfolk," cried Hilda, rushing up to him; "my father does not know what he says. For my sake, let it pass."

"Ay, ay, Sir Norfolk, let it pass," said Firebras, in a low tone. "Mr. Scarve's intemperate conduct should move your pity rather than your anger."

"I believe you are right, sir," replied the old baronet in the same tone; "I will regard it as a mere infirmity of temper."

"Sir Norfolk," said Hilda, speaking with forced calmness—"some menacing words passed between you and Randulph Crew last night. You say he has risked his life on my account, and has punished my assailant. I trust that nothing has passed, or may pass, between you and him. Promise me this, Sir Norfolk."

"Sir Norfolk may safely give that promise now," remarked Firebras.

"How mean you, sir?" cried Hilda, becoming as pale as death. "Have you met him, Sir Norfolk?—have you fought?"

The old baronet averted his head.

"I will answer for him," said Firebras; "they have met."

"But nothing has happened?" cried Hilda. "Randulph is safe,—is he not?"

"I did my best not to touch him," replied the old baronet, reluctantly; "but he put me so hardly to it, that—that——"

"Well," cried Hilda, breathlessly.

"After receiving a scratch myself, which a plaster has cured," pursued Sir Norfolk; "I slightly wounded him."

"And this is the reward of his devotion to me!" cried Hilda.

"It is nothing—nothing whatever, Miss Scarve," said Firebras; "the surgeon says he will be out again in a week."

"I am glad you hit him," said the miser; "it will teach him to meddle where he has no concern in future."

"I was grieved to do so," replied Sir Norfolk; "but he forced me to it. I never crossed swords with a braver young man. You have formed an erroneous opinion of him, Mr. Scarve."

"I have formed no opinion of him at all," rejoined the miser.

"You are sure he is not dangerously wounded, Sir Norfolk?" cried Hilda.

"Quite sure," replied the old baronet.

"Thank Heaven!" she exclaimed. And with a gasp for ut-

terance, she fell into the arms of her aunt, who stood close beside her, and who bore her out of the room.

"It requires no conjuror to tell how affairs stand in that quarter, Mr. Scarve," observed Cordwell Firebras.

"It is plain she loves the young man," said Sir Norfolk—"and for my own part, I think him in every way worthy of her."

"Worthy or not, he shall never have her," returned the miser, sullenly.

"It is not for me to dictate to you, Mr. Scarve," rejoined Sir Norfolk; "nor would I presume to hint the course I think you ought to pursue; but being satisfied that your daughter's affections are engaged to this young man, unless your objections to him are insuperable, I hope you will not interfere with their happiness."

"My objections to him *are* insuperable, Sir Norfolk," rejoined the miser, coldly.

"I am truly sorry to hear it," replied the old baronet.

"Excuse me, Sir Norfolk," said Firebras, seeing that the other was about to take leave, "I have a few words to say to Mr. Scarve."

Sir Norfolk then bowed, quitted the room, and was ushered to the door by Jacob.

While this was passing, Cordwell Firebras seated himself very composedly on a stool near the chair which the miser had just taken.

"I presume, Mr. Scarve, there are no eaves-droppers?" he said, glancing towards the door.

"I hope not," replied the miser, who eyed him with great repugnance; "but if you have any secret matters to discuss, you had better speak in a low tone."

"Very well," resumed Firebras, complying with the hint, "we must have a little talk together about this young man—this Randulph Crew."

"I guessed what was coming," groaned the miser.

"You cannot now mistake your daughter's partiality for him," pursued Firebras; "and, on the other hand, I can tell you that he is devotedly attached to her."

"Likely enough," replied the miser; "but I will never consent to his union with her."

"You *must* give your consent if I choose to require it," said Firebras, coldly.

The miser moved uneasily in his chair.

"You will not pretend to dispute my power to compel you to give her to him?" pursued Firebras. "I have but to produce a certain paper that you know of, and she is his."

"Not so fast, rejoined the miser. "You hold this document *in terrorem* over me—but how if I resist it?"

"You cannot resist it," replied Firebras—"you have bound

yourself too strongly. Let me remind you of the packet delivered to you by Randulph Crew. Your daughter, too, will side with me. I have only to acquaint her with certain facts, and you well know what the consequences will be."

"Well, take her," cried the miser—"take her,—but you will have her without a penny."

"Scarcely so," rejoined Firebras. "Randulph shall have her, and shall also have the fortune you agreed to settle upon her."

"I agreed to give her to the son of a man of fortune, and to make a settlement upon her correspondent with his property," said the miser; "but this young man has nothing."

"I have something to say on that head," rejoined Firebras. "Randulph, you are aware, assigned his own life interest in the entailed property to his father's creditors."

"I know it,—I know it," said the miser, hastily; "more fool he for doing so."

"But do you know who those creditors are?" said Firebras.

"No," replied the miser; "do you?"

"I do," replied Firebras, smiling significantly; "and I know, moreover, how the property might be recovered from them."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the miser, staring at him.

"What should you say if Randulph were again to be put in possession of his estates and three thousand a year?" pursued Firebras. "Would you then feel disposed to fulfil your engagement?"

"It would make a material difference, certainly," said the miser. "But you are merely saying this to try me."

"No such thing," rejoined Firebras; "I am perfectly serious. Now mark me, Mr. Scarve. A few thousand pounds will settle the matter with these creditors, and Randulph's property will be unincumbered."

"And you will advance these few thousand pounds for him, of course?" said the miser, drily.

"No; you will," returned Firebras. "It will be your interest to do so."

"Hum!" exclaimed the other.

"If he espouses your daughter, he must espouse the Jacobite cause also," pursued Firebras; "that we must both insist upon. His mother will be in town to-day, and we shall have her to back us."

"You lay out your schemes very fairly," said the miser; "but I am persuaded they will fall to the ground. Prove to me that Randulph can regain his property; and let me hear from his own lips an avowal that he will join our party, and I then may begin to think of giving my consent."

"It shall be my business to do so," replied Firebras; "and now, good morning. Most likely I may call again in the evening." And putting on his hat, he took his departure without summoning Jacob.

## CHAPTER THE SECOND.

WHAT BECAME OF RANDULPH AFTER THE DUEL.—MRS. CREW.—HER SOLICITUDE ABOUT HER SON; AND HER CONVERSATION WITH ABEL.

Assistance was promptly afforded Randulph, after his fall, by the surgeon. Placed in Sir Bulkeley Price's chair, he was removed to the nearest tavern in the Horseferry road, where his wound was dressed. Sir Norfolk Salusbury, who expressed great concern about him, followed him thither as soon as he had bound up his own wound, and put on his habiliments, and appeared greatly relieved when the surgeon gave him his positive assurance that no danger whatever was to be apprehended.

"Is that Sir Norfolk Salusbury?" asked Randulph, in a faint voice.

"It is," replied the old baronet, stepping forward.

"Our quarrel is now at an end, I trust?" said the young man, extending his hand, which the other grasped cordially.

"In toto," replied Sir Norfolk; "and not merely is it at an end, but a friendship, I hope, has commenced between us from this date."

"I shall hold it cheaply purchased on my part, if it proves so," replied Randulph, smiling gratefully.

"My first business shall be to call on Hilda Scarve, to tell her how bravely you have fought in her defence," said Sir Norfolk.

"You will for ever oblige me," replied the young man, trying to raise himself, but sinking back the next moment, exhausted by the effort.

"I must interdict further conversation, gentlemen," interposed the physician; "the bleeding has re-commenced, and the pulse has risen. If I am left alone with my patient for a few hours, I will answer for his doing well, but not otherwise."

The room was then cleared, and Sir Norfolk invited the others to breakfast with him at his lodgings in Abingdon Street; and Trussell, finding that his attendance was not required, but that he was rather in the way than otherwise, accepted the invitation.

Everything belonging to Sir Norfolk was as formal as himself. He had an old servant, the stiffest and tallest of his class, who moved like an automaton worked by rusty springs. Moreover, he had a favourite old greyhound, who would allow no one to caress him but his master; and a peacock, his especial favourite, which used to strut backwards and forwards with him for hours together in a little garden at the back of the house. Inhospitality formed no part of the worthy old baronet's character, and a very plentiful repast was set before his guests. Despising tea and coffee as effeminate and enervating beverages, he nevertheless offered them to his guests; but they were declined by all, and the light claret substituted, greatly preferred. A few bottles of this pleasant drink served to wash down the broiled salmon,

the slices of mutton-ham, the rump-steaks, the kidneys, and anchovy toasts, with which the board was spread. A cold sirloin of beef, and a veal and ham pasty, flanked by a tankard of stout Welsh ale, stood on the sideboard, and to these Sir Bulkeley Price applied himself, and declared he had not made so good a breakfast since he arrived in town.

"Your early rising has given you an appetite, Sir Bulkeley," said the elder baronet.

"Perhaps so," replied the other, again applying to the tankard; "but your ale is excellent—quite equal to my own. I wish I had sent some up from Flint."

Aqua vitæ in small glasses was then handed round, and partaken of by all except the host. After this, the party broke up, Trussell setting out to see how his nephew went on, and Sir Norfolk and Firebras proceeding to the miser's, as already recounted.

In the course of the afternoon, Randulph was transported to his uncle's house at Lambeth. He was feverish and restless, and kept constantly inquiring after his mother, declaring he was sure she had arrived, but was kept out of his sight. An opiate having been administered, he presently began to experience its effects, and sank into a profound slumber, from which he did not awake till late in the following day.

When he opened his eyes, he found the surgeon seated by his bedside feeling his pulse.

"You are wonderfully better, and wholly free from fever, sir," said Mr. Molson; "and if you can promise me to keep all emotion under control, I think I may yield to the entreaties of one who is most anxious to see you."

"My mother!" exclaimed Randulph. "Ah! admit her by all means. Her presence will calm, rather than excite me."

"I am not quite so sure of that," hesitated Molson; "however, I will risk it."

And quitting the room, he returned the next moment and introduced Mrs. Crew, who uttered a slight cry, and would have rushed forward, but he detained her, whispering,—"Remember your promise, madam. It was only on the understanding that you would maintain your composure that I allowed you to see him."

Thus cautioned, Mrs. Crew softly approached the bed, and taking the hand which her son extended to her, pressed it to her lips. She said nothing, but her bosom heaved quickly, and Randulph felt that the hot tears were falling fast upon his hand.

"Do not distress yourself, dearest mother," he said; "I am already so well that if this gentleman would allow me, I could get up."

"Your son is doing exceedingly well, madam," said Mr. Molson, significantly; "and if we pay him due attention, he may leave his bed in three or four days."

Roused by this remark, Mrs. Crew looked up, and fixed a

glance full of inexpressible tenderness and affection upon her son. Though her countenance bore traces of much sorrow and anxiety, she was still a very handsome woman, and had a tall, fine figure, full as became her years, yet not so full as to interfere with the gracefulness of its proportions. She was two years younger than Trussell, being just forty-four, and might have been thought much younger, but for the care-worn expression above-mentioned, which while it added age to her features, lent interest to them at the same time. Her lineaments strikingly resembled those of her son, but were more delicately formed, and her eyes were blue, large, and of the purest water. She was dressed in deep mourning, of simple material, and wore her own hair, originally of a bright and beautiful brown, but now mingled with grey.

Charms such as Mrs. Crew possessed, must, it is scarcely necessary to say, have won her many admirers when they were at their best; and some four-and-twenty years ago, she was sought on all hands, and had many brilliant alliances proposed to her; but her heart was early engaged to him to whom she was eventually united; and she continued true to his memory, for though two of her old admirers found her out in her widowhood, and renewed the proposals made in the meridian of her attractions,—and though both these offers were advantageous, while her own worldly circumstances, as has been shewn, were so much reduced as almost to justify a marriage of convenience, both were unhesitatingly rejected.

Mrs. Crew partook of the good qualities of both her brothers. She possessed the sound judgment and kindliness of Abel, without his asperity; and she had much of the good nature, without the worldliness of Trussell. Throughout the whole of her married life, her conduct had been most exemplary. Devotedly attached to her husband, she strove by the care which she paid to the management of the affairs entrusted to her, to make up, in some degree, for his extravagance; and though she was unable entirely to accomplish her object, she did much to retard his progress towards ruin. Mr. Crew was one of those persons who, whatever their fortune, will live beyond it. Excellent-hearted, and hospitable, he kept open house, a dozen hunters, twice as many servants, a pack of hounds, and was not over particular in the choice of his associates. The consequence was that he speedily became embarrassed, and instead of retrenching, raised money in the readiest way he could, and lived harder and more recklessly than ever. He was fond of horse-racing, and cock-fighting, and though by no means a gambler, frequently lost more at play than a prudent gentleman would care to lose. As Randulph grew up, he perceived the necessity of retrenchment, and for nearly a year decidedly changed his mode of life. But he was not adapted by nature to follow up such a course with perseverance. Long before the year was over, he began to find his plans of economy

irksome, and at the end of it, launched into his old expenses. About this time, some designing persons got hold of him. Advances were made on most usurious terms, and he soon became inextricably involved. For the last two years of his life, he drank hard, discontinued most of the healthful exercises to which he had been accustomed, seldom hunted, and amused himself chiefly with bowling. This fatal course soon began to tell upon him. The infirmities of age came on before their time, and he died under fifty, with every appearance of an old man. On examination, his affairs were found frightfully embarrassed, and Randulph, who had just come of age, having stated his intentions to his father before his death, and obtained his mother's assent to the arrangement, assigned the whole of the entailed property to the creditors, retaining only for himself what would barely afford him the means of living. Mrs. Crew, it has been stated, had a small separate property of her own, settled upon her by her father at the time of her marriage; but between mother and son, they had not now in hundreds a year, what Mr. Crew had once had in thousands.

Throughout all the trying circumstances above-narrated, Mrs. Crew had conducted herself admirably. She never irritated her husband with reproaches, nor wearied him with advice, which her good sense told her would be unavailing; but assisted him as far as was in her power, and cheered him in his distresses, taking care not to let her own affliction be apparent. At no time, did she ever complain of him, even to her brothers. Indeed, she could not complain of ill-treatment, for Mr. Crew was sincerely attached to her, and but for his imprudence they might have been as happy a couple as ever lived. The sweetness and amiability of her disposition was evinced on all occasions, but never so strongly as during the last two years of her husband's life, when his debilitated constitution, and pressing cares, impaired his naturally good temper, and rendered him fretful, and impatient of trifles.

The tenderest attachment subsisted between Randulph and his mother. Having always treated him with confidence, he had no reserve from her, but regarded her in the light both of a parent and friend.

Mrs. Crew remained nearly an hour by her son's bedside, gazing at him, and answering the questions he put to her about her journey and other matters, as briefly as possible; for, in compliance with the surgeon's injunctions, she avoided anything like continuous discourse. At length, discerning some slight symptoms of fatigue about him, she pressed his hand softly, and quitted the room. On going down stairs, she proceeded to the library, where she found her brothers. Trussell anxiously inquired how she had left the patient.

"He is doing well, I believe," she replied; "but oh! brother, what a meeting has this been! I trust it is the last duel he will ever be engaged in."

"I think he has come off famously," replied Trussell. "I called to inquire after Villiers last night, and I understand he is likely to be laid up for a fortnight at the least."

"I am glad to hear it," observed Abel; "and I wish from my heart that Randulph's wound had been more severe."

"Oh, brother! why such a wish as that?" exclaimed Mrs. Crew.

"Because I would have his first duel his last, sister," said Abel. "I entirely disapprove of the practice of duelling, and think it utterly opposed to the religious principles we profess."

"The duel is a necessity imposed upon society," said Trussell, "and, in my opinion, never can be dispensed with, unless a total revolution takes place in our manners and habits. It is the only check that holds certain characters in restraint, and though the practice may be carried too far, and swords be drawn on trifling occasions, a great good is accomplished by the recognition and maintenance of a code of honour, to which all gentlemen must subscribe, and any infraction of which is fatal. Moralists may preach as they please, but as long as society is constituted as it is at present—as long as such men as Villiers exist—duelling must, and will prevail."

"There are other modes of avenging an injury besides violence," replied Abel; "and I trust society in some more enlightened age will fix such a brand upon the evil doer, that it shall be in itself sufficient punishment for his offence. As we are now circumstanced, it may be impossible for a gentleman to avoid a quarrel; but he should never voluntarily seek it."

"I am bound to say, in Randulph's justification," rejoined Trussell, "since you both view the matter in so grave a light, and I say it advisedly, that he has acted throughout this affair as becomes a gentleman, and a man of honour. Such is the opinion of both his adversaries—and such is my own opinion. You have reason to be proud of him, Sophia."

"I once thought so," she replied, sadly.

"And believe me, he has done nothing to forfeit your good opinion," rejoined Trussell; "but much that should raise it."

"I am not alone annoyed at the duels," said Abel; "but at the cause of them. It was my particular wish that Randulph should avoid Hilda Scarve—my expressed wish—and now he has been so circumstanced with her, that any feeling he might entertain towards her will be greatly strengthened. Trussell, you have laid up for your charge a great store of unhappiness. He will soon be cured of the wound he has received in this encounter,—but will his passion for Hilda be equally soon cured?"

"That is impossible to say," replied Trussell; "some men easily get over a disappointment in love."

"And others, never!" rejoined Abel, bitterly.

"I meant no allusion to you, sir," cried Trussell, reddening; "none whatever."

"Nor did I suspect you of doing so," returned Abel; "but

if Randulph loves sincerely, he will feel the blow to his dying day."

"And if he *does* love sincerely, sir, why, oh! why, interfere between him and the object of his affections?" said Mrs. Crew.

"I do not interfere with him—God forbid I should do so!" said Abel. "Let him marry Hilda, if he will. Let him obtain her father's consent, if he can."

"But will you give *your* consent, sir?" cried Mrs. Crew.

"No;" replied Abel, emphatically, "I will not. I told him, when he first saw this girl, to avoid her on pain of my displeasure. He has disobeyed me, and must take the consequences. But what matters my consent? I will have nothing to do with the affair. I wash my hands of it altogether. I have my own reasons, which suffice to myself, for objecting to the union; but I will not be placed in a painful and ungracious position, and be compelled to oppose it. I will have nothing to do with it—nothing whatever."

"Randulph will incur your displeasure if he marries Hilda, will he not?" said Mrs. Crew.

"Most assuredly," replied Abel; "I will never see him or her again. I will not be pressed to assign a reason for this determination; nor will I say more than I have done. I wish him to be wholly uninfluenced by me. Neither will I have it said that I have interfered with his happiness."

"And yet, believe me, it will be both said and felt so, brother," rejoined Mrs. Crew. "Beware, lest you inflict a blow upon your nephew as severe as that you have endured yourself."

Abel uttered a sharp cry and walked away, while Trussell looked at his sister to intimate she had gone too far. She instantly arose, and going up to Abel, took his hand, nor did he withdraw it from her.

"Pardon me, brother," she said, "if I have spoken what is painful to you; but I am anxious to spare you further affliction. I know, though you have tried to case it in armour of proof, how tender your heart is,—how readily wounded. I have wept for your unhappy lot; and I would do all in my power to avert further distress from you. If, as I have reason to believe, Randulph is devotedly attached to Hilda Scarve, I am certain, from what I know of his disposition, that a disappointment in obtaining her will blight him for life, and I am sure it would only be increasing your own unhappiness, to feel that you had made him miserable."

"But I do not make him miserable, sister!" cried Abel, sharply. "He is a free agent, and can marry whom he pleases, without my consent."

"I have told you he never will do so, brother," said Mrs. Crew. "His future happiness or misery rests with you."

"Sophia, I will not endure this," said Abel, sternly; "and I request the subject may never be mentioned again. I have no

desire to wound your feelings, but the truth must not be hidden from you. Since his arrival in town, Randulph has exhibited such a turn for gaiety and dissipation, that I think it would be very unwise in him to marry at all—at least, at present."

"If he cannot marry advantageously," interposed Trussell, "I am clearly of Abel's opinion. His tastes and habits are rather expensive."

"Expensive!" exclaimed Mrs. Crew. "They *were* most moderate."

"Then he has a slight taste for play," pursued Trussell; "and is decidedly partial to society and amusement."

"I'll hurry him back into the country as soon as he is able to move!" cried Mrs. Crew, greatly alarmed.

"And you'll do wisely," said Abel.

"I don't think he'll go," rejoined Trussell, laughing; "and if he does, he'll soon find his way back again. He is too fond of town to be long away from it."

"Oh! how changed he must be!" exclaimed Mrs. Crew.

"He owes it all to his uncle Trussell," rejoined Abel, sharply.

"Then he owes me a great deal," replied Trussell; "and I hope he wont forget the debt. I think the plan of hurrying him into the country quite wrong. If you wish Hilda to make a deep impression upon him, that will be the surest way to accomplish the object. In town, he has a thousand distractions. I cannot exactly say how he will stand with Lady Brabazon after this duel—but there is Kitty Conway, and he is sure to have plenty of new entanglements."

"Brother," cried Mrs. Crew—"you only furnish me with additional reasons for desiring to take him away."

"I am very sorry he ever came," said Abel; "it has disturbed the whole of my arrangements, and opened old wounds, which, though not closed, were yet not painful. Even Trussell has been unsettled by it."

"Not in the least, sir," replied Trussell. "I have enjoyed his visit amazingly; and should belie myself confoundedly if I said otherwise. I wish I could prevail upon you to let him remain here a few months longer, and give him another hundred or so—and then—"

"Plunge him back again into poverty!" cried Abel, cutting him short. "What would be the use of such a course? What good purpose would it answer? He has apparently no wish to embark in any profession. And why should I furnish him with the means of continuing his career of dissipation? No. I will do no such thing."

"Will you see how he goes on for a month after his convalescence?" asked Trussell. "Surely, that is no great length of time to allow him."

"I will promise nothing," replied Abel. "And now, brother, I shall be glad to be left alone for a short time with Sophia."

"Willingly, sir," replied Trussell. And he quitted the room.

Abel then took a chair, and motioned his sister to seat herself beside him. For a few moments, he continued silent, as if summoning up resolution to address her. At length, he spoke.

"You have alluded to past times, Sophia," he said, in a voice of deep emotion, "and have contrasted my position with that of your son, but you well know they are widely different. Nay, do not interrupt me;—I know what you would say. Randulph has personal advantages which I never possessed, and which are sure to win him favour in the eyes of your sex. Besides, his nature does not resemble mine; his feelings are not so concentrated; nor do I believe he could love so deeply. The love I entertained for Arabella Clinton was not the growth of a day—a month—a year—but the love of years. I had seen her opening beauties expand—had acquainted myself with her mind—ascertained her disposition, her temper—knew all her feelings, and persuaded myself that she requited my love."

"And she did requite it, brother," replied Mrs. Crew. "She did love you."

"In mercy, do not tell me so!" cried Abel, becoming as pale as death. "I would rather think she hated me—deceived me—but loved me!—that belief is only wanting to make me thoroughly wretched!"

"Calm yourself, dear brother," said Mrs. Crew. "I would not increase your unhappiness for the world; but I am persuaded that the examination of this subject, which, from unhappy circumstances, we have never hitherto been able to discuss, will in the end relieve you of much anxiety."

"I will try to bear it in that hope," said Abel; "but the barbed arrow is too firmly and too deeply planted to be removed. You will only lacerate me further in the attempt."

"I will not be intimidated," rejoined Mrs. Crew. "I shall begin by telling you that it is your own fault that Arabella Clinton was not your wife. You have alluded to the deep passion you entertained for her, and your doubts of her affection for you. I do not say that she loved you with equal passion, because you were not a person to inspire such ardour, neither was she one to feel it, for her nature was frigid. But she loved you well enough to have been your wife; and what is more, she thoroughly respected you; and therefore there can be no doubt that you might have been happy."

"Go on!" groaned Abel.

"You will forgive me, if I speak plainly," pursued Mrs. Crew, "for I must do so to shew you where you erred. Rating yourself too humbly, you pursued, as I conceive, a most unwise and dangerous plan in order to test the sincerity of your mistress's attachment. Fearful she might accept you on the score of your wealth, you represented yourself as in very moderate circumstances; and while full of tenderness and affection, adopted not unfrequently a harsh and forbidding manner towards her."

"True, true!" cried Abel.

"You were both the victims of error," continued Mrs. Crew. "Deceived by your manner, she thought you had conceived a dislike for her, and strove to wean herself from all regard for you; while her efforts made you believe you were indifferent to her. All, however, might have come right, but for the fatal mistake of deluding her as to your circumstances. With her, wealth was of little importance, and she would have married you as readily poor as rich; but with her father it was otherwise."

"Her father was aware of my circumstances," said Abel, in a sombre tone.

"He was so," replied Mrs. Crew, "but it was his business to conceal them; for Arabella had a richer suitor, whom he preferred. Captivated by her beauty, Mr. Scarve proposed to her, and his suit was seconded by her father, who told her that you were needy, sour-tempered, and indifferent to her. Doubly deceived, she hesitated. Instead of seeking an explanation, you avoided it, and retired to make way for your rival."

"I did so because I thought he was preferred," said Abel.

"Several slight circumstances I know conspired to confirm you in your opinion," said Mrs. Crew, "but they were all devised by Mr. Clinton. A false construction was put upon your absence, and Arabella was induced to give her hand to Mr. Scarve."

"Why was I not told all this at the time?" cried Abel.

"Because I was not aware of it myself," said Mrs. Crew. "You may remember that this occurred during the period of my engagement to my poor husband, who was an old and intimate friend of Mr. Scarve's, and consequently, and not unnaturally, disliked by you. This produced a coolness between you. Besides, to be plain with you, I did not understand, or estimate your character then as thoroughly as I do now. I thought you cold and repelling, and never gave you credit for the depth of feeling you have since exhibited. Neither had Mr. Scarve displayed himself in his true colours then. At that time, he had a good personal appearance, kept a tolerable establishment, and I really thought Arabella was better off, than if she had married you. I was angry, too, that you had attempted to test her affections by misrepresenting your circumstances, and thought you rightly served in losing her. Hence arose the misunderstanding between us, which separated us to the present period."

"But how do you know that Arabella's sentiments towards me were what you describe?" asked Abel.

"I have it under her own hand," replied Mrs. Crew. "She wrote to me a full explanation of all the circumstances connected with this part of her life, stating how sincerely she had loved you, and how much she lamented that a mistake had separated her from you. From her letters, and from other information afforded me by my husband, I have been enabled to understand

the whole case. You have been the victims of misunderstanding. But console yourself. A thousandth part of the suffering you have undergone would atone for a more grievous error than you have committed. Console yourself, I say. You were beloved by Arabella Clinton, and to the last, she entertained the sincerest regard for you."

"That is indeed a consolation to me," said Abel, melting into tears. "I am not ashamed to indulge this weakness in your presence, sister," he added, in a broken voice.

"These tears will do you good," she replied, "and I pray you to indulge them freely. The past will not henceforth be so painful to contemplate. If I mistake not, your bitterest pang was the idea that you had never been loved."

"It was!" gasped Abel.

"And that has now been removed," replied Mrs. Crew. "Here are Arabella's letters," she added, giving him a small packet. "You will see from them how you have misunderstood her."

Abel took the letters, glanced at the superscription with a shudder, and placed them in his breast.

"I will read them," he said, "but not now."

"Does Hilda Scarve resemble her mother?" asked Mrs. Crew, after a pause.

"She is like her, but handsomer," replied Abel. "I have seen her upon two occasions lately, and she appears a very amiable girl."

"Then what objection can there be to an union between her and Randulph?" asked Mrs. Crew.

"I have said I will not be pressed on that head, sister," rejoined Abel, sternly. "*I* have an objection—a strong objection. What it is, you shall know at another time."

"Heaven grant that these two young people may not be equally victims of a mistake with you and Arabella!" sighed Mrs. Crew.

At this moment, Mr. Jukes entered the room.

"Mr. Scarve's servant, Jacob Post, has called to inquire after Mr. Randulph," he said; "and understanding that you are here, madam, he craves permission to see you."

"May he come in, brother?" said Mrs. Crew.

"Certainly," was the reply.

And Jacob was ushered into the room.

"I'm glad to hear Mr. Randulph is gettin' on so well, ma'am," he said, with an uncouth reverence to Mrs. Crew. "Lord love'e! how like you are to him to be sure."

"I hope your young mistress has got over the fright she underwent at Vauxhall, Jacob?" said Mrs. Crew.

"Why, yes, pretty well, thanke'e ma'am," replied Jacob; "she looks raythor palish, but whether from fright, or concern for Mr. Randulph, I'm sure I can't say."

"You were present, Jacob, when my son rescued her from the libertine, Villiers, were you not?" asked Mrs. Crew.

"I was, ma'am," replied Jacob; "and I never saw a more sperrited young gen'l'man i' my life. I should like to see him, and shake hands with him for the pinkin' he has given that beau."

"It cannot be at present, Jacob," replied Mrs. Crew. "He is ordered to be kept perfectly quiet; and even I am not allowed to remain in his room."

"There's no danger, ma'am, I hope?" asked Jacob, with real concern.

"None whatever, if he's not excited," returned Mrs. Crew.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Jacob, brightening up; "and Miss Hilda 'll be glad to hear it too. She'd never ha' got over it, if anythin' had happened him on her account."

"Is she then so much interested in him?" asked Mrs. Crew.

"Why, you see, ma'am," said Jacob, rather puzzled, and gazing from his questioner to Abel, who eyed him very curiously, "it's nat'ral she should be interested in a gen'l'man as has rendered her such important services as Mr. Randulph has done."

"Quite natural," replied Mrs. Crew. "But I wish to ask you a plain question, Jacob—Is, or is not, Miss Hilda kindly affected towards my son?"

"Then I'll answer your question as plainly as it's asked, ma'am," replied Jacob—"She is."

Mrs. Crew glanced at her brother, and Jacob took his cue from the glance.

"I hope they two may come together, ma'am," he said; "I'm sure they're cut out for each other."

"I can't help thinking so, from all I hear of Hilda," said Mrs. Crew.

"It is idle to speculate upon what can never take place," said Abel, sternly. "Go and get something to eat, Jacob, and tell your young lady that Mr. Randulph will be quite himself in a few days—that he is going on as well as possible—that there is no sort of danger."

"In other words, that there's no occasion to send to inquire after him again—eh, sir?" said Jacob.

"Exactly," replied Abel. "Good day, Jacob—good day!"

"I don't like him half so well as I did before," thought Jacob, as he left the room, and marched off to the butler's pantry to Mr. Jukes, who placed bread and cold meat, together with a jug of stout ale, before him.

"Here's Mr. Randulph's speedy recovery."

"I pledge you in that," said Mr. Jukes, filling himself a glass.

Soon after the porter's departure, Abel quitted his sister with the intention of going forth on business. While she was pondering on what had passed between them, the door was opened by Mr. Jukes, who told her that a gentleman had called to see her, and the next moment, he ushered in Cordwell Firebras.

## CHAPTER THE THIRD.

### OF THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN CORDWELL FIREBRAS AND MRS. CREW, AND HOW IT TERMINATED.

Mrs. Crew, though a good deal surprised and startled, maintained her composure sufficiently well not to attract the notice of the butler, who having placed a chair for the visitor, quitted the room.

"I have called to inquire after your son, madam," commenced Firebras. "I was present at the affair yesterday, and can confirm what you have no doubt heard from your brother, that he conducted himself admirably throughout it."

"My son, I am happy in being able to state, is rapidly recovering," replied Mrs. Crew; "and having satisfied you on this point, sir, I must entreat you to abridge your visit as much as possible. I would not on any account that my brother Abel should meet you here."

"There is no fear of that, madam," replied Firebras; "I watched him go forth, before I ventured to make my call. But time is precious, and I will come to the object of my visit at once. I wrote to you to tell you how much captivated your son was with Mr. Scarve's fair daughter Hilda. A slight act of imprudence on his part for some time alienated the young lady's regard; but he set himself right with her at Ranelagh, and at Vauxhall made rapid progress in her affections. I was present when the result of the duel was communicated to her yesterday, and if I had entertained any previous doubt as to the extent of Randulph's hold upon her heart, her conduct then would have removed it. She was taken fainting from the room."

"Poor girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Crew—"I am sorry for her."

"Why sorry?" rejoined Firebras; "Randulph will make her an excellent husband."

"But they will never be united," said Mrs. Crew, sighing deeply.

"It will be his own fault if they are not," observed Firebras, drily.

"How so?" cried Mrs. Crew; "both his uncle and her father are against the match."

"That I well know," replied Firebras; "but both might be brought to assent to it."

"You are trifling with me," said the lady.

"I thought you had known me better, Mrs. Crew, than to suppose me capable of trifling on a serious subject," rejoined Firebras, almost sternly. "I can make good my words. Of Mr. Scarve's consent, I am sure."

"He must have altered his mind then, completely," said Mrs. Crew; "for I have been told that he intended her for his nephew, and forbade Randulph his house."

"He *will* consent, if I require it," said Firebras, significantly.

"You amaze me!" exclaimed Mrs. Crew; "but my brother has within these few minutes refused to give his consent, and Randulph cannot marry without it."

"Why cannot he?" replied Firebras, smiling. "It is not always necessary to ask an uncle's consent in these cases. Still, as Randulph has considerable expectations from your brother, it would be better not to offend him. I do not despair of winning him over."

"You will accomplish a miracle if you do so," said Mrs. Crew,

"And I *will* accomplish it, and more, provided Randulph will join our party," replied Firebras.

"He refused your former overtures, did he not?" asked Mrs. Crew.

"He did," replied Firebras; "but I should have succeeded with him if it had not been for the interference of your brother Abel."

"I am rejoiced to hear it," cried Mrs. Crew.

"How!" exclaimed Firebras, "are you no longer faithful to our cause?"

"As faithful as ever," replied Mrs. Crew; "but I would rather my son died than forfeited his honour—and he must forfeit it, if he joins us in any other way than on conviction."

"Pshaw! it is not necessary to look at the matter so nicely," replied Firebras, contemptuously. "We must make proselytes the best way we can. Randulph will be very useful to us on the approaching outbreak, and I am therefore anxious to secure him. He is precisely the person I want to attend upon the prince—and have him I will."

"You are very peremptory, sir," said Mrs. Crew.

"You accused me of trifling with you just now, madam," pursued Firebras, "but I will shew you I am in earnest. Your son's whole destiny is in my hands; and it depends altogether on me whether his future course is brilliant, successful, and happy, or the reverse. Not only can I wed him to the object of his affections—not only can I procure him a handsome dower from her father—not only can I secure the consent of his uncle, —but I can restore to him the estates which he has given up to his father's creditors, and place him in the position he is entitled to occupy. All this I can, and will do."

"Provided he joins you?" said Mrs. Crew.

"Of course," replied Firebras—"of course."

"Then, I fear he will remain in his present condition," sighed Mrs. Crew.

"Let us look at the other side of the case," pursued Firebras, sternly: "this is not a matter on which to be scrupulous, and I am determined to carry my point. If Randulph refuses to join me, he loses Hilda—loses her dower—loses his uncle's fortune —and his own. Without me, Mr. Scarve will never give him his daughter; and without me he will never recover his property. Now, mark me, madam, for I know your son better than you do.

He is a fine-spirited young man, and endowed with excellent qualities; but he has essentially the habits and feelings of a gentleman, and your brother Trussell has taken care to inoculate him with his own tastes and propensities. He will never be content with the quiet life he has hitherto led; but, tormented by his love for Hilda, and the sense of what he has lost, will be driven to some desperate course."

"He may yet marry her, though without her father's consent," said Mrs. Crew.

"And marry to beggary," rejoined Firebras, with a bitter laugh. "I do not wish to hold out threats—and what I say is said only to shew my power. He never shall marry Hilda Scarve, nor shall he ever enjoy his own again, unless he joins the Jacobite cause. I can prevent both, and I *will* prevent them. His decision must be made quickly, *for he is wanted.* Within a month from this time he must be mine, or all will be lost to him. As a prudent and affectionate mother—as a well-wisher to our cause—I look to you, madam, to use all your influence with him to produce this result."

"I cannot—I cannot!" she rejoined.

"Then you destroy him," said Firebras.

"Oh, put it not thus," she rejoined: "you were an old friend of his father's, and received much kindness, and, unless I mistake, pecuniary assistance from him. Do not act thus cruelly towards the son of your old friend!"

"Cruelly!" exclaimed Firebras, laughing derisively. "I offer him a fortune and the lady of his love, and you call it cruelty—ha! ha!"

"But at the price of his honour," said Mrs. Crew.

"His honour! bah!" exclaimed Firebras, contemptuously. "What is to stain his honour in quitting the cause of a miserable usurper to join that of the rightful claimant of the throne? If you persist in such a notion, I shall begin to doubt the constancy of your own opinions."

"I should be glad if Randulph would voluntarily embrace our cause," said Mrs. Crew; "but I would disown him if he were base enough to be *bought.*"

"Well, I have placed both views of the case fairly before you," said Firebras, rising—"weigh over what I have said, and decide."

And as he turned to depart, he encountered Abel Beechcroft, who had entered the room unobserved.

"So!" he exclaimed, without losing his composure, "we have had a listener here, eh! You have heard what has passed between us, Mr. Beechcroft?"

"Some part of it," replied Abel; "and I applaud my sister's conduct as much as I condemn yours. You have stated that you can compel me to give my consent to my nephew's marriage with Hilda Scarve. Be pleased to prove the assertion, sir."

"You have me at a disadvantage, Mr. Beechcroft, because I have not had time to put my plan in operation," replied Firebras; "nevertheless, if I can prove to you that I can recover your nephew's property—and that I will only do so on the condition of your giving your unqualified consent to his union with Hilda Scarve, you will not refuse it?"

"Coupled as it is with the other condition you have annexed to it, I should deem it my duty to do so," rejoined Abel. "But you must excuse me if I say that I distrust your power of getting back my nephew's property."

"I shall not make the rejoinder which I should do to one of less pacific disposition than yourself, Mr. Beechcroft," replied Firebras, sternly. "But you have doubted my word unjustly. I *can*, if I choose, get back Randulph Crew's property."

"Are you one of his father's creditors then?" demanded Abel.

"It matters not what I am," returned Firebras. "It must suffice that I can make good my assertion."

"If you are not a creditor," rejoined Abel, "I can obtain the property for him as readily as yourself."

"You are welcome to make the experiment," said Firebras, with a slight laugh of defiance. "Mrs. Crew, I have the honour to wish you a good morning. Though my plans have been somewhat precipitated by your worthy brother, I still am not without hopes that he will come into them; and at all events, his presence at the interview will save you the necessity of explanation. Your son, I trust, will speedily be master of his property, the husband of Hilda, and—"

"A Jacobite," supplied Abel.

"Precisely," said Firebras, laughing. "Good morning, Mr. Beechcroft." And turning from Abel he left the room.

"That is a daring and a dangerous man," said Abel to his sister.

"A highly dangerous man," she replied; "and Randulph must be preserved from him."

"He must," replied Abel. "I shall make it my immediate business to ascertain how far there is a probability of his being correct in his statement about the property. It was fortunate that I chanced to come back. Jukes told me there was some one with you, and from his description of the person, I felt sure who it must be. Let us go into the garden, and talk this matter over further."

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## CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

### OF THE MISER'S ILLNESS;—AND OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE MYSTERIOUS PACKET BY HILDA.

Hilda Scarve had soon a new cause of anxiety. Not only was she uneasy about Randulph, whose recovery was not quite so rapid as had been anticipated, but her father's state of health

began to occasion her considerable alarm. While walking out, he got caught in the rain; and on his return home, though drenched to the skin, refused to change his clothes. A low fever was the consequence; and holding apothecary's stuff, as he termed physic, in abhorrence, he would take nothing to carry it off, and owing to this neglect, that which was a slight matter in the commencement, ended in becoming a serious illness.

One day, in spite his daughter's entreaties, he would go forth; and, after being absent for a few hours, during which, as it appeared, he had walked to a considerable distance, he returned in such a state of exhaustion, that Hilda was quite terrified at it. All, however, she could prevail upon him to take was a small basin of weak water gruel, but without even a teaspoonful of wine or brandy in it. The next morning he was considerably better, and Hilda thought the crisis past; but she was mistaken, and so was her father; for, fancying that the exercise of the previous day had done him good, he went out again, walked further than before, got caught a second time in the rain, and fearfully increased the fever.

On this occasion, he was persuaded to take off his wet clothes, and to go to bed, and even to have a small fire lighted in his chamber, where none had ever before been lighted in his time. Watching this operation with the utmost anxiety, he called to Jacob, who was laying the fire, not to waste the wood, though only three or four small chips were used; next blamed him for putting on too much coal; and lastly, forbade him to light it. Jacob, however, ventured to disobey his orders, and having applied a match to some bits of paper stuck in the bars, quitted the room. As soon as he was gone, the miser instantly sprang out of bed, and without much difficulty extinguished the only partially-kindled fire.

Shortly afterwards, Hilda came into the room, and finding what had happened, besought him to let the fire be lighted, and at last wrung from him a most reluctant assent. But again another accident occurred. More paper was lighted, the wood caught, and began to crackle in the bars. The chimney, however, smoked, and Jacob peeping up it to ascertain the cause, perceived that it was stopped by a wisp of straw. He immediately thrust up his arm, pulled down the obstacle, and in so doing, dislodged two heavy bags, which fell into the fire with a rattling noise proclaiming the nature of their contents. At this sound, the miser, who had been sinking into a slumber, instantly sprang up, and uttering a wild cry, ordered both his daughter and Jacob out of the room. They knew him too well to disobey, and as soon as they were gone, he got out of bed again, plucked the bags from the fire, which luckily had not burnt the sacking, and, locking them carefully up in a strong box, placed the key under his pillow.

But the idea of the discovery of his hoard haunted him, and,

The discovery of the mysterious packet.

London. Published by Cunningham & Mortimer 1842.

combined with the fever, prevented the possibility of slumber. He tried to recollect the different places where he had hidden money, and, unable to call them all to mind, grew almost distracted. Hilda would willingly have sat up with him, but he would not allow her; neither would he permit Jacob to do so. He waited till he thought all were asleep, and then rising, wrapped himself in his dressing-gown, and proceeded to examine several nooks and crannies in the room, in which he had placed small sums of money. All his hoards were safe, except one. He had put ten guineas in a glove about two months before, and fancied he had hidden it behind a shutter. But it was not there, and, convinced that Jacob had discovered it, and purloined it, he was about to descend and tax him with the robbery, when he all at once recollected that he had placed the glove under a broken plank near the hearthstone. He immediately took up the board, and there, sure enough, was the lost treasure.

Made easy by this discovery, he restored the glove to its place, and returned to bed. Still, he could not rest. An idea took possession of him, that the money he had buried in the cellar was gone, and unable to shake off the notion, he arose, and habiting himself as before, took the rushlight that burnt by his bedside, and, with trembling but cautious steps, went down stairs. Arrived at the cellar, he set down the rushlight, and cast an almost piteous look at the cask, beneath which he had buried his gold, as if seeking to know whether it was still there. At last, he summoned up resolution for the task, and repairing to the coal-hole, possessed himself of the shovel, and commenced digging up the box.

Anxiety supplied him with strength, and in less than half an hour, he had got out the box, opened it, and counted the money bags, which he found all right. He would have counted the gold within them as well, but neither his strength nor time would allow him to do so. While thus employed, he formed a terrible exemplification of the effect that avarice may produce upon the mind. There he worked, burning with fever in a damp cellar, half naked, for he had taken off his dressing-gown to enable him to ply the spade with greater freedom;—there he worked, as if life and death were in his efforts, and almost looked, such was his ghastly appearance, like a corpse digging its own grave.

It was a fearful sight to see, and it was witnessed by one upon whom it made a lasting and forcible impression. This was his daughter. Hearing him go down stairs, she had followed him, and saw what he was about, but did not dare to interrupt him, apprehensive of the consequences. At last, when he had got out the box, and examined its contents, she hoped all was over, and, proceeding to Jacob's room, roused him, and telling him what had happened, bade him watch his master, and then retired to her own chamber.

Jacob obeyed, and having seen the former occurrence, was at

no loss to comprehend what was now happening. He, accordingly, stationed himself at the door, and saw through the chink, for it was left ajar, that the miser was filling up the hole, and restoring the place to its former appearance. It was wonderful, and almost incredible, to see how that feeble old man, shaken by sickness, and tottering on the verge of the grave, toiled—how he persevered—how he took the earth out of the cask—how he filled up the hole—how he restored the bricks to their places—how he trod them down with his naked feet. Jacob was amazed, and almost felt as if he was in a dream. But he was suddenly roused to full consciousness as the miser having finished his task, leaned upon his spade to rest himself, but being completely overcome, uttered a deep groan, and fell with his face upon the ground.

Instantly rushing towards him, Jacob found him senseless, and at first, thought him dead, but perceiving some symptoms of animation about him, he lifted him up in his arms as easily as if he had been a child, and carried him up stairs to bed. He then informed Hilda what had happened, and she hastened to apply such restoratives as she possessed, and which ere long, to her infinite satisfaction, brought him back to consciousness. But he was not himself for some hours, and rambled incessantly about his treasure, which he imagined had been taken from him. Nature, however, at length asserted her sway, and he dropped asleep. During his slumbers, Jacob brought the chest up stairs with the money-bags in it, and placed it at the foot of his bed.

The miser did not wake till late in the following morning, and he was then very faint and light-headed. He swallowed a basin of strong broth, prepared for him by his daughter, with great greediness, for he was as much exhausted by want of food as from any other cause, and in the course of a few hours gained strength considerably. As he got better, his head cleared, and he began to recollect something of the events of the previous night. At first, he thought he must have dreamt of digging up his treasure; but by degrees becoming satisfied that he had really done so, he grew exceedingly uneasy, and desired to know how he had been put to bed. Hilda then told him, and shewed him where the chest was placed, assuring him all was safe. Still he was not wholly satisfied, and later in the day determined, in spite of all dissuasions to the contrary, to get up.

Left to himself, he locked the door, and examined the bags, which were all tied in a peculiar manner, and sealed, and their appearance satisfied him they had not been opened. He had not been long up, when he felt so dreadfully ill, that, for the first time in his life, he began to think his end approaching. Falling back in his chair, he shook as with an ague, while cold perspiration burst from every pore. The fit, however, passed off, and he made an effort to crawl to the door, and call Jacob. The latter instantly answered the summons, and looked

so unmistakeably alarmed at his master's appearance, that the other could not but notice it.

"You think me very ill, Jacob?" said the miser. "Don't be afraid of frightening me,—speak the truth,—I know you do."

"Why, yes," rejoined Jacob; "you don't look well, certainly. If I was you, and I'd any affairs to arrange, I'd settle 'em quickly, for fear of accident,—that's all."

"I understand," replied the miser, with a ghastly grin; "but I'm not going to die just yet, Jacob,—not just yet,—don't think it."

"I'm sure I hope not," replied Jacob; "for though we haven't agreed over and above well of late, I should be sorry to lose you."

The miser turned away, and crept back to his chair, sinking into it exhausted by the effort he had made.

"I want you to go to Gray's Inn, Jacob," he said, at length, "to tell Mr. Diggs to come to me."

"What to make your will?" rejoined Jacob. "Well, I think you're right there. No harm in bein' on the safe side."

"Never mind what I want him for," rejoined the miser; "do as I bid you."

"I wish you'd let me bring some other 'turney i'stead o' that smooth-faced, palaverin' Diggs," said Jacob. "A will's a serious affair, and I should be sorry you did an injustice that can't be repaired."

"Don't argue with me, rascal, but begone!" cried the miser.

"I don't like fetchin' Diggs," said Jacob. "Couldn't I make a will for you. A few words would do it—'I leave all my property and possessions, whatsoever and wheresomedever, to my lawfully-begotten daughter, Hilda Scarve.' That'll be quite enough, and far better than any will Mr. Diggs 'll make for you. Besides, it'll cost you nothin'."

"This fellow will kill me!" groaned the miser. "Do go, Jacob!" he added, imploringly.

"Well, I can't resist that," said Jacob; "but as you hope to be forgiven hereafter, don't act unjustly by your daughter."

"If you continue faithful to me to the last, I'll leave you a handsome legacy, Jacob," said the miser; "a handsome legacy,—but not a farthing, if you disobey me."

"I don't want a legacy," replied Jacob. "I'd rather not have it. But don't you forget your wife's sister, poor Mrs. Clinton. You've used her hardly this many a year. Make it up to her now."

"I must look ill, indeed!" groaned the miser, "since the rascal dares to talk to me thus. Will you go or not?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I'll go," said Jacob. "Shall I send your daughter to you?"

And receiving a faint reply in the affirmative, he quitted the room.

About an hour after this, he returned with Diggs, who was

closeted with the miser for a long time. Jacob knew that some writing must be going forward, for he was ordered to take pen and ink up stairs; and he would fain have played the spy, but he could not do so without being detected. At length he was summoned by Diggs, who desired him to call a coach. He was not long in meeting with one; and on informing the attorney that it was ready for him, he was almost struck dumb with astonishment, by an order from the latter to take down the chest containing the money bags, and place it in the vehicle.

"Why, you don't mean to send that chest away?" he said to his master.

"Yes, that chest—that identical chest, my good fellow," said the attorney.

"But I must have the order from master's own lips, or I wont obey it," said Jacob, doggedly.

"Will you be pleased, sir, to tell your servant what he is to do?" said Diggs, impatiently.

"Take away the chest," said the miser.

"What this with the money in it,—this here?" asked Jacob, giving it a sounding knock.

"Ay," rejoined the miser.

"Well, if I must. I must," said Jacob, shouldering the chest; "but it would have been safer in the cellar than where it's a-goin' to."

He had scarcely placed his burthen in the coach, when Diggs followed him, and jumping into the vehicle, ordered him, with a triumphant glance. to shut the door, and bid the coachman drive to his chambers.

"Gray's Inn, coachee!" cried Jacob. as he complied; "and may you break your fare's neck as you go," he added, in a lower tone.

His mind lightened, apparently, by what had taken place, Mr. Scarve remained perfectly quiet during the rest of the day, and retired early to rest; but he passed another sleepless night, and was seized with a new panic about his money. The next day, finding himself unable to go down stairs, he ordered Jacob to bring up all his boxes, and to place them near him. His fever increasing, and assuming somewhat of the character of an ague, he consented to have a small fire kept up constantly in his bed-room, and set his chair close beside it. In addition to his dressing-gown, he wrapped an old blanket over his shoulders, and tried to keep his lower limbs warm by clothing them in a couple of pair of worsted hose. His bed being totally destitute of hangings, he had a sheet hung up against the lower end of it to keep off the blaze of the fire, which he fancied disturbed him during the night. These slight comforts were all he permitted himself, and he remained as inflexible as ever on the score of medicine, and medical advice.

"A doctor can do no good," he said to Jacob, who urged him

to send for one: "if abstinence wont cure a man, no physic will."

"Well, perhaps you're right, sir," said Jacob; "but I wish you'd think less o' your worldly affairs, and more o' your sperretual ones. Look at that pictur' over your chimley-piece, and see how Death is takin' away the covetous man's treasures before his very eyes. It might be intended as a warnin' to you."

The picture, alluded to by Jacob, was a copy of one of Holbein's designs of the Dance of Death suspended over the chimney-piece, and with the scriptural motto underneath it—"*Stulte, hac nocte repetunt animam tuam: et quæ parasti cujus erunt?*"—did seem to have a fearful and solemn application to the present conjuncture. The miser shuddered as he looked at it, but he would not acknowledge the justice of the porter's remark.

Of late, he had begun to entertain a dislike to Jacob, and would scarcely suffer him to come near him. Having seen him, when opening one of the boxes, take up an old stocking-foot in which a few pieces of silver were tied up, he took it into his head that he designed to rob him; and his fears being magnified by his perturbed imagination, he soon persuaded himself that he also intended to murder him. To prevent any such design, he placed a loaded pistol on the chimney-piece near him, and hung a drawn sword on a peg, so as to be within reach in case of need. These weapons he carried with him to his bed-side at night.

But he grew daily worse and worse, and his faculties became more and more enfeebled. He rambled about the house at night almost in a state of somnambulism, muttering strange things about his treasure, and frequently visiting the cellar where he had buried the chest, unconscious that it was gone.

At such times, Jacob constantly followed him to prevent him from doing himself a mischief, but took care not to be seen. His groans and lamentations were pitiful to hear, for he had begun to fancy himself a ruined man, and not even the sight of his money could assure him to the contrary.

It was vain to reason with him. The distressing idea was too strongly impressed upon his mind to be removed.

His next whim was to have his boxes opened by Hilda to whom he had entrusted his keys, and he insisted upon certain deeds and papers being read to him, the meaning of which he only very imperfectly comprehended.

One night, when seated by the fire-side wrapped in his blanket, and with his feet on a straw hassock, he desired his daughter to read him some more papers. The fire burnt as cheerily as it could in the starveling grate, and Hilda insisting upon having two candles to read by, there was more light than usual. Having got through several mortgages, leases, and bonds, to the innumerable clauses of which he listened in his usual apathetic manner; he suddenly turned round to her, and pointing to the strong-box which formerly stood under his table in the room

down-stairs, signed to her to open it. Well aware that this box contained his most private papers, Hilda had hitherto avoided meddling with it, but thus injoined, she no longer hesitated. Placing it on the table, therefore, she took the large bunch of keys, and soon finding the right one, unlocked it.

"Is there anything in particular you wish me to read, dear father?" she said, taking out some papers tied together with red tape. "Here is a bond for two thousand pounds from George Delahay Villiers, Esquire; another from Lady Brabazon; and another from Sir Bulkeley Price. Shall I read any of them?"

The miser shook his head.

"Here are several bills," she continued, taking up a roll of smaller papers — "and another bundle of mortgages, will you hear any of them?"

The miser shook his head. The movement was almost mechanical with him.

"Then I will go on," pursued Hilda. "Ah! what is this letter with the black seal! Shall I read it?"

The miser made no reply. He was gazing listlessly into the fire, and watching the wreaths of smoke ascend the chimney with childish delight.

Hilda, therefore, opened the letter, and found a small memorandum enclosed in it, which she placed upon the table. Trembling with emotion, she then began to read aloud the following lines:—

"Old and valued Friend,—If this should ever meet your eye, I shall have been a year in my grave, for in accordance with our agreement, it will not be delivered to you until the expiration of that time after my death. The agreement, I need not remind you, was so formed, that in case we should both die within the year, the contract entered into by us respecting the marriage of our children should be null and void."

Here Hilda was startled by a sharp cry from her father, and looking up, she saw that he was staring wildly and inquiringly at her.

"What are you reading?" he asked.

"The letter delivered to you by Randulph Crew," she replied; —"the letter from his father."

"And what business have you to read it?" he cried. "Who gave you leave to do so?"

"Having gone so far, I shall go on," rejoined Hilda; and she resumed her reading:—"I now call upon you to fulfil your share of the contract, and to give your daughter to my son. When we entered into the engagement, I was supposed to be the richer of the two; but I am now sadly reduced, and if my son fulfils his word, and gives up the estates to pay my creditors, he will have little or nothing."

"He has nothing—he has nothing!" cried the miser; "I will never give my consent—never!"

"'But under whatever circumstances he may be placed,'" said Hilda, continuing the letter, "'whether he gives up the property or not, I call upon you to fulfil your part of the contract, as I would have fulfilled mine whatever might have happened to you; and to make, as you have agreed to do, a settlement upon your daughter proportioned to your means.'"

"I made no such agreement!" cried the miser; "it is false—false!"

"'I enclose a copy of the memorandum,'" pursued Hilda, still reading, "'the original, as you know, is in the possession of Cordwell Firebras. He will see it executed. God so requite you, as you shall fulfil your agreement or neglect it!—RANDULPH CREW.' And here is the memorandum," she added, taking up the smaller piece of paper,—"It is signed by Randulph Crew and John Scarve."

"It is a forgery!" shrieked the miser.

"The original is in the possession of Cordwell Firebras," said Hilda. "Father, you have dealt unjustly by Randulph Crew. You owe him a great reparation, and I trust you will make it."

"I owe him nothing," replied the miser; "it is all a fabrication. Give me the papers, that I may burn them! Give them to me directly!"

And getting up, he staggered towards her, and snatched the letter and memorandum from her, with the intention of throwing them into the fire. But before he could do so, the door opened, and admitted Abel Beechcroft.

"What do you want, sir?" cried the miser, fearfully regarding him, and letting the papers which he had crushed in his grasp drop upon the floor.

"I have heard of your illness, Mr. Scarve," replied Abel; and am come to say a few words to you that must be said while you are able to hear them."

"But you disturb me," rejoined the miser—"you can have nothing to say to me."

"I have something to forgive," returned Abel.

"To forgive!" echoed Scarve, vacantly. "How have I injured you? Ah! now I recollect! I married Arabella Clinton, whom you would willingly have wedded. But she has been dead and gone these seventeen years and more."

"My father is not sufficiently himself to converse with you," Mr. Beechcroft, said Hilda; "but there is one thing I would mention—"

"Not a word about the letter, or the contract!" cried the miser, with sudden fury; "not a word, or I will launch my curse against you—a father's curse—beware how you incur it!"

"What is this?" cried Abel Beechcroft, in astonishment.

"Nothing," cried the miser—"it is a matter between me and my daughter. Get you gone. You have no business here. I can die without your forgiveness."

"Father!" exclaimed Hilda, "I have a duty to others as well as to you. Another opportunity may not occur. I must tell Mr. Beechcroft what I have discovered."

The miser shook his hands at her in impotent fury, and attempted to pronounce the curse; but his utterance failed him, and with a half-articulate cry, he fell senseless to the ground.

Hilda's cries instantly brought Jacob to the room, and the miser was laid upon the bed, where restoratives were successfully employed. Inexpressibly shocked and alarmed by what he had witnessed, Abel Beechcroft took his leave, and Hilda having picked up the letter and memorandum, and carefully straightened them, put them both into a place of security.

## CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

ABEL'S CONDUCT ON LEARNING THE MISER'S ILLNESS.—SIR SINGLETON SPINKE PROPOSES TO THE FAIR THOMASINE.—RANDULPH AGAIN DINES WITH LADY BRABAZON.—HE RECEIVES A NOTE FROM KITTY CONWAY, AND IS ASSAULTED BY PHILIP FREWIN AND HIS MYRMIDONS ON HIS WAY TO SUP WITH HER.

Accounts of Mr. Scarve's state of health had been conveyed to Mrs. Crew by Jacob, who unhesitatingly expressed his conviction that the attack would terminate fatally.

"He may linger for some time," said Jacob; "but I'm certain he'll never be himself again."

This intelligence produced a visible effect on Abel, and Mrs. Crew thought she could discover less asperity in his feelings towards his old enemy. He desired Jacob to inform him daily how his master went on, and to be sure and let him know instantly if any material change for the worse took place.

"I suppose there is nothing I can do for him," he added—"nothing I can send him."

"Why, he wont take any physic if he knows it," said Jacob; "and as to wine or brandy, there isn't a drop in the house, and hasn't been these four or five days. And we can't send to buy any, for he only gives Miss Hilda the trifle he used to allow for house expenses, and she doesn't like to take any of his money, for fear of angerin' him, for he counts it every day, and would be sure to miss it."

"Take a bottle of wine and another of brandy back with you, Jacob," said Abel.

"Thankee, sir—thankee!" rejoined Jacob; "it may be the means o' savin' his life. I'll mix a spoonful with his gruel, and I dare say he'll never find it out."

"Is there anything else I can send him?" asked Abel. "My housekeeper would make him broths, or jellies. We have more convenience here than you can have."

"And more means as well," replied Jacob; "I wont say no, for we really are hardly put to it to treat him as he should be treated. And only think of him,rollin' in wealth, and yet denyin' himself the common comforts of existence—the necessaries, I

may say, at a time like this. And then to be indebted to you for 'em, sir—you—of all people in the world."

"Take care he never knows it, nor even suspects it," said Abel, hastily.

"Never fear, sir," replied Jacob; "he shall learn nothin' from me. But he'll never ask."

"I suppose I cannot be of any assistance to your young lady, Jacob?" said Mrs. Crew.

"I fear not, ma'am," replied Jacob. "My poor young missis has a hard task to go through, but she must fulfil it. And brighter days, I hope, are in store for her."

Abel then rang the bell, and gave instructions to Mr. Jukes, who, taking Jacob to his pantry, brought the wine and brandy his master had ordered, and filled a can with mutton broth for him.

"You shall have some nice chicken broth to-morrow," said the butler; "and in the meantime, this will be better than nothing."

"I should think so," replied Jacob.

During the few minutes which it had taken the butler to go to the cellar, Jacob had found time to dig deep into a steak pie, and to empty a quart mug of ale; but he now started up, put the brandy into one capacious pocket, and the wine into the other and taking up the can of broth, set off at his quickest pace to the Little Sanctuary.

He came daily for a fresh supply of broth, which he said, and with perfect truth, was the main support of his master. Abel always saw him for a few minutes when he came, and listened with the greatest interest to his accounts of the miser's proceedings. Jacob told him of Diggs's visit, and of his suspicion that he had made his will; and concluded by mentioning the sum of money which the attorney had carried away. This account perplexed and troubled Abel exceedingly, and he muttered to himself—"I must make some inquiries about Diggs, and try to find out what he does with the money. I hope this wretched old man has not put the crowning act to his folly, and left his property away from his daughter."

"God forbid!" exclaimed Jacob. "But there's no sayin' what he may do. I wish you would see him, sir."

"I would see him if I thought it would do any good," replied Abel; "but I apprehend my interference would only be productive of harm. I must see him before all is over. We have an account to settle together."

"Then you'd better not put it off too long," replied Jacob.

Abel, however, could not muster up resolution for the painful scene which he expected to encounter; until one evening—as he was sitting after dinner over his wine, with his sister, Randulph, and Trussell—Jacob, who had been there before in the morning, came to inform him that the miser had been so unwell all day, and so fanciful and light-headed, that if

he wished to have any communication with him while he was in his right mind, he had better not postpone his visit. Abel then decided upon going at once, and accordingly proceeded with Jacob to the Little Sanctuary, where he had the short and painful interview with the miser, detailed in the preceding chapter.

By this time, Randulph was able to go abroad. One of his earliest visits was to Sir Norfolk Salusbury, who was delighted to see him, and shook him cordially by the hand, repeating what he had previously stated, that he thought he had conducted himself admirably in the affair of the duel. Sir Norfolk then began to talk of the miser's illness, and deplored the position of his daughter, adding that he had been several times to call upon him, but had always been denied admittance. While they were thus conversing, Sir Bulkeley Price was announced. Like Sir Norfolk, he appeared greatly pleased to see Randulph abroad again, and offered his congratulations.

"Villiers was out before you, Mr. Crew," he said; "I had a visit from him yesterday; but he still wears his arm in a sling, probably because he thinks it becoming. He came to entreat me to offer his apologies to Miss Scarve, and to express his compunction for his conduct. He was incited to it, he declares, by the violence of his passion for her; but he is now entirely cured, and is heartily ashamed of his conduct."

"He said as much to me," added Sir Norfolk.

"He also expressed himself most handsomely about you," Mr. Crew, pursued Sir Bulkeley; "and said he was extremely glad the duel had terminated in the way it did. I hope, therefore, you will be better friends than ever."

"We may be better friends, because we shall probably see less of each other," said Randulph, laughing. "However, it is pleasant to have such flattering things said of one by an adversary."

Shortly afterwards, the party left Abingdon Street, and proceeded to the Mall in Saint James's Park, where they met Beau Villiers, Lady Babazon, and Clementina, together with their constant attendant, Sir Singleton Spinke. Villiers, whose right arm was sustained by a scarf, immediately held forth his disengaged hand to Randulph, and passed so many encomiums upon his courage and address, that the latter must have been made of stubborn material indeed, to be insensible to them. His generous nature was sensibly touched, and he began to think he had done the beau an injustice. Lady Brabazon, too, exerted her utmost witchery, and told him with a captivating smile, "that if he consulted his good looks, he would fight a duel and get wounded once a month, as he now looked handsomer than ever."

The interview ended in Randulph accepting an invitation to dine the next day with Lady Brabazon. Trussell was enchanted. Accident, and a combination of circumstances, had accomplished

precisely what he desired. As to Randulph, he was annoyed with himself for having made the engagement; but it was now too late to retract. He felt somewhat embarrassed as to how to communicate the matter to his mother; but Trussell relieved him of the difficulty, and, on their return home, gave a lively and diverting account of the meeting in the park, and said it had led to a reconciliation dinner, which was to take place at Lady Brabazon's on the following day.

"I hope the dinner may not lead to another quarrel," said Abel.

"I hope so too," replied Mrs. Crew. "I wish you would discontinue your intimacy with Lady Brabazon, Randulph,—I cannot endure her."

"I do not intend to continue it to the same extent as before," said Randulph; "but it was impossible to refuse the present invitation."

"Quite impossible!" echoed Trussell—"never was anything so handsome as Villiers's apologies."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Abel; "they are as little to be trusted as himself."

"I don't think so in the present case," said Randulph.

"You may take my word for it, you are deceived," rejoined Abel. And here the conversation dropped.

The next day, soon after five o'clock, Randulph and his uncle crossed from the Palace stairs to Westminster, and shaped their course towards the Little Sanctuary. Trussell wished to call for a new peruke which he had ordered from Peter Pokerich; and while he stepped into the little barber's to try it on, Randulph proceeded to the other side of the street to make inquiries after the miser and his daughter.

"He's as bad as he can be," said Jacob, who answered his knock, shaking his head; and I'm afraid this constant watchin' will be too much for Miss Hilda. I want to have a word with you, but I can't stop just now, for I'm wanted. Where shall you be to night?"

"I am going to dine with Lady Brabazon in Pall Mall," said Randulph; "I shall leave about ten, and will call here on my way home."

"No; I'll step up to her ladyship's at ten," said Jacob; "and I'll wait till you come out. We may have somethin' to do together."

With this, he closed the door, and Randulph walked across the street to Peter Pokerich's. At the same moment, a chair was seen advancing along the street, which stopped at Mr. Deacle's, the mercer, and being opened, let forth Sir Singleton Spinke, very gaily dressed, who skipped into the mercer's shop. Having witnessed the old beau's entrance, Randulph turned into the barber's, and told his uncle what had occurred.

"Sir Singleton must be gone to pay court to the fair Thomasine," said Trussell, laughing.

On hearing this remark, Peter, without saying a word, darted out of the shop, and hurried to the neighbouring house. Trussell was at first disposed to be angry, but on reflecting on the probable cause of the barber's sudden flight, he burst into a loud laugh.

"Let us go and see what happens," he said, arranging his wig.

The little barber, meanwhile, had entered the mercer's shop. There was no one in attendance in front but an apprentice, who did not notice him. He accordingly stepped lightly and quickly towards the door of the inner room, which was left ajar, enabling him to hear what passed within, while the upper part being glazed, shewed him that the speakers were Sir Singleton and his mistress. The old beau was on his knees, while the fair Thomasine had abandoned her hand to him, though she averted her looks from him; owing to which circumstance, she did not discover the jealous eyes of the barber glaring at her through the window. As to Peter, he tugged at his wig with jealous rage, and would have plucked handfuls of hair from it, if it would have yielded. But the wig was stoutly made, and resisted his efforts bravely.

"I will not rise till I have a favourable answer, adorable Thomasine!" said Sir Singleton. "Will you be mine?—will you fly with me?"

"I cannot," replied the fair Thomasine, turning round with such suddenness that the little barber had barely time to duck down to escape observation. "I cannot. I have already told you a hundred times, I am engaged to Peter Pokerich."

"I will cut the little rascal's throat!" cried Sir Singleton, rising, and clapping his hand on his sword. "I will belabour him with his own pole."

"No, don't!" said the fair Thomasine—"I should go distracted, like Ophelia, if any harm were to happen to him. Poor Peter is so very fond of me—so very, very fond! At one time, he was a little inconstant, to be sure—slightly dazzled by the charms of the miser's lovely daughter. But latterly, he has become quite devoted."

"He cannot love you a thousandth part as well as I love you," said the old beau—"it is not in his vulgar nature. Besides, I can make you Lady Spinke—can put you at the head of a splendid establishment—cover you with diamonds—introduce you to the first society—take you every night to some fine lady's drum—to Ranelagh—to Vauxhall—or to the playhouses."

"It sounds delightful, indeed!" said the fair Thomasine. whose eyes sparkled at the beau's enumeration of the pleasures he had in store for her. "But will you really make me Lady Spinke?"

"I swear it!" cried the old beau. "Oh! you are mine!—say you are mine!"

"No, you're too old for me!" said the fair Thomasine. "I don't think I could marry you."

The unhappy barber, who had almost sunk into the floor, here revived again.

"Too old!" exclaimed Sir Singleton. "Why I'm in the very prime of life. But granting that I am old, you'll the sooner be a widow. Lady Spinke, with a handsome jointure—think of that!"

"A large jointure is very tempting, certainly," said the fair Thomasine, musingly.

"You can't hesitate, I'm sure, my charmer," cried the old beau, "between the brilliant life I hold out to you, and the wretched one you will be condemned to with your little barber. Give him up at once. Leave him to his wigs, his pomatum, his powder-puff, and his blocks, and let him marry some bar-maid, or serving-woman, the only creatures fit for him."

"Lady Singleton Spinke and Mrs. Peter Pokerich do sound very differently," said the fair Thomasine. "I should mightily like to be called 'your ladyship.'"

"So would most women, but it isn't every one who has the opportunity," rejoined the old beau.

"And then I must have a fine gilt coach?" pursued the fair Thomasine.

"It is yours," replied Sir Singleton.

"And beautiful dresses?" she continued.

"As many as you like," he answered. "I'll buy your father's whole stock of silks."

"And magnificent diamonds?"

"Equal to a Duchess's."

"And I shall go to court?"

"You shall."

"And to Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and the playhouses?"

"As often as you please."

"Well, then, I almost—but oh dear! it would be so wrong—no, I can't consent. 'Twould break my Peter's heart."

"Peter's heart will soon be mended again," replied Sir Singleton. "I'll have a coach and four at the corner of the street at five o'clock to-morrow morning; and then we'll drive a few miles out of town for an airing, and return to breakfast—and to the Fleet, where we'll be married."

"Don't expect me, I never can make up my mind to so fearful a step," said the fair Thomasine, pathetically and undecisively.

"Well, I shall be there, at all events," said the old beau, pressing her hand to his lips. "Farewell. At five."

The little barber had heard enough. He darted off like a madman, and almost upset Trussell and Randulph, who, as well as himself, had overheard what passed. The next moment, the old beau issued forth, singing a French song, and twirling his cane gaily.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, perceiving Trussell and Randulph, "what the deuce brings you here?"

"We came to look after the little barber, who ran away, leaving my wig only half dressed," replied Trussell. "He has just rushed out of this shop as if he had gone distracted."

"The devil!" exclaimed Sir Singleton; "then he has overheard my plan. I must change it."

And stepping back to the fair Thomasine, he whispered, "Peter Pokerich has been playing the spy upon us. He may interfere with our arrangements. To-night at twelve, instead of to-morrow morning at five. Till then, ma belle, adieu!" And kissing his hand to her, he rejoined his friends.

"You are both going to Lady Brab's, I suppose?" he said. "Sorry I can't take you—we shall meet again in a few minutes."

So saying, and strutting off triumphantly, he entered his chair, and was conveyed to Lady Brabazon's, where Randulph and his uncle arrived a few minutes after him.

The dinner passed off delightfully. It was a small party, consisting of Sir Bulkeley Price, Sir Norfolk Salusbury, Firebras, and Lady Fazakerly. Everything was done to please Randulph, and the efforts were perfectly successful. The wine flowed freely after dinner—for it was a hard drinking age—and Randulph, who had been exceedingly temperate since the duel, began to feel the effect of it. As he was about to ascend to the drawing-room with the rest of the gentlemen, a note was handed him by a servant, which he instantly opened.

"What says your billet, nephew?" inquired Trussell, who was standing by.

"Oh! it is from Kitty Conway, said Randulph. "She has found out, I know not how, that I am here, and wishes me to sup with her to night for the last time."

"And you will go, wont you?" said Trussell.

"Not I," replied Randulph, irresolutely.

"Oh, yes, you will," said Trussell; "and I'll accompany you on your last visit, as I did on the first."

And they went up stairs laughingly to the drawing-room.

Time passed by so fleetly in the fascinating society of Lady Brabazon, that Randulph was surprised, on glancing at his watch, to find that it was nearly eleven o'clock.

"Jacob will be gone," he thought, "and will think I have forgotten him."

Hastily taking leave of Lady Brabazon, who chided him playfully for running away so early, and engaged him to call upon her on the following morning, he went down stairs, accompanied by Trussell. They found Jacob at the door, and in no very bland humour at having been kept so long.

"My time's more than up," said Jacob, gruffly, "and I was just goin' away. What I wanted to say to you is this. I've received a hint that master's miserly nevy, Philip Frewin, is about to decamp with the money I gave Mr. Diggs t'other day. He's at the Crown Inn, Ox Yard, King Street. Suppose you pay him a visit."

"I'll readily do so to-morrow, Jacob," said Randulph; "but to night, I'm engaged. Come along with me. My way lies in the same direction as yours, and shall be glad if you'll accom-

Randulph defending himself against Philip Frewin and his myrmidons.

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pany me. I want to talk to you about your master and young mistress."

Jacob complied, and accompanied Randulph to the corner of Hedge Lane, a narrow thoroughfare running into Cockspur Street, where he took his leave. Randulph and his uncle then tracked the lane above mentioned, until they came to Whitcomb Street, where Kitty Conway then resided, having removed from the Haymarket to an old house in the latter street, erected three years after the Great Fire of London—namely, 1669. Randulph never having visited the pretty actress in her new abode, she had told him that this date, which was inscribed in large figures on a shield over the door, would guide him to it.

As Randulph was looking out for the house, he observed three men at a little distance behind him, who seemed to be dogging him and his uncle. The foremost of them was a tall, thin man; the second a stout square-set personage, dressed in a shabby military garb; and the third a great hulking fellow, with an atrociously black muzzle, dressed in a blue jacket, short trowsers, and woollen cap.

Randulph could not help fancying he had seen these personages before, though he could not tell where, but he did not concern himself much about them, until just as he had discovered Kitty Conway's dwelling, and was about to knock at the door, he saw that they were quickening their pace towards him. On a nearer approach, he was at no loss to detect in the foremost, Philip Frewin; in the shabby military man, the bravo, Captain Culpepper; and in the athletic, black-muzzled sailor, the fellow who had officiated as Jack-in-the-water at the Folly on the Thames.

"Here is your man!" cried Philip, pointing to Randulph, "upon him! don't leave an unbroken bone in his body."

Randulph, however, was prepared for the attack. Grasping the stout cane he held in his hand, he dealt Philip so severe a blow on the head with it, that he stretched him on his back on the ground. At the same moment, Trussell received a blow from the cudgel of the black-muzzled ruffian which sent him reeling against the door to the posts of which he clung for support, while the fellow, turning to assault Randulph, encountered an unexpected adversary in the person of Jacob Post.

"I thought what you were after, you scoundrels, when I saw you doggin' these gen'l'men," cried Jacob; "I'm glad I got up in time. Turn your cudgel this way, you black-muzzled hound. Two can play at your game."

While Jacob and his antagonist rapped away at each other as hard as they could, making the welkin ring with their blows, Randulph turned upon Culpepper, who attempted to draw his sword to assail him, and belaboured him so lustily with his cane, that the latter was soon fain to cry for quarter.

The sound of the cudgels, and the vociferations of the comba-

tants, had alarmed the watch, who springing their rattles, hastened to the scene of strife, while Kitty Conway, hearing the noise, opened a window above, and seeing what was passing in the street, added her shrieks to the general clamour.

Before, however, the watch could come up, Jacob had brought his black-muzzled antagonist to the ground, while Culpepper had taken to his heels without being able to strike a single blow.

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## THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

BY EDWARD KENEALY, ESQ.

Ὦ ἄνθρωπε κεῖσαι—ζων ἔτι μᾶλλον τῶν ὑπο γῆς εκεινων.—SIMONIDES *apud* ARISTID.

He is dead—but his memory still liveth. He hath not passed away like ordinary men.

On Saturday, the twentieth of August, just as the Morning Star began to glitter in the firmament, and the early sunbeams to come forth, died William Maginn, LL.D., in the forty-ninth year of his age; and on that day week following, his earthly remains were deposited in the quiet little churchyard of Walton-upon-Thames, the hamlet in which he breathed his last. His funeral was quite private, and was attended only by a very few friends who loved him fondly while he lived, and venerate his memory now that he is gone; and the tears that fell upon his grave were the last sad tribute to as true and warm and beautiful a soul as ever animated a human breast. The place in which he is buried is one that his own choice might have selected, for the Spirit of Repose itself seems to dwell around it, and lends a new charm to its rustic beauty. No noise is ever heard there but the rustling of the trees, or the gay chirp of the summer blackbirds, or the echo of the solemn hymns as they ascend to heaven in music on the Sabbath. Strangely contrasted indeed is its peacefulness with the troublous scenes of his many-coloured life, and provocative of pensive reflection the gentle silence that invests it like a spell. The rude villager, as he passes over his grave, little dreams of the splendid intellect that slumbers beneath, or the host of sweet and noble traits that lived within the heart already mouldering under his feet into a clod of the valley. But his genius has already sanctified the ground, lending to it the magic which entwines itself with the homes or tombs of celebrated men—rendering it henceforward a classic and muse-haunted solitude, to which history will point—and it will be during all time a spot to which the scholar will piously resort, and where the young enthusiast of books will linger long and idolatrously in the soft sunlight or beneath the radiant stars.

The character of Maginn, while he lived, was but little understood; and now that he is dead, we hope it will not be misrepresented. Yet rarely has a man of such exalted genius passed from among us without winning that universal celebrity which he so eminently deserved. This disadvantage was chiefly owing to his having confined the labours of his mind to periodical literature alone; but in that department who so brightly shone as he? Who so universal in his knowledge—so profound in his wisdom—so eloquent in advocating the Constitution and the Protestantism of these realms—so terse and brilliant in epigram—so appropriate in anecdote—so simple and luminous in style—so playful and original in wit? Pronounced by a high and amiable authority,* "abler than Coleridge," he lived without attaining the fame of that extraordinary man; declared by another deep and intellectual observer† of his character to be "quite equal to Swift," he never achieved the authority in literature or the

* Dr. Moir, the far-famed "Delta" of Blackwood. † Dr. Macnish, the Modern Pythagorean.

renown that mantled round the head of St. Patrick's Dean. But great indeed and illustrious must have been the genius which could thus secure the eulogy of two men whose opinions must carry with them respect and consideration, and whose abilities and virtues vouch for the sincerity of their sentiments. A brief summary of the leading points of his intellect will enable us to judge whether these praises were inconsiderately conferred, or were the gift of close and accurate observation; and whether to him also may not be applied the saying of Plato on Aristophanes, "that the Graces had built themselves a temple in his bosom," or the still loftier encomium pronounced by Selden on the learned Heinsius, "*Tam severorum quam amæniorum literarum Sol*"—a master of all literature—of the beautiful and sublime, of the graceful and the profound.

The first and chief attribute of his mind was its originality. The works of no distinguished man, within our own reading at least, display the same vein of thought and style. There is scarcely a subject on which he has written that he has not treated in a new manner, illuminating the grave by the liveliness of his fancy, colouring the witty by the solidity of his judgment; for he possessed both in an extraordinary degree, and his mind resembled a mine of gold, curiously prankt on the surface with flowers, but truly valuable within. Nor was his genius acquired by long and patient study; on the contrary, it beamed very beautifully in his earliest years, and was the fair Aurora of his future brilliancy. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in his tenth year, and was a doctor of laws in his twenty-third—a precocity rivalled but by that of Wolsey, who was a bachelor when only fourteen. And though his reading was immense, no man was less of a copyist of other men's thoughts, a stealer of other men's fire, than William Maginn.

His memory was the strongest in the world, and was a rich storehouse of all learning, so that he might with propriety have been called, like the sublime Longinus, "the living library." Often, when in want of some scholastic illustrations for our own writings, have we applied to him, and never did we ask in vain. Quotations the most apposite; episodes the most befitting; obscure points of literary history, an elucidation of which we had ineffectually hunted for; sketches of minor literary men of other lands, the difficulty of finding which, those conversant with such studies alone can appreciate; stray lines and sentences from authors read only once in a century, and quoted but as curiosities; parallel passages in the Greek and Latin and Italian and German authors:—all these he could refer to without a moment's deliberation, as easily as if they had formed the business of his whole life. And yet, like Scott, no eye ever saw him reading. He seemed a perfectly idle man, and knowledge to come to him by intuition.

His erudition was without pedantry—his mind had no dogmatism. The Αυτος εφα of the Greek sage did not enter into any of his opinions, which were never put forth in conversation but with the most singular modesty. He would talk to you like a little child on the most learned subjects; and whenever he advanced a sentiment, he would turn to his hearer with an appealing look, as if he distrusted his own judgment, and would not willingly mislead another's. We have seen him listen attentively to the speculations of a boy; gently correcting him when he was wrong, and when he was right entering with alacrity into the spirit of his views, but always more anxious to hear another speak than himself. We do not think he ever uttered a sophism in his life, but was an eager inquirer after truth; and his investigations were like those of another illustrious student,—ἀει φιλεοντα θεμιστας—who ever loved justice.* His sense of honour was heroic; and he adhered, like Sheridan, inflexibly to his principles, though they did not meet those rewards on which he might have well calculated. The devotion with which he loved his family is well known, and the memory of it is painted on their hearts. He would instruct his daughters for hours in the beautiful Italian, of which he was a complete master, and the sight of them always brought brightness to his eyes. On his death-bed, the desolate condition in which he knew that he was leaving them, was the great sorrow of his soul;

* Parthenius de Amat. Affect., cap. ii.

but he committed them to the noble generosity of this mighty country, whose charities are more sublime trophies of its greatness than its grandest conquests by sea or on the land.

His poetry was of the highest order of humour—far superior to Swift, and entirely exempt from his grossness and obscenity. Not a single line did he ever write which, dying, he might have wished to blot; not a single impure thought can be discerned in the whole range of his compositions, poetical or in prose. The wildness of his wit was well known; but his muse was always decent, and never arrayed herself in the immodest peplos in which some of our modern authors have shewn her.

His theological knowledge was extensive. He had deeply studied the ecclesiastical writers, and spoke of Hooker and Barrow with rapture. Never lived a man impressed with a more humble sense of his own failings, or with a finer veneration of our Great Creator. He entertained for mankind an enlarged and bewitching love, and conscious of human frailty, never spoke severely of their errors, but always in charity. He did not hold himself aloof from his kind with the sullen dignity of other writers, but mingled with them with the careless, familiar ease of Fielding, or Fox, or Goldsmith, and would share in the noisy sports of younger spirits as if he were a boy himself, and not the rival of Swift in all true greatness, and infinitely beyond him in every private trait deserving of our love. His works, when they are collected, will form an imperishable monument of his mind; but his genius, though splendid, was the least of his qualifications: and the writer of this notice can declare that he valued more the kind and gentle heart of his deceased friend, than all the glories of his intellect, or the dazzling brightness of his fancy.

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## CONSTANCY.

BY THE HONOURABLE MRS. NORTON.

When, in Love's bewild'ring hour,
First I saw thy gentle face
Smiling in thy garden bower
With such timid, blushing grace;
While the sunset rays declining
Lent thy cheek a softer glow,
With a glorious halo shining
Round thy pure, angelic brow—
Then, oh then, I sigh'd to be
Master of thy heart and thee!

Since that time, each hour which stealeth
From our happy lives away,
Some new gentle charm revealeth,
And I bless thee day by day!
Yea, thy voice *more* sweetly soundeth
To my fond accustom'd ear,
And my heart more gladly boundeth
When thy footstep draweth near,
Than when first I sigh'd to be
Master of thy fate and thee!

## SEPTEMBER.

" Se non è vero, è BANG trovato!"

GENTLER SEX!—we have the honour to throw ourselves at your feet! Despise not such a token of deference; but rather, in this your month of neglect and humiliation, be thankful for even so moderate a triumph as the dedication of our editorial knight-errantry. At this moment, you are fairly or *un*fairly dethroned. Year after year does the fatal 12th of August give the signal for the commencement of your reverses; and lo! by the 1st of September, you are left " alone in your glory," like the marble statue of Alma amid the ruins of her fallen palace!

For " now comes in the sweet o' the year" for the rougher sex. At this present writing, the most attractive of single ladies has a poor chance against a brace of well-seasoned pointers; or the aim of the brightest eyes against that of a double-barrelled gun. From August till Christmas, it is all play and no work for such lords of the creation as are subdivided into Lords and Commons; just as, during the season and the session, the golden sceptre of pleasure is exclusively wielded by the fair hands of womankind. In the merry month of May, it is their privilege to " sit in a bay window and see gallants." In the doleful month of September, they may sit in a bay window from noon till night, if they please, but they will see nothing but the green grass on the lawn. Their kingdom is taken from them. They have had their day for winging their bird—scattering their covey—bagging their game. The shooting licence has now changed hands; and it is their own fault if, during their day of supremacy, it did not occur to them to secure to themselves the allegiance of vassals unsusceptible to the attractions of Forsyth and Manton; hiving up honey for a wintry hour, while the roses and lilies of their flower-garden were flaunting in the sun.

There needs no stronger proof how thoroughly *ennui* usurps the place of the absent sportsmen in the morning-rooms and boudoirs of half the country-houses in Great Britain, than the eagerness with which this identical September Number of our Magazine will be cut open this very day by thousands of ivory folders, or even torn recklessly asunder by hand, in order to supply new ideas to those who, from sunrise to sunset, are left widowed to their solitary pursuits.

In days of yore, the head of a noble house used to set forth on his crusade against the infidels; leaving his noble moiety to make tapestry among her maidens, while listening to the homilies of the family chaplain. But, during her lord's absence, the noble dame enjoyed at least supreme authority in her castle; could make war against her neighbours, and oppress her vassals, to her heart's content. Moreover, after a few years' crusading, the warrior of her heart came back to pass the remainder of his days in peace and quietness, and, as the story-books say, " to live very happy ever afterwards."

These matters are sadly altered for the worse. The half-yearly crusades of modern heroes assign neither trust nor authority to the hands of the unfortunate ladies, who remain as completely isolated in their castles as though their worse halves were wielding lances in Syria, instead of discharging their percussions in the preserves and

turnip-fields. They are not allowed to screw the tenants or affront the female squirearchy a bit the more for being left without better diversion for their leisure. On the contrary, they are expected to content themselves with crotchet-work —chain-stitch — cross-stitch, and all the other thousand-and-one stitches set forth in Mrs. Stone's Art of Needlework, or Miss Lambart's Manual;—to spend the morning in gossip and Berlin work;—to find an appetite for luncheon, with at best the parson of the parish to invite them to a glass of sherry;—to saunter in female squadrons through the green lanes, escorted only by the groom;—yet to appear gay and brilliant at the dinner-table, as though the morning had been spent in brilliant chat or agreeable flirtation, in their drawing-rooms in Grosvenor Square, or under the venerable elms of Hyde Park, surrounded by a phalanx of beaux!

Even when, perforce of high spirits or prudent self-control, they manage to greet with their usual smiles the truants who have deserted them since daybreak, instead of recognising the merit of such patience, and rewarding them by instant devotion, not a syllable is uttered by the ungrateful sportsmen during dinner that does not bear reference to the exploits of the day. Even the civil word or two, edged in as if in apology to the ladies, is uttered with such evident absence of mind, that the concession is only adding insult to injury.

Still, there is the evening in reserve—the cordial, social, chatty, evening—with curtains drawn and a cheerful fire, enlivened by music, chess, or cards. A pleasant evening will atone for all the desertion of the day. When the gentlemen and coffee arrive together, accordingly, what renovated lustre brightens every female eye! The conversation is about to become general. The news and newspapers of the day will be discussed; and the box of books from Andrews or Ebers, containing the new Magazines, be duly criticised, commended, and recommended. Alas! not five minutes have elapsed after the *entrée* of the savage sportsmen, for whom have been reserved the most comfortable corner of the sofa and soothing armchair, when a sort of adagio movement becomes audible in the buzz of conversation. Ten minutes more, and every eye is closed as heavily as those of the courtiers of the Sleeping Beauty! Not a soul of the party is likely to be thoroughly awake again, till the lark and the gamekeeper are once more astir!

Such are the delights of the victimized sex during the month of September! Either they are left in petticoated colonies, beauless, at some watering-place; or in their country-seats, or those to which they are recklessly invited as for a party of pleasure, made to atone heavily for all the tyrannies they may have exercised during their season in town. Their word, which in May and June was a law, is now less influential than a dog-whistle. Their charms are secondary to the plumage of a partridge. One hears no further talk of happy couples. All living things are now numbered by the brace!

But is this state of things to be endured?—Again we say unto you, Gentler Sex, we throw ourselves at your feet, to remind you of the four months of neglect and privation still before you.—It is true you have got over the grouse; the moors, having done their worst, against the a-mours.—But October will bring the pheasants into the field,—November, the fox;—nor, till the meeting of Parliament, is there the smallest hope of your restoration to the throne. Now, therefore, is your moment for privy counsel,—for Chartism,—for con-

ferring among yourselves touching the infringement of the Magna Charta of the Sex!

All you may wish to effect undisturbed by the intrusions of your despots, should be done during the month of September. Secure from interference, you may execute a thousand feats of domestic reform;—design new flower-gardens,—derange the old library,—examine the family archives,—re-paper,—re-furnish,—re-model;—establish new systems in the forcing-houses, and countermand the orders of the head gardener or keepers, for venison or pineapples to be despatched to the intimates of your loving lords!

By a diligent exercise of your powers of mischief during the absence of these ardent sportsmen, you will bring them to their senses. Since the glory of being a good shot prevails over that of being a good husband, let them abide the consequences. St. Paul has told them that it is equally pernicious for woman—that "it is not good for man to live alone;"—shew them that. Summon your parliament,—collect your forces,—condense your auxiliaries. Be active,—be resolute,—be advised.—*Too* long have you submitted to the tyranny of the Forest Laws; and before the geese dedicated to the altars of St. Michael have cackled their last, let the wrongs of your widowhood be redressed.—It will be the delight of AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE to inscribe with the chronicle of your victory its first page for OCTOBER 1842.

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## THE LEVIATHAN.*

(*From the German of Ferdinand Freiligrath.*)

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

"Thou didst divide the sea by thy strength; thou breakest the heads of the dragons in the waters.

"Thou breakest the heads of Leviathan, and givest him to be meat to the people inhabiting the wilderness."—PSALM LXXIV. 13, 14.

ONE day in early autumn, I was roaming on the ocean's strand;
My head was bare, my face was bow'd, and David's psalms were in my hand.
The sea rose high, the billows swell'd, and freshly blew the eastern gales;
Along th' horizon, to the west, darted a ship with milk-white sails.

Holding the book of Israel's king, and sometimes idly gazing round,
And sometimes turning o'er the leaves, the passage, as it chanced, I found,
Which you may read above this song; when, lo! three boats approach'd the strand,
Three fishing-boats, their sails were furl'd, and all of them were bravely mann'd.

Behind them from the whiten'd flood arose a form of blackish hue—
A monster of gigantic size, which through the tide a cable drew;
The billows moan'd, loud crack'd the mast, his anchor the harpooner cast;
The fishing-boats, the monster too, upon the shore reposed at last.

The people of the desert-beach now from their huts are hasting all
In joyous troops, responding to a father's or a brother's call.
Upon that son of ocean, on that body rent by steel, they gaze;
They gaze upon his shatter'd head, from which no more a fountain plays.

* This poem may be considered a piece of ultra-Freiligrathism. In the generality of his poems Freiligrath flies from civilized life, and rejoices in the kraal and the desert; witness the "Awakener in the Desert," in the first volume of this Magazine. Here he flies from humanity altogether, and despises it in the person of a whale.—The lines which compose this poem are, for *rhyming* lines, longer than any I ever saw. Two syllables more would have converted them into absolute prose,—J. O.

It is but a few years ago, that dripping form the North Pole bore;
A novice yet, he wander'd to the scanty waters of our shore—
The banks and shallows hinder'd him, or he to his own sea had sped—
And with a fisher's spear the Lord hath crush'd the youthful giant's head.

All danced around the bleeding one rejoicing, but to me it seem'd
As if upon that rugged throng his half-closed eye disdaining gleam'd;—
Methought it had an angry sound, the torrent of his purple blood,
As though he murmur'd as it gush'd—"Oh miserable human brood!

"Ye dwarfs! who by your paltry arts alone a giant would ensnare—
Ye creatures of the dry soil! who to touch my kingdom would not dare—
Ye weaklings! who in hollow boats alone can cross the mighty sea,
Like to the meanest of the fish that ne'er can leave its shell are ye!

"Insipid, lifeless shore! on thee how lifeless all pursuits appear!
Oh weak, insipid race! ye tremble, if my snorting ye but hear!
How pitiful your villages!—those huts which yonder I descry!
And, Poet, art thou more than they, who gazest on me as I die?

"Oh why am I not where the sea, and where the earth its bound'ry knows,
Where winter's icy palace floats through darkness, crackling as it goes?
Oh would a sword-fish there had thrust his native weapon through my side,
Whetting it first upon the ice,—for here at least I had not died!"

This was the early autumn's day, when freshly blew the eastern gales,
And by th' horizon to the west darted a ship with milkwhite sails,—
My steps I turn'd aside, and, falling on the beach, I hid my face,—
The Lord hath crush'd Leviathan, and given him to the desert race.

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## LES ENFANS TROUVÉS.

BY MISS PARDOE.

THERE are, perhaps, few portions of a metropolis so full of philosophy as the public edifices. In the organization of its moral and national establishments, in its schools, its council-chambers, and its charities, may be read the whole genius of a people. The Romans built their fortresses with masses of stone as colossal as their ambition, for they felt their power; the Osmanli construct their dwellings of gaudily-painted timber, for they are aware of the instability of their tenure.

In London, it has been said that our palaces are as prisons, and our prisons as palaces; and this, in many cases, merely from their external appearance. Had those who pronounced the opinion explored the recesses of the metropolitan jails of London, after venturing into those of Paris, they would at once discover the perfect appositeness of their remark, if applied to the moral as well as the architectural state of the establishment.

Nor is the contrast greater between the charitable institutions of the two cities. In London they abound. There is no physical suffering for which the hospitals do not afford an asylum—no degree of repentant vice which may not claim and find a refuge from the contagious influence of similar depravity. In Paris it is far otherwise; the foul and loathsome prisons vomit forth their inmates more brutalized than they received them, from the constant contact with filth, and impurity, and shamelessness, to which they have been, not only subjected, but compelled, during the period of incarceration! In order to prove the veracity of this assertion, it will only be necessary to state, that

the women's prison is inaccessible to strangers, from the fact that none can traverse it without a certainty of gross and frightful insult; while the charitable institutions of the Gallic metropolis are not only insufficient to succour a tithe of its sufferers, but are also rendered, in many instances, still more inefficient, and even injurious to the interests of society, from the extreme moral laxity with which they are conducted. That trifling abuses are inevitable in every public establishment, must be self-evident to every one who has bestowed a moment's consideration on the subject; but that they should be suffered to exist in sufficient magnitude to affect the general character of the charity, is deeply to be deplored; and nowhere is the conviction that such is really the case more strikingly forced upon the stranger than in the Foundling Hospital of Paris. This is the more to be deplored, as the *Enfans Trouvés* is, in its interior economy, conducted by those most beautiful and holy votaries to good works, the Sisters of Charity; who, although they regulate all the details of the house, are necessarily utterly irresponsible for its organization.

How I love a Beguine! How I reverence her self-immolation, her meek and active piety, her exquisite cleanliness, her ready hand, and her low, gentle accents! Hers is indeed a divine mission; she knows not what it is to "pass by on the other side." And truly can I paraphrase one of the ancients, and exclaim, "Had I not been an Englishwoman, I would have been a Beguine!" But to return to my text.

It was on a lovely winter's day, cold, bright, and sparkling with frost—one of those days when the blood mantles in the cheek and plays about the heart, and the elastic air gives new energies to the spirit—that, during a temporary sojourn in Paris, we paid a visit to the *Enfans Trouvés*. The exterior of the building offers nothing remarkable; it is plain, spacious, and somewhat gloomy in its appearance; but the moment that the gate falls back, in obedience to your summons for admission, the aspect of the place is deeply interesting. In a small lodge on the right of the entrance sit two Beguines, one of whom has a book before her; while the other, occupied in the formation of some miniature garment destined for the use of a future foundling, is in readiness to answer the bell which announces a fresh deposit in the wheel, by turning towards her the well-worn machine, to receive the desolate and abandoned little victim consigned by poverty or vice to the mercy of the establishment.

The child has no sooner, by means of the revolving closet, been admitted within the walls of the charity, than information of its arrival is given to the nurses of the house by the two watchers, who ring a second bell communicating with the receiving-ward, and at once proceed to examine the infant and the wrappings in which it is enveloped, in order to discover the existence of any physical peculiarity, or any trinket or mark which might tend to its future identification. This done, the exact moment of its reception, which she ascertains from a timepiece suspended in the lodge, its sex, and such particulars as may be deemed sufficiently important for remark, are entered in the folio by the book-keeper; while the receiving-sister carefully tends the infant, and when, as is frequently the case, it has been deposited in the wheel in a single fragment of woollen cloth, or in some filthy garment of worn-out linen, she folds about it one of the warm and cleanly

wrappers provided by the charity, and then consigns it to the charge of the nurse, who conveys it into the body of the building.

Not a question is asked; not an individual is seen; and, in most cases, not a clue is given by which a hint of the foundling's identity may be obtained. The wheel is situated in the midst of a blank wall, and the Hospital itself stands in a somewhat unfrequented locality.

From the lodge, we passed along the court into the main edifice, of which the distinguishing features are its beautiful cleanliness and its admirable ventilation. The first ward into which we were introduced was the *Salle des Nourrices*, where we found ten or twelve strong, healthy-looking peasant women, sitting together near the door, engaged in conversation, while on every side were to be seen the Sisters of Charity, whose province it is to ascertain the progress and cleanliness of the nurslings which have been intrusted to the charge of these *paysannes*, zealously examining the state of the children, the mother or directress of the ward standing by, and deciding according to their fiat whether the infants shall be returned to their foster-mothers, or consigned to other care. Nothing can exceed the rigour with which this investigation is made; and as it is of monthly recurrence, and that the slightest proof of neglect or mismanagement renders the nurse ineligible from thenceforward to serve the charity, it will be at once apparent that the poor little beings are treated alike with tenderness and judgment during their absence from the establishment.

This arrangement, it must, however, be remarked, is only made for such children as are too weakly to admit of their being reared by hand, their number being far too great to permit its general adoption; but the liberality of the charity extends to *fifty* of these suburban nurses, who are chosen with great attention to their physical qualifications, and who have no sooner completed their duty than the children are transferred to another establishment, in order to make way for fresh inmates in that of the capital.

While these facts were explained to us by the meek and obliging sister who acted as our *cicerone*, my attention was attracted to a Beguine who sat near a window, plying her needle with great diligence, while a sweet child, of about three years old, habited in the clean but common dress of the charity, clung round her neck, and hid its laughing little face on her shoulder, half amused and half terrified at the approach of strangers. In the appearance of the sister herself there was nothing remarkable, if I except a pair of large, jet-black eyes, whose holy expression reminded me of one of Raphael's Madonnas. She must have been upwards of thirty years of age; and there was a languor about her when unexcited, which looked like the effect of care and watching upon a frame too tender to support the strain without suffering.

It was consequently the child that was nestling upon her bosom which induced me to approach her with a particular greeting; for, in the first place, its extreme beauty made me desire to caress it; and in the next, I was struck by the fact that it was the only foundling in the ward which had passed its first infancy, and I was anxious to learn why an exception had thus been made in its favour.

The Beguine met my advances with a quiet and courteous gracefulness; and her pale cheek flushed with delight as I expressed my admiration of her little nurseling.

"*Madame est trop bonne*," she said, glancing fondly at her charge; "but indeed I think myself that Virginie is really pretty enough to attract even those who are accustomed to see infancy made yet more beautiful by dress."

"Dress! my good sister," I exclaimed, lifting the child from her arms, as it stretched out its little hand to sport with a trinket that I wore—"What could silks and laces add to such lips and eyes as these? But is not your blooming Virginie a kinswoman? for I see that she is beyond the age prescribed for the foundlings to remain on the establishment; and even were she not so, one need only look upon her to feel that *she* could never have been abandoned to the cold chances of a world upon which she had no natural claim. She is your niece, perhaps; or, dearer still, a baby-sister consigned to your gentle guardianship?"

"*Pauvre petite!*" sighed the Beguine, the large tears gathering in her deep eyes—"She has none to love her but myself. Madame is in error; Virginie is a foundling."

"And still here?" said I, less to express my surprise than to induce a continuance of the conversation—"The controllers of the charity are then acquainted with her parentage, and consequently extend towards her an indulgence denied to her little companions?"

The Beguine shook her head, and resumed her work; but meekly, and without the slightest symptom of impatience.

"Pray, forgive me, *ma sœur*," I continued, deferentially; "but I see that some mystery attaches to this sweet child; and if it be not indiscreet, or displeasing to yourself, you would confer a great favour by telling me its brief, but, I feel sure, most interesting history."

"Indeed, Madame deludes herself," answered the sister, with a blush that spread over her brow, while a faint smile played for an instant about her faded lip; "for even if I were to tell all I know of my nurseling, I must talk so much more of myself than of Virginie, that I should feel pained for us both."

After this remark, I felt that there would be a want of delicacy in persisting to indulge my curiosity; and I was about to rise from the bench at her side, and resign the beautiful foundling, with a kiss, to her guardianship, when my purpose was prevented by the child itself, who, on discovering my intention, twined its white and dimpled arms about my neck, and would not be put away. In vain did the low and gentle "*Mais, fi donc, Virginie! Mais, laissez-donc, ma fille!*" of the meek sister fall on the ear of the clinging babe, it only hugged me the closer, and I found myself compelled to resume my seat, and to indulge my new playfellow with the hearty romp for which her laughing blue eyes were asking as plainly as eyes *could* ask.

"You must forgive her," said the Beguine, deprecatingly; "it is so sweet to be loved, and poor Virginie is an *enfant trouvé*." The tone and look went to my heart, and flooded it with a thousand memories of my own cherished and guarded infancy. My companion saw that I was moved, and she pressed her thin hand upon mine, as if to thank me for my sympathy. "You are contrasting your own fate with hers; I can read it in the expression of your face," she whispered. "Well may you do so; you who have evidently been a joy and a hope in the home of your childhood. I often do so myself, though I have

had far less cause; for I was one of twelve, and our parents had to labour *depuis le lever jusqu'au coucher*, in order to find us bread."

How admirably adapted was the somewhat indefinite expression to her subject! Her parents had to toil "from the rising to the setting," to support their family, and yet she remembered the modest joys of that narrow home, and the contrast redoubled her affection for her little charge; for there had been strong links of love about her own squalid hearth, while Virginie would have no infant memories of parent or of kindred.

"Have you long worn the veil?" I asked, as the mirth-wearied child dropped asleep upon my shoulder—"You must really let me stay and talk to you while Virginie rests, for I will not suffer her to be disturbed; and we can converse upon no subject so interesting as yourself."

"Madame surely jests!" replied the Beguine; "but I can refuse her nothing"—and she glanced at the sleeping child with a look which fully explained the impulse of her concession. "I have already told Madame that we were poor—wretchedly poor; and she will readily understand that my childhood was one of hardship and struggle. As I grew older, however, I was able to contribute in a trifling degree to the maintenance of my family; and as my habits were not sufficiently gay to render me a favourite with the other grisettes of the *quartier du Temple*, in which I worked, I led a very quiet life; and was affianced, in my nineteenth year, to the son of a neighbour, who had loved me from a girl, and without whom I weakly and wickedly believed that it would be impossible for me to live." The Beguine paused for a moment; and then, signing the cross upon her brow and breast, she continued calmly:—"Heaven has since mercifully taught me otherwise, and I have ceased to repine. My lover—soon to have been my husband—had fixed the day for our nuptials; my apartment was furnished, my guests were bidden—when suddenly Jacques disappeared—"

"And was he never found again?" I involuntarily demanded.

"He was," murmured my companion—"*at the Morgue!* In pursuing his homeward way from my father's dwelling, in the darkness, upon the river's bank, he had slipped, and fallen into the Seine."—There was again a momentary silence, which was voluntarily broken by the Beguine. "For a time I was desperate—violent to madness—execrating myself and the very air that I breathed; evil thoughts darkened over my spirit, and visions of self-destruction floated before my mental vision. I could not work—I could not pray—I could only hide myself, and weep. My sin was heavy, but I had help at last; and I have always fancied that He who sent it knew the full weight of the blow under which I had sunk—a first and only love smitten into the dust so suddenly and cruelly! It was so then—it is so now—if, indeed, my affection for *la petite Virginie* be left uncounted. The help of which I speak came to me suddenly, by an impulse for which I cannot even yet account. I was sitting beside the window of my narrow room, gazing unconsciously into the street, without taking any note of the shifting groups by which it was peopled, until I found my eye following the bent and attenuated form of a Sister of Charity, who was wending her way towards one of the public hospitals. She had done so daily for years, and I was so accustomed to

see her pass along upon her errand of mercy, that I had never hitherto heeded her appearance; but, on the occasion to which I allude, a new feeling stirred within me as I rose, and standing, or rather leaning against the window-sill, followed her with an earnest gaze, until I lost sight of her in the distance, and in the moment when I did so, my resolution was taken, and flinging myself passionately on my knees, I solemnly bound myself to the same holy toil."

"How singular!" I exclaimed. "Had it been her first appearance, I should have felt much less surprise; but when her coming was a thing of course, it was strange that it should so violently affect your mind on that particular occasion."

"You misapply words," said the Beguine; "and talk as though we were the puppets of chance. It was a miracle, young lady, worked in my favour, and as such I received it. I took the vows; and the course of my duty brought me to this charity where I have ever since remained."

"Without regret?" I asked.

"What had *I* to regret?" demanded the Beguine, in reply. "I had lost all that the world could offer me, when I stood beside the pale corpse of Jacques, as it lay stretched out in the cold cell at *la Morgue*. Within these walls I learnt to feel and know that there were other griefs beside my own, and to learn patience from the woes of others."

"But you, at least, my good sister, suffered without sin, while half the destitution and misery with which you have come in contact here have been the effects of vice."

"And are they, therefore, the less to be lamented; or do they from that cause deserve the less sympathy?" asked my companion, with grave severity. "Look at that child, sleeping upon your bosom; —is she to live unloved because——?"

"How can I answer?" I interposed, eagerly. "I know nothing of her history."

The Beguine turned upon me a smile of quiet intelligence. "You are one of the spoiled children of the world, she said kindly, "and are unaccustomed to be thwarted in your wishes. You are resolved to learn all that I can tell of *la pauvre abandonnée*—listen then. When I first became an inmate of *Les Enfans Trouvés*, my duty was to watch the wheel in the entrance-lodge, and to receive the helpless little wretches, whom cold hands and colder hearts might deposit there. You will not be surprised to learn that this office is a very painful one, if you are aware that the vast building upon your left, as you approach our gate, is the *Maison de la Maternité*, where all who require its shelter may come and go unquestioned; and thus it is by no means uncommon for the infant born beneath its roof to be within the hour transferred to us. It would ill become me to comment upon this fact; but the trinkets, lace, and embroidery, occasionally found upon the deserted children, give us only too good reason to be aware, that we succour some of the best blood of France, taught to flow with shame through the veins of an innocent and helpless being. Suffice it, that the first infant which I took into my arms bore upon its livid features the stamp of disease and death, and that it survived only a few hours. The second was Virginie. She must have been four or five weeks old when she was abandoned, and as (just upon the stroke of midnight) I laid aside my beads to obey the appeal

of the bell, I uttered a hasty prayer to the Virgin, that the child who had come to me amid my orisons, might live to prove a blessing to her sex. I trust that my cry was heard. I believed so, as I put forth my hand to raise the cherub which lay buried in sleep before me, for I felt as though I looked upon an angel. Madame will readily believe that she was very beautiful, and that to eyes accustomed to the contact of famine and disease, she seemed more lovely still——"

"I can, indeed," I whispered, as I glanced down upon the fair creature, whose flushed cheek and glossy curls were a dream of joy. "I can indeed, my good sister—and what followed?"

"She awoke in my arms," pursued the Beguine; and, apparently unconscious that I was a stranger, extended her little hands with a happy smile, and clung to me without a sign of fear. From that moment I loved her! And with extreme difficulty I obtained permission to become her nurse, until she should outgrow my care. Each passing month only rendered her more dear to my affections; and although to my penances, for the indulgence of this carnal attachment, have latterly been added additional hours of watching and tasks of loathsomeness, I submit cheerfully to all, rather than part from my soul's treasure." And as she ceased speaking, she raised one of the child's dimpled hands to her lips, and a tear fell upon it while she did so.

"And was there not some mark or sign about the fair infant?" I asked, with a true feeling of worldly suspicion, which at once did dishonour to myself and wrong to the patient woman who sat beside me—"some trifle, that might hereafter serve as a clue by which to trace out her parentage?"

"Absolutely nothing," was the calm reply; "her clothes were coarse, but cleanly. She *must* have been the child of love, as well as tears; and I have sat for hours while she slumbered in my arms, forming fancies in my own mind of the agony of heart with which her mother must have rent asunder the tender tie that bound them! How dire must have been the misery which compelled the separation! What weary days and sleepless nights must *she* who bore so fair a child have passed ere she could compel herself to such a deed of bitterness!"

"And what is to be her future fate?" I asked, with earnest anxiety.

The Beguine burst into tears. "What is the usual fortune of the poor? Labour, watching, and hardship; toil by day, and heart-sickness by night—a blighted spirit, a wrung hope, and a nameless grave!"

"Nay, nay, my good sister, you draw too dark a picture," I said, soothingly.

"I sketch from myself," murmured the nun, carefully raising the child from my shoulder, and clasping it to her own bosom.—"But I hear the bell which summons me to the chapel. Heaven bless you, lady!—in this world we shall probably meet no more."

I returned her salutation with a swimming eye; and it was long ere the impression made upon my mind by the laborious grisette of the *Faubourg du Temple*—the heart-stricken mistress of the drowned Jacques, and the Beguine of *les Enfans Trouvés*—passed away. For a time she absolutely haunted my dreams; and more than once I started from my sleep in the very act of repeating, in her own touching words—"It is so sweet to be loved, and Virginie is a foundling!"

# YOUNG RALEIGH AT COURT.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

King James in regal state was throned,
But all unmeet his mien
To grace the court that once had own'd
A proud and noble Queen.

Not his the majesty of brow
That should to chiefs belong—
Not his to feel bright mercy's glow—
Not his to punish wrong.

A meaner soul ne'er lent its rays
To light a form more vile:
Cold cunning mark'd his evil gaze,
And falsehood stamp'd his smile.

Yet she was fair who gave him birth,
The fairest of the forms of earth:
The world can ne'er her charms forget,
They kindle tender mem'ries yet.

And, if she err'd, her faults were those
Whose stream from too much feeling flows.
Whilst this—her son!—his father's all!
Whose vices ev'ry deed recal—
Darnley's dark mind is his alone,
Without his beauty to atone.

Had he not fawn'd on her whose breath
His lovely mother doom'd to death—
Had he not crouch'd to haughty Spain—
Had he not guiltless Raleigh slain!

But see, they come, a courtier throng,
They lead a pensive youth along.
Pale is his cheek—as ashes pale—
His thin lips quiver, as the gale
Waves the last leaves on some lorn stem
Where once hung summer's diadem.

Yet tall his form—his forehead high—
Graceful his step, and bright his eye,
And, though he trembles, 'tis not fear
That makes his young cheek wan and sear—
'Tis that across his soul there came
A vision that he may not name.
And thoughts and mem'ries, curb'd in vain,
Rush in wild tumult through his brain.
The King—the throne—seem'd whirl'd in air—
His father's blood is flowing there!

And he—the murderer!—so cold
Look'd hapless Rizzio of old,
When Ruthven's mailed grasp he felt,
While at his mistress' knees he knelt—
Even so appall'd look'd Darnley round,
When in his fiery prison bound—
So froze the coward monarch's blood,
When Raleigh's son before him stood.

'Twas then Remorse, with iron fangs,
Thrust thro' his soul undying pangs—
All the foul deeds he dared to do
Came thronging to his mental view—
The scoffs, the chains, the years of woe,
He bade the gallant Raleigh know:
His sordid arts, his treacherous wiles,
To lure his victim to the toils,
Until, to crown his venom'd spleen,
The scaffold closed the shameful scene.
Then fell the hero—poet—sage—
The boast and wonder of his age.

He deem'd it past—the hated race
At length, unmoved, he thought to face:
He knew not that—though all beside
His greedy favourites divide,
Tho' gems and gold their coffers fill—
His heir had one possession still:
The form, the voice, the face and mien
That charm'd the eye of England's queen—
The same, but pale, as if his bloom
Had perish'd in his father's tomb.

King James one look of horror gave
And shudd'ring turn'd away—
"Tis he!—'tis Raleigh! from the grave
He comes his wrongs to pay!
I fly his with'ring glance in vain,
Hence, phantom, to thy tomb again!"

Years pass'd—the murderer lived on—
But that sad youth far hence is gone:
And ne'er amidst the courtly train
The son of Raleigh stood again.

King James, his late remorse to hide,
Bade the wide seas between them roll,
But 'midst his pedantry and pride,
A phantom lingers at his side,
Whose clanking fetters haunt his soul.

# THE WELSH WRECKER'S REVENGE.

BY JOSEPH DOWNES,

AUTHOR OF "THE MOUNTAIN DECAMERON."

In "Grose's Antiquities," (vol. vii. p. 80,) is to be read a wild and tragical anecdote respecting a former lord of the castle and manor of Dunraven, in Glamorganshire, the last of the family of Vaughans who possessed it, they being descended from a prince of South Wales, Ellystan Gloddrig. Having exhausted his resources by excess of hospitality, and proved in his adversity, like the ancient Athenian, the hollowness of trencher friends, he conceived a disgust and animosity against all mankind, let the noble mansion run to ruin, while he secluded himself in one turret overhanging the sea, and, as was reported, resorted to the stratagem of exhibiting lights along that perilous shore, by which to allure bewildered seamen to almost certain shipwreck. By the tenour of ancient charters respecting *wreche* or *werech*, that is, shipwreck, what the sea casts up, (there called *seupwerk*, that is, *sea upwerp* (Sax.), the castings-up of the sea,) the lord of a manor whereon it occurs claims it on the nominal behalf of the king. The words run—"*Rex habebit wreckum maris per totum regnum.*" Were anything alive found on board, though but a cat, it redeemed the vessel or its remains during one year and a day, to await its being reclaimed by the owners.

At the period when this narrative commences, the unhappy Lord of Dunraven had suffered that dreadful domestic bereavement, the deaths of three children at once, by different accidents (all *drowned*), which the whole country regarded as God's revenge against wrecking, and which is recorded by Grose. One son remained, though long unheard of, who had embarked long since in merchandise, to redeem the fortunes of the family, and it was for him (as the more charitable whispered) that the wretched father persisted in his crime, having for his agent and accomplice a desperate character, a ruined smuggler and pirate, for he had once an armed vessel of his own, who resided in a hovel up a creek of that rocky coast, though believed to hoard treasures still. Ralpho or Ralph, the Diaowl ("the Devil") was his nickname, also "Ralph Ironhand," he having lost a hand in a conflict with officers of justice sent against him by Mr. Vaughan, then a real philanthropist, generous but reckless, exerting his strong genius in planning a lighthouse for the sunken rocks thereabout, in framing an apparatus for saving men on wrecks, &c. With this man (though become his deadly enemy) did his nature's dire revolution incline him to associate, not for the salvation, but destruction of man's life! So prone is human nature to depravation—so uncertain the duration of moral character! "Corruptio optimi pessima" well applies to man's nature. Passion (whose name is Legion) resembles a glorious river, banked with galaxies of June flowers, with meadows green as spring's buds, and beautified with the whitest flocks, which one day's storm changes into a foul flood, burying them all; and the next shews the ruin it has wrought—sheepfolds, prostrate shepherds drooping in misery, flowers, grasses, all viewless under the black slime and sordes which its sky-blue beauty held concealed. The passionate noble heart—the great gifted mind—unguarded by some humbler but vital quality, is but like a palace on fire,

a mountain palace, glorified and exalted only to become a dismal beacon to all men, and, as a child playing but with fire, or a peasant with his pipe's embers, may be the cause of turning a tower of centuries' standing into smoke and black ashes, so may unwatched moral influences, of the meanest nature at first, prove the dismal incendiaries in the citadel of man, and fire the very palace of the soul.

> "Yes there are real mourners; I have seen
> A fair sad girl, mild, suffering and serene."—CRABBE.

And such an one,—so fair, so mild, so suffering,—was to be seen for years frequenting that shore of romantic grandeur, on one of whose maritime precipices towered the grey strength of the ancient castle of Dunraven. The fair mourner of Crabbe is depicted as haunting a churchyard, and our gentle Welsh maiden might almost be said to resemble her therein, for that great, grand sea, by which she walked so continually, was too truly to her a mighty burial-place. It had buried her first young hopes, in love at least, and sad, fond fancy, for ever sounded in her sunken heart a knell for that love's object—for ever whispered that it had already buried him also—her first love, playmate, everything!—the fond, the faultless, the bold, the beautiful Septimus Vaughan, the self-banished heir of the manor of Dunraven. Margaret of Llangoed* was the daughter of a gentleman residing near the castle, but had lost both parents long since, and had been left under the guardianship of Mr. Vaughan, to whose younger children, after the death of his wife, she had supplied the care of a mother, till their lives were lost as related.

There was at that time a humble little sea-side hostelry, or "tavarn," as the Welsh term it, not far from Dunraven, whose old hostess had been Margaret's nurse. In the back was a small room, whose lattice (of mere slips of wood crosswise) had been exchanged for a glazed casement, on purpose to allow the young lady in all weathers thence to let her eye wander over the boundless sea; and there she would sit, feeding her sick fancy with the deadly melancholy that seemed to her ever brooding in the watery distance, let it dazzle gloriously with the sinking sun as it might, ever since the parting hour.

It was in the evening of a golden autumnal day, which was closing in heavy fog with thunderclouds in the distance, that she sat in one of those grand piazzas of rock, formed by the excavating waves of ages, which distinguish that beach, and melted to tears: there alone, recalling that hour,—for the hour, the prospect, the very aspect of the evening were the very same, and the many years that had elapsed,—that great void chasm in her life seemed as but a dismal dream of a terrible and lonesome night; but the sweet morning—his prayed-for return—when would *that* arrive? Far indeed from vanity was the feeling which prompted this lone faithful girl to so often turn to her mirror, pore over her poor white face, fancy "defeatures" which time had *not* written yet, and sometimes half wish to die, ere he should return, so to avoid blurring the fairer image of her which he carried out, and might still preserve. Suddenly she started out of deepest reverie, at the appearance of a tall figure of foreign aspect, standing in the gorge of a rocky creek, near, but too distant for her to recognise

* "The daughter of Trehearne, of Pencarreg," &c., naming her family domicile, (farm or mansion,) is the usual designation of the eldest daughter in Wales.

his features. Cut off by vast walls of cliff from the rustic homes above, fog and nightfall combining to give solemnity to the low roar of the waves, and deeper solitude to the scene, she grew terrified, and hid herself behind the huge columnar portals of the cavern. Presently he loitered towards what is called the Goat's staircase (steps in the rock); but the dense fog prevented her viewing his features, though something urged her to pore upon his seemingly sallow face with an eagerness of the mad. Presently she heard a boat rowed away by men, both invisible in the fog. She caught the clank of a chain and voices, and concluded that it had landed this muffled stranger. She had had a wild dream the previous night (which may be hereafter alluded to); her spirits were violently agitated, she felt as if an apparition (a blest and glorious one!) had glided near her in its mist, so vision-like was the transient spectacle, all objects metamorphosed by the hazy medium into something strange, and his very stature increased by the same. She fancied his hand of strange whiteness—fancied she could discern even the blackness of a mourning ring on a finger—she had put one on the hand of Septimus, at their last interview, so despondent was her mood, in that very spot. Not dreaming of any one there lurking, the stranger stopped, and seemed to fix his eyes (hollow eyes, she fancied!) on the very cavern she occupied, the very spot of their very last endearments! So strong was her perturbation, that her eyes grew dark, she nearly fainted—reviving, with a strong effort, she looked again, but he was gone.

That same evening, as the good dame of the cottage inn, or "public," sat reading the "Welshman's Candle," or "Vicar's Book"—*Lifre y Fycar*—of Rees Prichard, an old volume with brazen clasps, hardly less reverenced than the Bible itself by the South-Wallian peasantry—a stranger, stooping to enter under the eaves of thatch, disturbed her with the unwelcome sound of the Saxon tongue. He took refreshment in the little back room already alluded to, and began to inquire about the families in the neighbourhood. The old dame would hold no converse in "Saxon," cutting all short by the eternal "dim Sassenach" ("No Saxon," i.e. English), but a boy, her grandson, was more communicative.

"I saw, near the sea," the stranger said, "an old man, of wretched appearance, with a beard, (as I thought, at least, through the fog,) as we rowed along the coast—who is that?" "He of the great house, sir,—the squire Vaughan." The stranger started—"What! you do not tell me that old miserable man was Mr. Vaughan, himself?" Assured it was he, the stranger's fine countenance fell, and he was long silent. Desirous to interrogate the old woman, he addressed her, at last, in the Welsh tongue, and loosed her tongue, in so doing, as by a charm, but still preserved a studied concealment. He inquired about the lady of Llangoed, Margaret's paternal seat, and sighed to hear of the death of both her parents. When told that she had been seated, not an hour since, at that very window—had slept one night, it being stormy, in that very bed (which filled up one side of the old room), the colour mounted into the bronzed cheek, and strange light and exquisite softness into the full eye of the guest. Grasping the withered hand of the hostess, he bade "God bless her," in her own language, forced on her a piece of gold—on her grandson, one of silver—departed, none knew whither, leaving them all wonder and all joy.

Remorseful for the injury he had done to his son's future interest, Mr. Vaughan, as has been already related, abandoned himself to despair. His only companion, besides the gentle orphan (whose attachment to his long absent son endeared her to him the more), was an aged domestic, named Jenan, who had enlivened his revelries, in former days, by his skill on the harp, and whose love for the boy-exile, whom he had many a time carried on his back, when a child, was only second to the father's own. He would sit speechless for hours, then hurry to his high turret window, to look out over the sea, murmuring to himself, "A father or no father? Is my blood stopped utterly except in this old foul heart? Three at once!—all at once! and all by water, water!—all watery deaths!* It was indeed *like* a judgment!—What say *you*, Jenan?—what think you? Am I a father yet?"

Margaret, on her return, tried to rouse his spirits, by telling how she dreamed his son was returned, well and happy,—that she held his hand in hers, but concealed (in her bashfulness) that it was before the *altar*,—that their hands so met. She withheld, also, the darker sequel —that suddenly she lost him in the darkness of a total eclipse; yet somehow, the hand was not unlocked from hers, but gleamed to the ghastly light—a dreadful red—ring and all being covered with blood.

That same evening, or rather night, a vessel, which had been long lying to, came aground, and became a wreck, through the act of Ralph "the Diaoul," who had kindled a fire on the beach, and, cut off by the walls of cliff, had the shore as a solitude for himself and his black purpose. Descrying the red gleams below, from his high lattice, Mr. Vaughan hurried down, followed by Jenan, bearing a life-preserving apparatus for reaching the wreck. They caught the sound of a clanking chain and faint clamour of voices, as of persons taking to the boat. A sudden, dreadful silence ensued. It was, no doubt, swamped. Mr. Vaughan urged the hardy wrecker to venture to swim out with the apparatus to the beating vessel, to ascertain if any one were still on board, and he consented.

The melancholy pair stood listening in the sort of cavern hollow, formed in the mixed fog and sea-mist, by the red light of the watch-fire, and heard only the sound of a bell, which, being fixed in the ship, for calling the crew together on occasion, now kept time to the rolling of the wreck with almost the regularity of a passing-bell. "Think you he has reached the vessel yet?" Mr. Vaughan continually inquired. There are on that coast singular crannies and passages called windholes, which pierce far into the rocks and open above, occasioning sounds, sometimes of melancholy grandeur, like those of an enormous Æolian harp, or many such, and which the superstitious hear with awe and forebodings in wild weather. Deceived by these, perhaps, Mr. Vaughan exclaimed—"I could fancy I heard two voices in the pauses of the gust! he's on the hulk by this time—that dismal, dreadful bell! How strange, how solemn it sounds, above all the weltering and breaking of the waves and hissing of this pebbly beach!—Hark! hark! hark!" His last exclamations expressed intense alarm or awe, and in his eager-

* His two sons had gone with the only boat, and landed on a rock, dry at low water, called "The Swinkers," and the boat drifting away, they perished in sight of their father, on the shore. In the confusion, a younger child, left alone, fell into some water, and perished at the same time.—*Grose.*

ness to listen, he laid his finger on Jenan's lips, to prevent his speech. "It's only the noise of the windholes, sir," he said at last—"I've stood in wild evenings and heard such sounds; they seemed like screams of raving madness, and presently, as the wind sunk, like sweet voices, but melancholy—dirges or 'waking' of corpses—one might fancy anything." "True!—anything; fighting or praying for life and mercy—cursing and blasphemy of murderers—anything!" "Why did you start, sir?—What made your hand tremble so violently as you laid your finger on my lips, just now?—what did you fancy you heard?" "Tell me, first, what did *you* fancy you heard?—But no, it was a wild fancy of my old brain, Jenan, that was all.—What does that devil on the wreck so long?—Ralph, you villain! Ralph! come back, I say!" "Alas! dear master, your voice can't reach him—he is but looking about for what he can lay hands on." "Lay hands on?—lay violent hands? No, no—there was no living thing there!—it was but my fancy. Yet *you* might have a wild fancy, a shocking fancy, as well as I—Hark! oh God! again!" and he grasped his companion's arm with a hand that shook so as to shake the old man's whole person, he remaining dumb as death, in intensity of listening, the while. "*Now*, did you hear nothing?" he burst forth. "I *did* hear a sound, as of a voice." "Ay, and it must be a long, a strong, a dreadful sound, to be heard above all the sea, and all the sounds of these caves and winds! *A* voice—you mutter—*a* voice!—go on—*whose* voice did you fancy it was? But I am mad—no matter what *I* fancied—what did *you*? But we might both have a mad conceit. Did you fancy *any*thing particular." "I seemed to hear two voices." "So did I!—Come back, you wretch—you wrecker—murderer!—or may that dark sea and hollow hell at once swallow you quick!—Come back, and put an end to this dream, if it be a dream!" "Pray, sir, do not exhaust yourself thus—the sea's too loud." "Then, end it *you*—you, yourself—now, now! Did you not think it *his* voice, my poor boy's own? I know you did!—Answer me, and speak me dead at once! You know it—who could forget it? Speak—I'm ready!"

But ere the answer came, the sound of the wrecker himself, regaining land, rivetted his whole mind, while so deep a darkness, from invisible clouds of thunder (which already growled in the distance), joined to the fog, came over the night, that he was made conscious of the wrecker's presence only by his standing up, dim, before him, a black and figured shadow, for the embers shot light but a few feet into the mass of fog. "Was aught alive on board?—Speak, for the love of God!"—The sullen and malignant man baulked his frantic eagerness by a long pause, then muttered, carelessly—"There is nothing alive on board." "'*Was* anything alive on board?' was my question, dog!" he said, in fury, between his set teeth. "Well, then, there was one dog on the wreck;" replied the ruffian, laughing. A mountain's weight seemed heaved from off the breast of the fancy-fraught father. The suddenness of the relief was of itself a shock. "Only a dog—a poor dog," he rejoined, calmly, his suddenly softened nature melting toward even this humbler object. "And you left it to die? It would have been merciful to bring him ashore. The tide is running out—will he be likely to get to land?" "And so bar *our* claim to the ship? Blood! something has strangely wrought on you to-night! Why, there's a rich cargo, that will lie dry by morning—I had it from the

captain and owner, himself, that it's a rich one." "The rack again! —why, you said there was only a dog!" exclaimed Mr. Vaughan, in agony. "Ay, a dog of my breed!—did you not say I was a dog, just now? Did ye hear him howl when I—but never fear, he'll never witness against us, never howl more, unless in the night of the judgment!" "Wretch! what name? what country? what—" The wrecker had retired into the darkness, but soon reappearing in the narrow circumference of the dying light of the embers, proffered his hand to the impatient questioner—"Be pleased, sir," he said, "to accept the hand of poor Ralph, in token of his forgiveness for your causing the loss of his other!" "What means the mysterious wretch?" Mr. Vaughan exclaimed. "Answer my question, or return to the poor stranger on the wreck, if you be a man!—Horror of death! fellow," he added, shuddering—"what a cold hand thou hast!" A laugh of ferocious and triumphing insult sounded through the dark, while, to his astonishment, Mr. Vaughan perceived his figure moving away, he still holding what he had believed to be his hand. "Wish me joy, sir!" the villain shouted, while he touched Mr. Vaughan with a hand of living warmth!—"wish me joy of possessing *two* hands, once more! Now I'm satisfied—now we are *friends!* There is a ring on that hand; shew it to the fire there, and see if you know it. The poor gentleman, when I got the better of him, entreated me to give that to the young lady, your ward, and his dying love and farewell to you. But when he was dead, it came into my mind to bring you hand and all!"—The unhappy father remained like a statue, speechless, holding a dead hand—the hand of his long-lost son.

The young adventurer was returning, in high hope and fortune, but the ship, bound to a Welsh port, happening to be delayed off the Glamorgan coast, he determined to land, prior to his final return, perhaps to satisfy himself respecting the feelings of his young mistress, after so long an absence—perhaps, also, wishing to surprise his father and her with the sudden announcement, when he should visit home, to depart no more.

On occasion of this tragedy, the wretched wrecker lord resigned his manor and castle to the family of Butler, and nothing is recorded of his after fate. The ruffian suffered for another crime, soon after. The lady is said to have preserved the hand and ring, for the remainder of her wasted life, in a sort of little grave, in an earthen vase, planted with sweet flowers, as the lady in Boccacio's novel preserved all she could retain of her lover in a pot of basil. Such was the fearful catastrophe which the Glamorganshire annals record as "God's Revenge against Wreckers."

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## YOUNG HEARTS AND OLD HEARTS.

YOUNG hearts and old hearts
Cannot live together—
Warm hearts and cold hearts
Make but foul weather.
Young hearts and old hearts
Are deadly foes—
Young hearts are POETRY!
Old hearts are PROSE!

Young hearts are freshness,
Beauty, and joy—
Young hearts are *pure gold!*
Old hearts *alloy!*
Old hearts are sadness,
Young hearts are mirth—
Young hearts are HEAVEN!
Old hearts are EARTH!

HOTSPUR.

# ENOUGH—GOOD AS A FEAST.

BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

——————— "the bitter change
Of fierce extremes."—MILTON.

THAT the abuse of good is evil, is a self-evident proposition. Eighteen centuries have fully justified the poet in his words—

"Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultra quam satis est virtutem si petat ipsam."

The sweetest things will cloy soonest, and when the sickness overtakes us, it is, ten to one, more nauseous than the bitter which the palate may at first have rejected. The pangs of satiety are as troublesome as those of inanition, nor can anything be conceived so excessively disagreeable as a land overflowing with milk and honey!

The besetting propensity in men's minds for rushing into extremes, appears to have been a very old complaint. The Roman satirist lamented it as a perfectly hopeless case, and we have a homely adage in our present day, which bears out the "in vitium ducit culpæ fuga," —viz., "That he who commences popinjay will end with the sloven." No one can listen unmoved, to the piteous disclosure of the unhappy citizen in the "*Connoisseur*," whose good woman had so violent a passion for a clean home, that her floors had never been dry since the first hour she occupied the house.

But in married life we must not expect to find consistent examples of anything—a state, which they say, is one course of contradiction: for—to begin—we have heard that the only intolerable state of matrimony, *is* that of moderation; that happiness is positively constituted in extremes,—namely, of *either* love or hate! In courtship, too—that threshold to the temple—the anomaly has been thus defended:—"I hate you, sir," observed a certain irritated beauty, on the importunity of her admirer. "I love you, madam," was his reply; "and as extremes meet, the earlier we are married, the better."

But no sooner does a cloud pass over the ethereal mildness of the matrimonial sky, than the whole affair is in this way explained,—"Emma is only *too good*." Now, as this *too good*, is the very *worst* of it, it would be unnecessary to inquire further, as our case is proved; but if we were, it might appear that the lady, for instance, had deemed it within her privilege to break the seal of a letter addressed to her husband, and he considering this, in more senses than one, an infraction, makes his complaint accordingly; upon which the lady, in a positive fury, quotes the great volume of her patient affection, whilst mamma, in apostrophic sentence, dismisses the appeal, by—"Emma, sweet girl, you are only too good!" And too good, she really is: her sense of holiness, like the atmosphere three miles high, is so rare, that it is no longer fit for spiritual respiration. She learns, for example, that the nurse to her only child was not born in wedlock, on which she turns off the woman, at a moment's notice, and the infant dies; and thus setting up her own purity as a specific for the cure of all possible uneasiness, becomes more insupportable than the quack who, having a remedy only for the toothache, maintained that all other diseases under the sun were but of little consequence.

How persuasive, how irresistible is courtesy! It is that incomparable anti-attrition which causes the wheels of the great social machine to run smoothly on. Nothing grates upon the ear, and the whole operation is soft as silk. But if there be one offence more impudent than another, it is superabundant civility. Rudeness is nothing to it,—nay, a positive affront is preferable, for you may resent that by a blow,—and there are few things more delightful than *squaring* accounts; but this, like a mob, follows you as you fly, and has the cowardice to strike you when you are down. Civility, in fact, in this state of putrefactive fermentation, makes the mind positively sick, and has the same effect on the sensibilities of a plain, honest man, as when he views his face in the meretricious surface of a "Dedication."

Frankness is that pure, bracing climate, which preserves in manly vigour the health of the social world; but better were it to die of the "mal'aria" duplicity, than be braced to death by the friend who "always speaks his mind!" Verily, it is "always;" for this species of expectoration is never at rest. Unprovoked, unasked, it pursues its victim, like the nocturnal "Mohock," and with a cannibalism, to which the Indian is tame, tears you with the fangs of his honesty. Under the plea of surgery, he lays bare the wounds over which nature was beginning to spread the filmy promise of a cure, and leaves you to contemplate at leisure the wonderful physiological grammar of this new laceration.

But to this vice of rushing into extremes, not unfrequently very innocent parties are victimized. The Hon. Harry Fitzosborne was one of this class. An amiable conspiracy of the town had "buckled fortune on his back, to bear her burden whether he would or no," and which, in fact, had nearly bent him double. His case was that of overabundant popularity! The idolatrous town, like the people of Thibet, had acknowledged, by some mystic sign, the Lama ordained for their adoration, and Harry Fitzosborne, like that most unhappy deity, was now passing his apotheotic days in perpetual enshrinement. Familiar as a household word was "Harry Fitzosborne" in the visiting circles of courtly London—the current coin of interlocutory traffic in the public places—the sponsor to every eccentricity in fashion, and the chief actor in every stirring anecdote that required a star for its leading character. Fain would he have said, "open to all parties but influenced by none," but open was he to all and influenced by all, so that he passed about three hundred and sixty-five days out of the year in nearly the same quietude as the town of Brentford, in the *good old times*, at the last hour of an election.

The moment he appeared, the revel was at the best—the night at high change. The buzz of his name had long preceded the sound of his footsteps, and the full sunlight of smiles which welcomed him outshone as well as outnumbered the waxen army of tapers. At once was he surrounded as a pedler, who suddenly makes his appearance in a populous village, and all were anxious to exchange some gewgaw "spirituel" with Harry Fitzosborne. The manacles of servitude were everlastingly about him—true, they were costlier than gold, and softer than the softest silk, but "freedom, the Spartan's inheritance, could never again be the portion of Fitzosborne. Often did he sympathize with that *bel esprit*, a certain French Marquis, who, fatigued with the blandishments of court loveliness, sighed for the favours of his house-

maid. Poor Fitzosborne could never stroll carelessly home from the opera—twenty carriages were at his disposal. Poor Fitzosborne could never scribble a billet at Brookes's—he was surrounded, like a honey-pot, by swarms. Poor Fitzosborne could take no refuge in sickness, for his gate resounded again with the clamour of a "jour de fête." How many a roisterer, signalized with the morning's discolouration of the night's riot, has advertized his black eye in the defence of Harry Fiztosborne! How often has the beaten gamester laughed away the beggary of his pockets by protesting it was all owing to the "damned luck of Harry Fitzosborne." How frequently has Harry Fitzosborne himself, on witnessing the swaggering recognition of two tailors in the Mall, overheard the small whisper of one of them to a stander by—"That was Harry Fitzosborne." How repeatedly has some beardless "fanfaron" boasted of last evening's pottle-deep debauch with Harry Fitzosborne, when, like the apprentice in the "*Spectator*," he was proved to have drank tea with his aunt quietly at Aldgate on the night in question.

Such was the furnace—the white heat of popular applause, in which he constantly walked; and while he panted for the reviving sprinkling of a few cool looks, or the "fraicheur" of a deliberate slight, he might have remembered that there was still a certain "vent de bise" called malice, which never lulled, and to whose howling the very elevation of his position the more exposed him. Some relief might it have been, in this ecstatic fever, to have recalled to mind the spleen of that Athenian, who, on being asked why he voted for the banishment of Aristides, replied—"I know no harm of him, but I was tired of hearing everybody speak in his praise!" But such, however, was the seeming horoscope of Fitzosborne; to live on as one picked and chosen from the world, and day by day acquiring, like Cato, a fame which he did not covet.

What would he not have given to have been black-balled at a club, even for the poor boon of a doubtful vote! How often has the vulture envy gnawed him at the heart, as his eyes may have followed some one blessed by the black sentence of the ballot! "That man at least can creep into the shade," thought he. How frequently has he been torn with jealousy on observing the note of conversation suddenly drop, on some unlikeable person appearing in the offing of the whisper. —"That man at least can claim some fraction of the day his own!" sighed he. Never could Fitzosborne extricate himself from the provocation to a feast, though the giver were the "monstrous bore" of the season —*he* always was called on to fix the day! Never could Fitzosborne plan an escape with only "Pyrrha," at Richmond,—*he* was perpetually vorticized with the planetary sex who whirl and waltz everlastingly round the earth! thus passed his days—each hour distilling the essential oil of life.

The following is the elucidation of the very last entry on his journal. Mr. D——, a gentleman of irreproachable habits and unblemished reputation, was at this time greatly extolled by the fashionable world as an actor. Of the art he professed, he knew about as much as a native of Otaheite; but a general subscription of fashionable favour had determined it otherwise, to which Fitzosborne was, as usual, a liberal contributor. A play of Shakspeare was announced for representation, and amongst the number who made application for seats

was Fitzosborne, but every box had been engaged. Like a gentleman, Fitzosborne expressed his disappointment in few words, but with a sensation not widely dissimilar to the pleasurable sensations of one who had suddenly discovered he had made some lucky escape.

Scarcely had he retired to Brookes's, having with difficulty made a second escape from joining a fishing party, on the plea that he never fished, and ordered his dinner (the first prospect of two hours' repose he had had for many weeks), than a note was delivered to him by one of the servants, which ran as follows:—

"Sir Robert Singleton presents his compliments to Mr. Fitzosborne, and having heard of his unsuccessful application respecting this evening's tragedy, begs to say that a chair is reserved for him in his private box, and has desired his carriage to wait Mr. Fitzosborne's pleasure."

Unhappy Fitzosborne! decollated by a golden axe, his sentence still was death, and his pride, of course, to meet it like a man. Stepping into Sir Robert's chariot about as willingly as a dog turns a spit, a footman presented him with another note, which, during his drive, by the carriage lamps he thus deciphered.

"The Dowager Lady Oldstock, recollecting Mr. Fitzosborne's attachment to the study of natural history, begs to present him with a specimen of the Amphisbæna, or double-headed serpent, remarkable for moving either head or tail foremost. The creature is direct from Ceylon, but as Lady Oldstock has already a specimen, and the one in question appearing somewhat sickly, Mr. Fitzosborne will feel much interest in watching the progress of its returning vigour. Lady O. regrets to add that the Norway rat died of a severe cough on Tuesday last."

Enclosed was the following:—

"Dear Fitz.,—As my mother tells me she is writing to you on some confidential matters, I just beg to say, under cover, that the "Maria" is now lying at Gravesend. Weather serving, I have fixed the trip for Thursday, but will positively not weigh anchor till I get you safely on board. I found, this morning, four or five letters waiting for you at the club, but fearing you might plead them, as usual, for your absence, I have put them in my pocket—you can read them at sea. Will write again, interim. Yours, my dear fellow, Oldstock."

"Alas!" thought Fitzosborne—"I have read somewhere of a wretch, who, having endured torture in various shapes, was at length sentenced, for the remainder of his days, to answer to the challenge of a sentinel every half hour, that he might never obtain a temporary oblivion to his woes—and him I shall live to envy."

Amongst the great variety of forms under which this *nimiety* displays itself, there is one to which most metropolitanists (for it is generated chiefly in great cities) will at once plead painful endurance. Like the "distemper" in the meaner animal creation, it falls to the lot of most persons who lead London lives, for some ill-starred portion thereof to be cast under the dominion of a certain peripatetic apparition, who besets his path—marshals him the way he is going——morn by morn—noon by noon—night by night—continually, unerringly, implacably! You leave him the last person on the midnight clinkers as you raise the knocker on your gate, and on the rising of the morrow's sun, you throw open your shutters to gaze on this same horror, the first object of the day.

Scarcely midway of the first street you enter, than you nervously descry your tormentor in advance. With a dexterity worthy a tac-

tician in the field, you avoid an abrupt onset, by turning at right angles from the pavement into some obscurer thoroughfare—Apple-tree Yard, for instance, or Black-horse Passage—on which you have scarcely congratulated yourself, when for some purpose deeply hidden in the councils of your stars—there—there—*ipsissimus*—that most identical of beings, at the extremity of that very Black-horse Yard, into which you had flown for refuge! Scarcely have you entered the great Egyptian Hall, to contemplate the wonderful in the vast Leviathan, than the living Mammoth stares you in the face. Your grievance you are in the act of relating to some sympathizing friend, during a pause in the music of "Acis and Galatea," when at this very moment of your outpourings, your eyes glance upon the awful "hand-writing on the wall" of the contiguous box. You hurry into the "Topaz," at London-bridge, just in time to join your expecting comrades at Blackwall, when you are within an ace of a collision with this breathing figure-head, which had wandered abaft the funnel. He pursues you—he arrests you—he encircles you!

To exchange a word, or to have heard the faintest of his tone, is denied, for this would have been in some measure to break the horrid spell, and admit the being to those humanities which would traverse much of the besetting awe. Sensible to sight alone, his commission is to cross your path until the time be ripe, and, like Ariel, he is again set free.

The inimitable Mathews, in his sketch of the first rush of the English to Paris, in the year 1814, thus describes the impulse of our countrymen:—"Champagne for breakfast—Champagne for dinner—Champagne for bed — Champagne for getting up again!" — nor less amusing, perhaps, was the sentiment of my fairer friend Louisa, who once exclaimed—"What if all life were made up of the last scenes in comedies!" "Alas!" replied I, "I fear that, like the Indians who had parted with their gold in exchange for glass beads, you would live to find yourself deceived!"

Further, on this inquiry into extremes, there is a story told of L'Abbadie, who enjoined on his religious devotees the duty of the *extremest possible abstraction* from worldly matters; and having drawn near to one of the disciples, an *extremely* pretty woman, he passed his arm about her girdle, and imprinted on her face a most unequivocal kiss; on which the lady thought proper to express herself in the words of anger. "I perceive, child," (said the priest to her, with a devout air,) you are still very far from perfection; had you been abstracted as our order requires, you had been patient under my advance. My design was to try the extent of your godliness. On another occasion, I trust you will behave as may become the holy!"

It was a fact well-accredited in the court of Versailles, that Madame de Montespan, during the long period in which she was the French king's mistress, was so *extremely* rigid in her religious observances, that lest she should violate the austerity of fasting, her bread, during Lent, was most accurately weighed in a balance, so that it turned not in the value of a hair—an act of discipline which incontestably proved she had saved all her *scruples* for religion! and that to be weighed in the balance and found *wanting*, was here a virtue.

# THE SOLITARY JOKER.

"Enfin, tout est connu!"—VOLTAIRE.

THE enjoyment of a joke is a pleasure as old as creation; it has belonged to all countries, and been prevalent in all times. The sages of the East and the wags of the West have alike indulged in it, and we find it recorded as well on the pages of the Hitopadésa as on those of the facetious Joe Miller.

But joking—whether practical or otherwise—has hitherto been an amusement in which all the world were free to share; when once it was perpetrated it became common property,—indeed, it was meant to be so in the very act of commission. It was reserved for Slyman Jolly—the subject of this memoir—to reverse the ordinary rules of joking; his practice through life was "to *joke* by stealth;" it would have been the death of him to have "found it fame!"

While yet a schoolboy this propensity developed itself. Of a disposition by no means uncheerful, and with an eye of quick intelligence, his features usually wore an air of gravity, and his habits were taciturn; it was rarely, indeed, that he indulged in the open mirth of his boisterous playmates; but whoever watched him when alone, or suddenly broke in upon his solitude, would find him then giving way to fits of uncontrolled laughter, as if the invisible world, with which he appeared to commune, were filled, not only with spirits, but *choice* ones, whose jests and witticisms were ever ringing in his ears. At the sight of a stranger, his expanded cheeks would contract; his mouth pucker up with an expression of doubtful meaning, and an air of embarrassment spread itself over his countenance, as if, like Cassius, he scorned himself at being moved to smile at anything; but the moment the intruder's back was turned, the floodgates of his mirth were again unlocked, and he abandoned himself entirely to the influence of silent merriment.

It was his delight, unknown to any one, to steal quietly into the dormitory, and, selecting a room in which he did not sleep himself—so that he could have no opportunity of witnessing the effect of the joke—to make an apple-pie bed for one, or cut up a clothes-brush very carefully, and strew it over the sheets of another; he would slily tie an inkstand to a neighbour's buttonhole a few moments before school broke up, and be the first in the playground to indulge his fancy with the thought of what had happened in his absence. To wait for the fruition of a joke, was never the purpose at which he aimed; he laid his plans—prepared his meshes—lured his victim into the toils, and then, at the very moment of projection, disappeared at once from the scene, unconscious of the result of his schemes. He gained at least one point by this practice, he was never conscious of failure; for with him, every enterprise was crowned with success. He never inquired the fate of any of his projects, but was content with having devised them; imagination filled up the rest. His dearest moments were those when, having conceived a happy thought, he was able to carry it into execution without any sharer in its accomplishment; and the more secret the joke, the higher did he rate its merit.

It is a difficult matter to put on record the acts of one who thus worked, like a mole, in the dark; and had there not been moments

when he revealed his jokes to one or two *besides himself*, the course of his life would have been purely conjectural; but, thanks to that impulse, whether of conscience or garrulity, which exists in the hearts of all mankind, and prompts them to make "clean breasts" when overcharged with thought, we are furnished with some memorial of his doings.

It is, however, owing chiefly to a diary which he left behind him, that we have been enabled to pluck out the heart of his mystery. Thus, for instance, on the 3rd of May, 18——, we find it written:—

"Capital joke to-day. Observed three or four old newspapers lying about. Was thinking what I should do with them; it struck me that I would send them to *friends in the country;* accordingly addressed them as follows, and put them in the post-office myself:—

"No. 1. Shovelbuck Shakerley, Esq.,
Grindlestump Park, near Wagbury,
Shropshire.

"No. 2. Right Hon. Sir Timothy Buckindale Bowles, Bart.,
Gadbury Hall, near Timmington,
Suffolk.

"No. 3. Gamwell Groutage, Esq.,
care of Buzwell Phelps, Esq.,
Frimkin House, Pugsley,
Berks.

"No. 4. Lieut.-Col. James Maxwell Barkinstern,
68th Light Dragoons, Melville Barracks,
Co. Fife, N. B.

"What makes this such capital fun is, that there are *no such persons and no such places*, as far as I know! How the post-office clerks will be bothered—what a rage they will all be in, and how they will abuse each other for not knowing where to send them! And when they get into Shropshire, and Suffolk, and Berks, and Fife, what work for the postmasters! Mem.—Shall play off this joke *very often*. Must not let the letter-carriers escape. Shall get a new stock of envelopes, (sixpence a hundred—can do it cheap,) and write *wrong* names to *real* addresses. That *will* puzzle them. While I think of it, here goes for one:—

"Oliver Martindale Smith, Esq.
14, John Street.

"Now, as there are about thirty 'John' Streets in London, and I have specified none, this must tell famously. 'Not known John Street, Adelphi—try Edgeware Road.' 'Not known there—try Clerkenwell;' and so on all through the town. My name is not Smith, so *I* shall never hear of it.

"*Friday, May 6th.*—Took a walk in the Park—couldn't help laughing to myself, as I saw the postman moving along so briskly. *Very likely* they are carrying Mr. Smith's letter about. Lord Melbourne rode past. A good idea! I will ask him to dinner—not with *me* though. Called at Gray's, in Piccadilly, and bought some blank invitations; filled one up: 'The Earl and Countess of Chesterfield request the honour of Viscount Melbourne's company to dinner on

Monday, May 25th.' While I was about it, thought I might as well finish off the whole of the two dozen cards, so completed them from yesterday's presentation list at the drawing-room; sure to succeed that way, as they are all in town. The invitations *from* as well as *to* different persons, or else the hoax would be too palpable—now it will look like accident. Paid a servant out of place to deliver the letters. Not a bad joke! I wonder if any of them will go!

"*Oct. 14th.*—Rather a dull week—nothing stirring. Called on my friend Mrs. Montague; saw three or four cards lying on the hall-table, put them in my pocket; when I came out, examined them, found that three bore the names and addresses of *gentlemen only*. Looked in the Court Guide for some names in Harley Street; walked there and left those cards at different houses. Quite certain none of the parties know each other. A different set entirely.

"*Oct 27th.*—I owe Perkins, the tailor, a grudge: he harassed me dreadfully *for years*, before I settled his account. A friend of mine shewed me an impression of the seal of Count Z——, the ambassador just arrived from the Brazils. Asked him to give it me, for my collection, he did so. This will do for Perkins! Went home, and wrote in a foreign hand to the said Perkins, in the name of the private secretary of the ambassador. Told him that he had been recommended to his Excellency as famous for making dress liveries; that the ambassador was a very early man, and could not see him after eight o'clock in the morning; to come, therefore, on Monday, before that hour, and bring patterns of various kinds. Put this in an envelope, and fixed the seal on with gum very neatly; sent it to the post on Saturday afternoon, that he might have the pleasure of reflecting on the magnitude of the order during Sunday; hope it didn't disturb his devotions!

"*Monday, 30th.*—Woke early, and got out of bed to see what sort of a morning it was; cold, wet, and foggy. Clock struck six; thought of Perkins—nice walk from Charing Cross to the top of Baker Street—wish him joy of it; went to bed again, and laughed till I fell asleep. Nine o'clock: got up and dressed; cut myself shaving, thinking of Perkins—he must have got back by this time, patterns and all. Hope the ambassador is an irascible man—know (to my cost) that Perkins is a persevering one—perhaps they caned him, and turned him out of doors. Suppose the ambassador *did* want liveries, and actually gave him an order! That *would be a joke!* Shan't go near Perkins's shop for a month, lest I should put him in mind of me. Amused myself reading Akenside's 'Pleasures of Imagination.'

"*Nov. 4th.*—Must go down to Southampton to-morrow; went, therefore, to the Bolt-in-Tun, and took two insides for Hastings, on condition that they would take up in Welbeck Street, on account of the luggage. *I* live in Duke Street, St. James's. Mem.—Paid £1 to secure the places—rather an expensive joke. Told them to call at No. 28, name of Shaw—'General Shaw.' Sure to go—sure to be behind time—sure to annoy somebody.

"*Nov. 5th.*—Started by the Red Rover for Southampton: asked Peer (the coachman) *who* drove the Old White Hastings? He said it was Tomkins's day down. Wished Tomkins joy of his *load*. Took out my handkerchief, and had a good quiet laugh under it, while I was blowing my nose. About five miles from Farnham, saw a fine house

in a handsome park on the right-hand side, tents pitched, and a cricket-match going on. Asked Peer who lived there? Learnt it was Sir James Barton—very rich—principal man about here; said nothing, but had an idea. Changed horses at Farnham; observed the name of 'Bright, Solicitors,' on a large brass plate at a house about twenty yards before we came to the 'Rose and Crown.' Ran back, and asked for Mr. Bright; luckily, he was in—saw him—told him I had come over express from —— House—that Sir James Barton required his immediate presence on business of the utmost importance. He promised to set off immediately—heard him order his gig. Coach not quite ready—putting up some more luggage—time to run to the nearest surgeon—'Stiffun and Sons,'—soon found 'em—told the same story about the immediate necessity—said Sir James had been half killed by a cricket-ball—might get there time enough to save his life. Got back to the coach—drove off—turned my head, saw Stiffun mount his horse—caught a glimpse of Bright's gig—thought I should have choked with laughing (*to myself*). Peer saw I was very red in the face, and asked if I had 'a *terminus* of blood to the head?' The railroads have affected even him. Thought of Bright and Stiffun all the way to Southampton. Hope Sir James wont ask them to dine with the match—not unlikely! Good joke at any rate—*somebody* sure to be done. Mem.—Don't mean to travel this road again."

Such is the nature of the entries in the Diary of the late Slyman Jolly—(the *late*, for luckily he is no more)—and fifty parallel passages might be gleaned from it. This, however, during his lifetime, was a sealed book to the world; and it was only those who watched him narrowly who could by any chance arrive at the motives of his actions. He was shortsighted, and, therefore, did not always escape detection; and, sometimes, when he has been seen smiling in the street—furtively, and as he thought, in secret—his movements have been observed, and the result ascertained. Thus, he has been traced into half-a-dozen shops successively: a hosier's—a saddler's—a stationer's—a wine-merchant's, and has given large orders, with particular directions to bring receipt stamps for payment on delivery; has given names and addresses at London, and, perhaps, left town the same day for the Continent, so that he could not learn the consequences of his "joke," even from the monitory advertisements of the victims.

Charity has the prescriptive privilege of covering a multitude of sins, but it is a question if the charity of Slyman Jolly will ever stand him in much stead. He generally gave his alms in the dark—and for the best reason in the world—the coin he so freely bestowed, was always counterfeit. He would listen to the usual deplorable tale of "twelve small babbies," with an air of extreme commiseration—would take out his purse—pause—appear to reflect—then hastily withdrawing a glittering piece, would press it into the hand of the supplicant, and amidst a shower of "May-the-Lord-spare-your-Honours," would hurry away with irrepressible glee, leaving the suddenly enriched beggar the happy owner of a lackered counter, whose obverse, instead of St. George and the Dragon, bore the image of a crowned figure riding post-haste to the devil. On the same principle of having a joke—*coûte qui coûte*—he would distribute the copper coin of one country, among the poor of another; would take plenty of halfpence

with him to the Continent, and reserve his kreutzers and sous for his home excursions.

Counterfeits of all kinds were his delight, for besides the frequent allusion to them in his memoranda, an endless variety was found amongst his effects after his decease—apparently his regular stock-in-trade for solitary joking—wooden nutmegs, alabaster sugar, imitation cigars, flash notes, packets carefully sealed with black wax, and labelled "immediate and important," which, when opened, consisted of blank paper; bottles regularly chalked and cobwebbed to simulate port wine, and containing only blacking and water; bijou volumes prettily bound, with all the leaves glued together; and a vast assortment of stuffed and painted objects, intended as presents, some ready packed like game in baskets, and others only in course of preparation.

His will, too—purporting to be "his last act and deed,"—was a counterfeit; for in its voluminous sheets he bequeathed property of all kinds to persons as apocryphal as the bequests themselves, much to the annoyance of his mystified executors. One codicil, however, was sincere: he left twenty guineas for the purchase and erection of a marble tablet over the spot where he lies buried, whereon was to be engraved the following inscription:—

"Near this spot
lies
SLYMAN JOLLY, ESQ.,
of Hoaxby, in the county of Hants,
who was killed by a fall from his horse, in the 126th year of his age,
while following her Majesty's buckhounds in Windsor Great Park,
September 31st, 1841.

'The evil that men do lives after them.'—SHAKSPERE."

Unless the ghost of Slyman Jolly be permitted specially to revisit the glimpses of the moon, we fear he will never learn the success of his last and most solitary joke.

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## CONSUMPTION.

BY THE HON. JULIA AUGUSTA MAYNARD.

INSATIATE miner, thy resistless power
Delves in the heaving chest, till every breath
Feels the dread pressure of approaching death!
Alas! thou'rt an hereditary dower,
Planting thy seedlings as the summer flower;
And sure thy rose, though canker'd, blossometh
More bright than those which e'er in natural wreath
Adorn'd in Paradise the loveliest bower.
Thy fatal flush but brightens cheek and eye,
And o'er each feature throws an angel hue,
Till Beauty would persuade us Health is nigh;
Thus cheating all except the wiser few
Who scan the truth beneath thy deep'ning dye,
And shudder as they bid all hope adieu.

## MOZART--HIS ERA—FRIENDS AND CONTEMPORARIES.

THERE is not a more frequent topic of discourse than the deeds and deserts of great men long since gathered to the common "field of bones;" and yet with what loose notions, and gratuitous assumption, is the theme generally treated—how often has latent prejudice, or the enthusiasm of some mistaken theory of history—all the warmer for being in the wrong—injured abstract truth in memories consecrated to the universal gratitude and conscience of mankind! Montaigne expresses himself sensitively on this point: "I would willingly come again with all my heart from the other world to give any one the lie, that should report me other than I was, though he did it to honour me." As in our chronology, we are content with a less exact arithmetic than in the price of stocks, or the amount of a bank bill, it were desirable in aid of memory, justice, and sentiment, to possess a chart of genius, which, pointing out the precise spot at which the artist commenced operations, and grouping around him his contemporaries, might exhibit their labours, as collateral lights and shadows. Something of this sort, we propose to do for the great, or rather universal musician, Mozart. There are in history, instances of short-lived and meteoric geniuses with whom time, that frequently turns the pupil into the master, has played the strangest tricks—suffering a contemporary, from mere longevity, to appropriate fame not his own—and rendering him guilty of posthumous wrong.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart—one of the few instances of precocious children who maintained their 'vantage ground in after life—first saw the light among the mountains of Salzburg, in 1756. Each successive stage of his existence—infancy, boyhood, youth, and manhood—was characterized by its own peculiar wonders of feeling and invention. When he was in England, at eight years old, his acquirements in music were described as those of a man of forty; and it may be interesting to calculate in this ratio his age at the time that he died in Vienna, in 1791, nominally, and according to the ordinary reckoning, in his thirty-sixth year. The true medium through which to contemplate this wonderful being, will be found in the art of music itself—its variety, complexity, and depth. In illustration of the endless subdivisions of composition, let us merely take the minor department of *Marches*, which it is instantly perceived, comprises the military, the priestly, the nuptial, the funeral, &c.; and thus tracing through church, theatre, and chamber, every model and form of music, from the symphony to the cradle song, we shall find ourselves in the true sphere of Mozart's labours and of his glory. More than eight hundred compositions, many of them thick folios, attest his activity, versatility, invention, and judgment.

But practical music, alone frequently the work of a life, went in him in an extraordinary manner hand-in-hand with composition. Nor was this all;—this great pianist, organist, and master of improvisation, who silenced every attempt at competition, was singularly accomplished, apart from music: as an actor, dancer, billiard-player, versifier, and limner, he contributed to the pleasure of social life, and bestowed that sympathy on others which he did not find himself—for in his art he lived alone—and most of his genial works appeared under the fiend-pressing extremity of penury.

His life may be, not fantastically, divided into four epochs. First, that of infancy, from 1762 to 1766. Let us picture to ourselves baby fingers wandering over correct and symmetrical basses, self-invented, and we shall easily understand how the music of this child, at the courts of Bavaria, Austria, France, England, and Holland, triumphed over state forms, winning all hearts, and many an imperial salute, in which the queen or princess forgot herself in the woman. The displays of the infant Mozart were made on the harpsichord, the organ, and violin; he sung, played, and composed *extempore*, played and transposed at sight, accompanied from score, improvised on a given bass, and answered every challenge. Michael Haydn, Jomelli, Wagenseil, John Christian Bach, &c., were competent witnesses of feats in which any one failure would

have involved ruin. The boy was warmly patronised at Paris by Baron Grimm, and at London, by the Hon. Daines Barrington. Before his tenth year, he composed sonatas, symphonies, cantatas, and oratorios! It may give an idea of the antiquated style of chamber music which then prevailed, to state that the lute and theorbo were not wholly discarded. In thirty years' time we had acquired the pianoforte quartets and violin and piano sonatas of Mozart, which not only finally dismissed lutes and theorbos, but even the sonatas of Paradies, Bach, and Lucchesi.

His boyhood, from 1766 to 1771, was mostly occupied by tours in Germany and Italy. He now produced operas, masses, concertos, serenades, garden-music, or pieces for many wind instruments; and prosecuted those studies into the nature and genius of each, which enabled him, in 1782, to establish the true model of the modern orchestra. He was now known and admired by Hasse, the rival of Handel, the Padre Martini, the Padre Valotti, Farinelli, De Majo, &c. His progress through Italy was an ovation; in that seat of the arts, his abilities were rigorously tried and as judiciously rewarded. He returned to Salzburg decorated with an order by the Pope, and member of the Philharmonic Academies of Bologna and Verona.

His youth, from 1771 to 1778, was partly employed as solo violin player, pianist, and organist, to the Archbishop of Salzburg. To the meretricious taste and ill-appointed cathedral choir of this prince, Mozart was obliged to sacrifice many of his masses. But of his own church style, his Litany, composed at fifteen, containing the celebrated chorus, *Pignus futuræ*, is a stupendous evidence. His individuality of style first exhibited itself in church music—subsequently in the drama; and now, an ambition commensurate with the great powers he felt within him was awakened. After composing new music for every fête at church and festivity at court, without receiving from his sordid patron the least acknowledgment, he quitted Salzburg in disgust, and went in quest of an appointment to Munich, Manheim, and Paris. He wrote on this tour, symphonies, masses, choruses, ballets, concertos, sonatas, &c., to the wonder of surrounding musicians. But no court was in haste to retain the youthful genius. Musical science had ever been associated with a peruke, and no elector could conceive it otherwise. After forming friendships or acquaintance with the more celebrated musicians of the Manheim chapel, Holzbauer, Vogler, &c., he proceeded to Paris, where he found Gluck, Piccini, Gambini, Gossec, Noverre, &c. The death of his mother and travelling companion now happening, he was recalled to Salzburg, and placed on the Archbishop's establishment with a tolerable stipend.

From 1779 to 1791, that is to say, from his twenty-third to his thirty-sixth year, may be dated the manhood of Mozart, and the era of his fully-developed powers. Each of his works in turn now moved the whole world of art. In Idomeneo, he established the first and most beautiful example of modern instrumentation; the position and employment of the full complement of wind instruments was first therein exhibited. The air, concerted with obligato accompaniments, was now also heard for the first time. Not only was this score the first conspicuous for symmetrical beauty: there was in the harmony,—in the effects of the inverted pedal-point, and the employment of the enharmonic change on various turns of passion in the recitative,—absolute novelty. Idomeneo, till this day the choicest classic in the library of the musical student, was produced in six weeks. Mozart was shortly called upon to attend the Archbishop to Vienna; but a quarrel taking place, they separated, and from that moment he ceased to be dependent on the patronage of the great. The Emperor Joseph noticed him frequently with fair words, but no solid act of kindness. Now followed successively his operas of the Seraglio, Figaro, Don Giovanni, &c., of the effect of which, in establishing the modern opera, and in developing concerted music, character, situation, and sentiment, it is unnecessary to speak.

Mozart wrote much in the open air. The greater part of Don Giovanni was composed in the bowling-green of his friend Dussek, at Prague—the Requiem, likewise, in Trattner's garden, at Vienna. The first quintet in the Zauber-

flöte was composed in a coffee-house over a game of billiards. He loved to be surrounded by friends, and to hear talking and laughing go forward while he composed. But he also wrote much at night; and ceased writing neither day nor night when possessed with a favourite idea.

He received about fifty pounds for each of his operas; but for *Cosi fan tutte*, one hundred pounds. His chamber music was far too elevated above the taste of the day to be saleable to the music-sellers; so that, except a trifling pension of eighty pounds, which he received for about four years, he had little to depend upon but concert-giving and teaching. The quantity of Mozart's time consumed in this mean labour cannot be thought on but with wonder and indignation. His uncommon genius procured him the peculiar envy of the Italians. He was hated, with varying degrees of malignity, by Salieri, Sarte, Reghini, &c. He was, it is to be feared, somewhat envied by Gluck. On the other hand, he possessed attached friends in Joseph Haydn, Paesiello, Storace, the Abbé Stadler, Dussek and wife, Albrechtsberger, &c. He imparted at various times musical counsel to Beethoven, Hummel, Attwood, Sassmayer, and others. His claim to be the founder of the modern school of orchestral effect, is established by the date of Idomeneo, and the six grand symphonies which appeared from 1782 to 1788. The first great orchestral work by Haydn, was the *Passione*, composed in 1785, when the operas, symphonies, and motets of Mozart were beginning to be well known. Patronage and competence arrived to poor Mozart, as he lay helpless and incapable on his death-bed. Music was the last thing in his thoughts: at noon, on the 5th of December, 1791, he was singing his Requiem, and at midnight he had ceased to breathe. He died—not without a suspicion of his having been poisoned; to which idea, though afterwards disproved, some colour was given at the time, by the extraordinary fact, that several fingers became detached from his hands as he lay in his coffin.

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## A BUNDLE OF GERMAN LEGENDS.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

[These legends, which are really traditional, were never printed in any language till the present year, when they appeared in a collection made by M. L. Bechstein, and were published in a work devoted by that gentleman to German antiquities. No attempt has been made to dress them up as works of art, but the tradition has been preserved in its perfect simplicity; and in this English version, the language of the original has been followed. The fourth and fifth legends seem to me to give hints that might be successfully followed by the romancist or the dramatist.—J. O.]

### I. THE WHISPER VOICE.

In the woody chain of rocks of the Wisperthal, which is so rich in traditions, and which is formed out of seven small valleys, and near Lorch, on the Rhine, stands a mill, upon the Wisperbach, leaning close upon the mountain, on which are the ruins of the castles Kammerberg and Rheinberg. Here, some years ago, a miller lived happily with his wife and children, enjoying a sufficient income without being wealthy. This peaceful happiness lasted till the time when his wife told him, that without perceiving anybody, she had heard a voice, which whispered to her—"Go to the old Castle Kammerberg and take the treasure which is contained in a chest there, in which is also the key." The miller endeavoured to drive this notion out of his wife's head, saying her senses must have deceived her, or that it must be a delusion of some sort. For his part, he neither wished to hear of spiritual whisperings nor to trouble himself with treasure-finding.

The good wife, however, was not so ready to give up the thought of sudden wealth; and the command of her husband to pay no attention to the voice she

had heard was not in accordance with her wishes, so that she appeared somewhat angry and discontented. Some days after she had made the communication to her husband, she was missing at dinner. The miller immediately made inquiries of the family, and learned from his eldest boy, that his mother had, a few hours before, with the youngest, a suckling, in her arms, gone up the path to the castle. He immediately recollected his conversation with his wife, thought of her troubled deportment since, and quickly ascended the mountain to seek her.

The miller had scarcely entered the ruins, when he heard the whimpering voice of his little one. He followed the sound, and in one of the towers found his wife lying lifeless on the ground, and the crying child near her. Much shocked, he snatched her up with the child, still felt signs of life in her, and, half dragging her, half carrying her, took her down to the mill.

Some hours passed before the miller's wife recovered her consciousness, and then, in a weak voice, she told her husband as follows :—Every day since he had forbidden her to think of the voice, she had heard it whispering, about noon—" Dame, come to the castle, and take the treasure, that I may be released." On this day, the same had been repeated, and she had been resolute enough to ascend the path with the child, the voice accompanying her, and whispering to her by the way that she should be of good courage, and take the treasure, and that no harm would befal her, only she must not speak a single word, whatever she might hear or see. The treasure, according to the voice, was in a chest, in the round tower ; and every day, at noon, she might take as much as she pleased. Accompanied by this whispering, she at last reached the ruins, and her mind became lighter and more resolute at every step. She entered the tower, saw the iron chest and the key, opened it immediately, and perceived the golden mammon. Suddenly a voice was heard, like that of her eldest son, crying—" Mother, mother !" Annoyed at being interrupted, the good wife exclaimed, sharply—" What's the matter ?" Then the walls trembled, the wind raged, and the chest sunk with a frightful crash, while a voice sounded awfully from the vault—" Alas ! how many ages must pass before I shall be released !" Upon this she fell senseless, with the child.

This was the woman's narrative ; and whether her fright was occasioned by fancy or any natural cause, she became sick, and died a few days afterwards, a physician who had been called in having in vain endeavoured to save her. The miller himself told the adventure, in the year 1814, to a traveller on the Rhine.

## II. THE GLOWING COALS AT LORCH.

*(Traditional on the Rhine.)*

At Lorch, the well-known town on the Rhine, the following took place, about fifty years ago. The maid-servant at a mill contiguous to the town-wall, awoke, as she thought, pretty early one morning, and as it was already very light, hastened to make a fire in the kitchen. From the kitchen window, she saw a heap of burning coals under the gate. She hurried out, that with these coals she might light her fire more speedily. She perceived that there were several strange men lying round the fire ; but without asking any questions, she took a whole shovelful of the coals, which she had no sooner shaken upon the hearth than they were extinguished. She ran out a second time, and again brought in a shovelful of coals, though with no better success. When, in an ill-humour, she went, for the third time, to the glimmering heap, one of the men said—" Listen—this time is the last !" At this, an unspeakable horror took possession of the girl—she could hardly reach her home ; and, as quickly as possible, she flung upon the hearth the coals, which again went out. The steeple clock then struck, with a moaning sound, twelve at midnight, and the bright coal fire vanished under the gate, while the girl, trembling, wrapped herself up in bed, and expected her last hour. The miller, when he came into the kitchen on the following morning, was astonished at finding his hearth covered with gold pieces, and, delighted with his treasure, built himself, at Lorch, a new house, which is still standing there.

### III. THE WHITE HORSEWOMAN.

The people have many traditions respecting the ruins of the fallen castle of Boyneburg, which belongs to the very ancient family of the name, and which lies on the borders of Hesse and Thüringen, where the road leads from Cassel to Leipzig. Many can be learned only piecemeal, others are distorted, but the pith of them is often to be found in its genuine state. The following are all taken from oral tradition :—

A beautiful virgin, clad in white, rides upon a white palfrey every night of a full moon, from the interior of the castle to the wide plain, which extends in front of it, on the summit of the mountain ; there, in a certain spot, grows a beautiful white lily with a purple cup. When the maiden has reached this, she descends from her horse, breaks off the flower, and again mounting her palfrey, hurries away, as swift as the wind, to the walls, where she vanishes amid the gloom of the extensive ruins. He who is so happy as to meet the maiden on her return, and is also of a pure heart, may venture to cry to her— "Give me the flower!" This wish will be granted, the gates will be opened to long passages leading under the castle and the whole mountain, and he will be fortunate enough to find as many treasures as will make him the richest of mortals. The maiden has often been seen with the lily in her hand, but none have been fortunate enough to obtain it.

Treasure-seekers have often rummaged the vaults of the castle, and by chance they have discovered subterraneous passages, which lead under the mountain in different directions. In many places the ground, if you tread hard upon it, sounds hollow, and it is a fact that, during the thirty years' war, the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns, such as Eschwege, Sondra, &c., brought valuables here for security ; but the seekers were never rewarded with anything of importance. By this constant rummaging, both vaults and passages have fallen in, and the search has ceased ; but still the maiden rides in the full moon over the mountain plain with the wonderful flower.

### IV. THE BEQUEST TO THE POOR.

On the mountain which bears the ruins of the Boyneburg stood an oak of a thousand years, beneath which, on a sultry summer's day, slumbered the only daughter of a knight of Boyneburg. A fearful storm gathered and poured down in torrents, and shone upon by the lightning and roused by the peals of thunder, the lady awoke. She had scarcely advanced a few steps, to hasten through the storm to the sheltering castle, when a flash struck the tree, and she fell senseless to the ground. Thus was she found, after the storm had ceased raging, and she was carried for dead into the castle. At last, however, she revived in the arms of her anxious father, who, grateful that his daughter was restored to him, granted a donation to the poor charged upon the villages on his estate. Every Maunday Thursday, the chaplain of Castle Boyneburg was to hold a thanksgiving on the site of the cleft oak, for the deliverance of the lady, and bread made out of twelve bushels of corn and the flesh of a single hog was to be distributed among the poor, that they also might thank God for the restoration of their lord's daughter. She took the veil, and to the present day the gift is faithfully bestowed ; the pastor at Datterode, who takes the revenues of the chaplaincy of Castle Boyneburg, holding the discourse. In the four-and-twenty villages belonging to the castle there is no poor person who would miss going there ; and however the bread and meat may be diminished by the multitude, still a blessing throughout the whole year seems to rest on him who participates in the gift.

Once it happened, that on account of the heavy snow on Maunday Thursday, the wagon which carried the bread and meat could not ascend the steep mountain, and the wagoner was turning back, when suddenly a lady clothed in white, and with a threatening countenance, appeared on the wagon. The terrified wagoner again turned his wagon to ascend the path, surrounded by the swarms of people, when, behold! the snow gave way, and the four horses

easily drew the full wagon, with the lady upon it, to the battlements, when she vanished, smiling. It was afterwards ordered, as the passage was often rendered impassable by the snow, and as the people were unwilling to disturb the white lady in her repose, that some persons should carry the donation up the mountain. The infamous Westphalian tyranny in Hesse obtained by purchase the third part of the baronial Boyneburg estates and villages, but would hear nothing of the bequest, and on the Maunday Thursday of the year 1808, it was omitted, together with the accustomed discourse. But it is said that a frightful apparition came to the King of Westphalia in a dream, and ordered him immediately to allow the solemnity to take place. So much is certain, that in the same year the proper officers were ordered to fulfil the bequest at Castle Boyneburg, and whatever might have been the motive for this order, the people to this day firmly believe that the king was acted on by the apparition of the mountain maiden.

### V. THE LITTLE GRAY MAN.

About the middle of the last century, some hunters, engaged in the chase, met on the Boyneburg on a wet autumn day, and sought among the ruins for shelter from a coming shower. They had scarcely entered, when they perceived a little old man with white hair, clad entirely in gray, sitting among the moss and stones, and looking straight before him. They surrounded him, asked him whence he came, and what he was doing in the castle; but all their questions remained unanswered. They became angry, threatened, and even struck the little man; but his old face remained unruffled and kindly, without a sign of fear, pain, or contempt, though his mouth did not move. When they could do nothing with the man this way, and could learn nothing of the secrets of the earth, nor where the treasure was concealed, they took him bound to Reichensachsen to the castle of their lord, and told him what had happened. There, also, were all means tried to induce the man to speak, but neither the best food, nor hunger, nor threatening, nor coaxing, were of any avail, and the mysterious being seemed to be entirely without feeling. He was carefully watched, as it was hoped that in course of time more light might be gained, but he vanished in three days, and has never been seen since.

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## THE MAN WHO *WILL* READ TO YOU.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

——"If friends, they read you dead."—Pope.

——Talk of sounds—the sweetest that ever rang in the world's ear, is the sound of the human voice. Nature invented no musical instrument like that, when she invented the wind's whisper and the murmur of the stream, the bird's song and the bee's hum. There may be something, to be sure, in the chink of coin to a soul without a sou, in the creaking of a prison door to the listener within, or in the peculiarly melodious squeak which accompanies the drawing of a cork. But all sounds are miserably flat and meaningless in comparison with it—from the cannon and the kettle-drum, to harmonicons which melt rocks, and harps which might make Eolus motionless——only, it must not be the human voice which belongs to my friend Knabbs! By no means.—

I always preferred the sound of human voices to the tinkling of sheep-bells on the hills, and the never-silent music of the sea—nay, even to the miracles of instrumental performance, when thousands of Paganinis and Thalbergs seem gathered together in the accomplish-

ment of one crash; but it does depend a little upon whose voice it is, and what the voice may happen to say. Now, when Knabbs is reading—

But there may be people who do not yet know what it is to be *read to!* Rose-leaf couches for the lucky few, racks for the rest. Rest! what a word to use! Who ever found rest with a resolute reader for his companion!

Gentle and courteous peruser of these pages, know you—for you may have committed unheard of crimes, and may merit torture unspeakable—know you yet what it is to be *read to?* Did any monster in the likeness of man, any original fiend having the preternatural faculty of imitating the human voice—horridly—ever lure you within four mortal walls, and, first double-locking the door, seize a volume of Shakspeare, and commence a deliberate, cold-blooded, remorseless reading of Romeo and Juliet,—beginning with—

"*Act I. Scene I. A public place in Verona. Enter Sampson and Gregory, armed with swords and bucklers. Sampson.* Gregory," &c.

It is one thing to be talked to, another to be sung to—but to be read to!

We get the first "good talking to" at school, and afterwards, perhaps, when we marry—so we become used to it. It is disagreeable at a play, when during a solemn scene, amidst the dead silence, a loquacious neighbour with a hard voice, persists in describing to you "how Mrs. Siddons did it." To be seated at dinner next to a man who eats nothing, but abounds in obliging remarks, which enforce a reply from you between every mouthful, is not unmixed happiness; nor is it absolute bliss to be fastened upon by a pertinacious whisperer in a reading room, with the disturbed students looking daggers. But a life-time made up of such trials, would be felicity, compared with an agonized three months consumed in listening to an inveterate and indefatigable reader.

Burns thought he had done something when he conceived the idea of a twelvemonths' tooth-ache. If he had ever known what it is to have the ear-ache! But he did not know Knabbs.

There are musical enemies to man's peace and comfort—vocalists who, upon the least hint, will sing you, not an 'twere any nightingale, but a whole grove. They do not act upon the swan's principle of singing *themselves* to death—but other people. It is, however, a very lingering decay to which they doom us. The ditty varies, it must be remembered; and moreover, we have our relief by joining in chorus now and then. Besides, they are seldom barbarous enough to inflict upon us words as well as music.

But with the Reader—that is, with Knabbs—there is no relief. Insensible to fatigue himself, he has no compassion for you. The object for which he was born is to read, and it follows that the thing you came into the world to do is to listen. Nature has bestowed upon you two ears, but his one tongue will soon tire them out, and you have not the remotest chance of ever getting hold of the book (a Book of Martyrs) and taking your turn. It is true, Knabbs loves passionately the sound of the human voice, but it must always be his own. To imagine that he would dream of allowing you to read to *him*, is to fancy the executioner submitting gracefully to his victim, the fly ensnaring the spider. Nay, should you simply propose to read to him,

for his especial and most needful information, an extract from a private letter, he would be sure (though the politest fellow in the world, apart from this particular enthusiasm,) to take the said private letter from your reluctant hand, with an " Allow *me* to read it."

Now private letters are not more than books things that we desire to read for ourselves. What possessor of a soul, having also his eyesight, would, as a matter either of pleasure or of profit, allow another to read to him from the pages of some golden volume, whose precious stores were equally open to his own eyes! It would be almost like asking somebody to go and see a Raphael or a Titian for him, or to save him the trouble of eating venison. If the book be one of grave and devout meaning, the more we ponder over it in our own way—weighing and sifting, tracing out and making sure—the better. If it be one of poetry or romance, we demand equally to read for ourselves. Gray's luxuriant fancy was not so false to the sense of true pleasure, as to demand, with his sofa and " eternal new novels," somebody to read them to him. He knew that this stupid excess of indolence would be fatal to the coveted enjoyment, and that there can be no such thing as reading a novel by deputy.

It would turn the reality into a fiction—it would be dressing up the images of a rapturous imagination in common-place—translating poetry into the vulgar tongue. All the nature, the enthusiasm, the truth of the story, would become but *hearsay*—it would transform the fond and cherished convictions of the soul into an *on dit*. Sentiment would be but chit-chat, and passion an idle neighbour's gossip. The actor is a great agent; but the voice of the reader would break the spell that should be binding upon us. It would instantly reduce the rich legend, the fairy vision, to a newspaper—a report from Doctors' Commons, a chronicle of fashionable events, and intelligence of the assizes. Let no Knabbs, thrusting himself between you and the author, ever snatch the volume from your hand; for like a magician's wand, it is only powerful while you hold it.

But although it be true that we naturally wish to dally with our beloved author, and to linger at our own sweet will in the mazes of his delicious story—pausing at this point, hurrying forward now, and reading here and there a passage over again—Knabbs never had the smallest idea of anything of the kind. So long as he reads with an audible voice, and misses not one line of the long narrative, he is convinced that your enjoyment must be complete. When his voice is at the highest, he assumes that your rapture is at the highest; and that the inexhaustibility of his lungs is the true measure of the auditor's excitement.

If Knabbs had been Hamlet, he would most certainly, in the scene where the prince enters book in hand, have gratified the curiosity of Polonius, by reading the sayings of the satirical rogue right through, from title-page to finis.

The number of pages, or volumes, that Knabbs will succeed in reading to a listening friend in one day, depends solely on the number of hours the listening friend may happen to pass in his company. If they meet at breakfast, Knabbs only reads aloud until dinner time ; if they meet at dinner, Knabbs conceives it to be his duty to read aloud until past midnight, and then, pausing over his bishop and his bone, he is in honour bound to resume the unfinished folio, concluding, very

often, *before* daybreak. Knabbs's practice is not favourable to the doctrine, but still there *is* an end to all things; although it is sometimes a little depressing, at one in the morning, to think of the three acts of the delightful play which yet remain to be read.

The consequences of meddling with a wasp's nest are not more certain than the results of a call upon Knabbs. His books are numberless, his leisure interminable, his health unintermitting, and his voice is unsusceptible of even a momentary hoarseness. Charming would it be to catch him some day with a sore throat. If ready for nothing else, you will be sure to find Knabbs ready to read. You are lucky if you light upon him with nothing in his hand more voluminous and crushing than a new pamphlet upon Corn. He has, perhaps, arrived at the last page of it as you enter; but, in the noblest spirit of self-sacrifice, he will resist every entreaty on your part, and begin it again, from the passage from Huskisson at the beginning, to the passage from Huskisson at the end. This is decidedly better than finding him armed with one of the early editions of Richardson, which he greatly prefers, because he is enabled to interest your feelings by reading to you all the omitted passages, as he proves by reference to later editions lying open at his side.

It is, however, of little consequence—after the first four hours have passed away—what the volume is which lies open before the indefatigable Enthusiast. I well remember, when a little party broke up at a late hour, the discussion which arose as we were going home relative to a trifling circumstance that, nevertheless, interested us mightily;—nothing less than the name of the work which Knabbs had, with such kindness and with such ability, been reading to us during that long sitting. Three of us had a vague impression that it was Pope's Homer, five were decidedly in favour of Maculloch, and one entertained a dreamy notion that it must have been the Pilgrim's Progress. We never settled the point.

And here we get a glimpse of an advantage attendant upon being "read to," which it would be ungenerous not to acknowledge. After a certain interval, more or less brief according to the hour of the night or day, each of the little audience finds himself able, by some mysterious process, to change, according to his own taste, the subject on which the reader is engaged. Influenced by the monotony of one ceaseless voice, however nicely modulated its tones, the listener begins to hear with his imagination, and easily substitutes, for the protracted contest of Brutus and Cassius, then and there going on, the pleasant quarrel of Peachum and Lockit.

> "Blest be the great for what they take away,
> And what they leave you, if they leave you—gay."

Nobody may hope to escape Knabbs—Knabbs in his glory—by inviting him from his home. It is only tempting the tiger to spring from his jungle. When his friends ask him to dinner, he is sure, after the first glass has gone round, to find in his pocket something particularly curious—miraculously rare—that he *must* just dip into; a little bit of black-letter—a stray version of a ballad—a few queer notes about nothing—an article just out—some oddity old or new, either very dry or quite wet. And as for stopping him *in medias res*, you might as well have thought of stopping Turpin on the highway. But you may resort, if you will, to the forlorn experiment of producing an older edition, or a newer pamphlet, than his; and, when it has once

caught his eye, as sure as you are not deaf, though you wish you were, he'll read *that* to you instead.

No time or place is appointed for sanctuary—all scenes, all seasons, are the same to him. What a charming little excursion was that which we planned last year to Richmond, taking care to make Knabbs drive us down, that there might be no reading on the road. The instant we were on the hill, with the "book of nature" open before us, (more than a "rivulet of text with a meadow of margin,") he drew from his pocket a very rare—and *deservedly* rare—treatise on the art of Watch-making, the profound interest of which he illustrated at a considerable expenditure of time. He would have done the same on the top of Skiddaw, or on the walls of Nineveh.

What was the name of the author, who, when apprized that the illustrious critic to whom he desired to read his tragedy, had not an hour to live, smoothed away all difficulties by the declaration—"But my manuscript will not occupy half an hour?" His name must have been Knabbs.

If we meet Knabbs in the morning stroll, he has a charming letter to shew us from a mutual friend, and it happens—yes, luckily it does happen to be in his pocket. If we stumble upon him in a steamer, he has something curious to read to us from a weekly journal. If we encounter him at the sea-side, he has the last Report of the last Commissioners of Inquiry into the causes of the last Earthquake, which, as it is the only copy out of the office or the fire, he will read to you with pleasure. "Not a word," he interposes, in peremptory dismissal of your objection—"not a word, my dear fellow, you shall hear it *all*." It begins, most likely—"In pursuance," and proceeds charmingly. If at a quiet party you met Knabbs, and mentioned last night's opera, fortunate would you be if he failed to produce a book of the same, for the purpose of reading to you the two versions in contrast, Italian and English.

There is an old saying—"Who runs may read;" and it is a true one, for the man who most inveterately reads, is incessantly running at my heels.

Bores there are, of both sexes, thousands upon thousands of them, who can never hear a fellow-creature talking plain prose, without garnishing the conversation with faded verse—dragging in quotations less noticeable for their appositeness than their amplification, and reciting, by the score, verses which all know, or none wish to know. But this evil is short-lived, even if they have long memories; to a stand-still they must come at last. Not so with Knabbs. He never speaks "without book," and he can go on for ever. There is nothing to hope from his memory; everything to fear from his mouth, which is never shut. To stop the supplies, it would be necessary to lock up the Libraries. Faustus was willing to burn his books, but Knabbs is for kindling the consuming flames in his auditor's bosom. Prospero drowned his volume; Knabbs hath no tears for human suffering, or his would long ago have shared the same fate—buried, fathoms deep, beneath a briny flood of pity for the miseries he is the author of.

For other plagues there may be remedies; but there is none for the plague of being preyed upon by book-worms while yet in the flesh. From Knabbs, the head of that ever-feeding family, there is no escape; let him but once fasten upon you, and you are—it is impossible to employ a stronger term—you are *booked*.

# DUMPOKHT.*

BY WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

From earliest days in gloom of ages hid,
Welcome on eastern tables was the kid;
By Japhet's sons prized lightly, 'tis of rare
And scant occurrence in our bills of fare:
Therefore an occidental cook, who would
Serve up this pride of Barmecidal food,
Must for the hirsute goat's apparent heir
A fowl or rabbit for the feast prepare.
These clean'd and truss'd in order, as is fit
For instant roasting on the expectant spit,
Stuff with sultana raisins, high of price,
With nuts (pistachio) and with well-boil'd rice;
All three in equal parts apportion'd nice.
The chestnut cheap, we in some authors read,
For dear pistachio serves in time of need;
But such receipts I scorn. Our dish be done
Just as it should be, or else let alone.
Who o'er his senses does not feel a shock,
For real turtle, if palm'd off with mock?
Or from the stingy goblet ask'd to drain
Five-shilling gooseberry for five-pound Champagne?
Or when, from blundering bookboy he has got
The last sweet novel, when he sent for Scott?
Chestnuts, avaunt! Mine be the dish exact,
First given in vision, but at last in fact,
By hare-lipped Shackabac's fierce tooth attack'd.
And here I state it as a general rule,
He who *attempts* a dinner is a fool,
Or, worse—a knave, who cheats his baffled guest
With sight deform of parody on feast—
Soup sour, fish flabby, course on course ill-dress'd.
These, spite of plate profuse, and napery fine,
To their appropriate feedings I consign
The tripe of oxen, and the hoof of kine.
Raisins, pistachios, rice, commingled well,—
What next the cook should do, the muse will tell.
Rub fine an ounce of coriander seed,
From husky tegument completely freed;
Of peppercorns then add, say half a score—
Perhaps you may throw in a couple more;
Of fragrant cloves take six, of weeping onions four.
In pounding onions, far the safest use
Is with the spice to mingle but their juice;
Or else to rub and bruise them up so fine,
As not to be descried by mortal eyne.
Ask not the reason: *that*, perhaps, is seen
In the learn'd works of Copperfarthing Dean;
Even of that dean, who, from his pillar tall,
Scowls down as lord o'er Patrick's holy hall,
Resting, as speaks his own meek Latin, "where
Fierce indignation can no amplier tear
His heart," if any heart could harbour there!
With them, a spoonful—mark, the spoon must be
Such as fair fingers press while sipping tea—
Of pounded ginger blend you gingerly.
Next, on the fire three quarters of a pound
Of butter set, within a stewpan round;
O'er fowl or rabbit now, with hand of care,
Rub what our strains have taught you to prepare;
Then 'mid the butter, on the fire's hot blaze,
Set it to fry (or, more correctly, braize)

* This *jeu d'esprit*, a versification of an oriental receipt, given in Miss Emma Roberts's Cookery Book, was one of our lamented friend Dr. Maginn's latest prolusions.—Ed.

Until it be—like many a man on town
Who backs the favourite—done completely brown;
And tender as the billet, trebly cross'd,
Of some lorn maid, wailing to friend by post
Of broken heart, or other trinket lost.
Then in a quart of broth (white broth) to boil,
Of rice twelve ounces will succeed the toil.
With these two ounces of sultanas put,
Two ounces also of pistachio nut,
And two of almonds blanched, and thinly cut.
When nearly tender you perceive the grain,
From off the mess its bubbling broth you strain;
Then add the rice, as you've directed been,
To where the fowl its stewpan sleeps within.
Stir the whole well—WELL—for the butter should
Permeate the rice with saturating flood.
Then keep it close beside the fire to swell,
(As old Quihis when Indian tales they tell,)
Till loud, with cheery sound, rings forth the dinner bell.
Let those whose task it is to serve the board—
Streaming with light, with steaming dainties stored,
And gay with smiles to greet the Amptrionic lord—
Surround the fowl with rice——
Then leave the rest
To jaws undaunted of the gourmand guest!

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## A DESCENT INTO ELDON HOLE, IN THE PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

THE Peak of Derbyshire, expressively so named, is a tract of high and, for the most part, hilly land, from which the waters flow to the North Sea, on the one hand, and to the Irish Sea, on the other; rivulets which originate or swell the waters of the Derwent, the Mersey, and the Don, having their sources in this district.

The Peak is celebrated for its seven wonders—Eldon Hole; Poole's Hole; the Peak Cavern; the Ebbing and Flowing Well; Mam Tor, or the Shivering Mountain; St. Anne's Well, Buxton; and Chatsworth.

The first of these is a nearly perpendicular chasm, situate on the side of a hill, about three miles westward of Castleton, and is famous for the many wild reports and exaggerated descriptions which have been propagated respecting it. "These, perhaps," says Dr. Leigh, ('Natural History of Lancashire, Cheshire, and the Peak in Derbyshire, 1700,') "are the most amazing vaults in the universe that are natural and not artificial;" "the most terrible chasm I ever yet beheld." "Eldon Hole," it is said, in the "Beauties of England and Wales," "has been represented as perfectly unfathomable, and teeming, at a certain depth, with such impure air, that no animal existence could respire it without destruction."

Cotton affirmed, more than a century ago ("Wonders of the Peak," p. 40), that he endeavoured to find the bottom by plumbing the cavity with a line eight hundred and eighty-four yards long, but could not reach it; and that, upon examining the lower end of the line, he found that eighty yards had sunk through water. A gentleman, whose account is quoted in Catcott's "Treatise on the Deluge," asserts that he let down a line nine hundred and thirty-three yards without meeting bottom.

In the face of these vague and incredible reports, several descents have been made into this remarkable chasm. Some years ago, a horse, saddled and bridled, but without rider, was found loose on the Peak Forest, and the door of the wall surrounding Eldon Hole having at the same time been found open, suspicion was excited that a murder had been committed, and the body thrown into the hole. On this occasion, it is stated, that a miner descended with a rope one hundred and ninety-eight feet in length, without finding anything to justify the suspicion. A Mr. Lloyd also made a successful descent, and published an account of it in the sixty-first volume of the "Philosophical Transactions." Some miners are further said to have descended the abyss, on the invitation of a gentleman engaged in a topographical history of the High Peak, and there is also the record of a gentleman who lost his reason in the attempt.

Being in the neighbourhood of the Peak, some summers back, with my late friend, Mr. Cheek,* we resolved, after visiting several of the caves in the vicinity, to attempt the exploration of this renowned chasm, chiefly with the view to determine if it communicated with the subterranean river, the waters of which, entering the limestone by the "swallows" of Rushop Edge, pass through Speedwell Mine, and make their exit into Hope Vale, by the Peak Cavern.

To accomplish this, it was necessary to make some previous preparations, and, more especially, to fix planks firmly across the mouth of the chasm, on which to place a windlass. But the greatest difficulty occurred in obtaining a rope without knots of sufficient length, and we were obliged to send for this into the neighbouring county of Lancaster. These preparations, thus occupying several days, began to attract attention, and the rumour of an intended descent into Eldon Hole becoming bruited abroad, the entrance of the cavern was surrounded, on the morning of the descent, by a motley group of persons, among whom were many of the ladies and gentry of the neighbourhood.

The wall that formerly protected the chasm was then fallen to pieces; the gateway, for the opening of which a fee was demanded, had no existence; but trees and shrubs of various kinds, including the alder, hazel, and elder, grew out of the rock immediately around the well-like opening. Numerous jackdaws had built their nests in this luxuriant circle of verdure. Standing upon the planks, which placed us beyond the trees, and directly over the dark abyss, our first object was to send down a line, to which a heavy stone was attached, to serve as a guide; then fastening a piece of wood to the rope, to give the comfort

* Henry Hulme Cheek was son of an attorney, living at Tideswell, Derbyshire, and of highly respectable connexions in the county. When still a student in the Edinburgh University, he became co-editor, with myself, of the Edinburgh Journal of Natural and Geographical Science, which, after two years' existence, was continued another year under his sole editorship. He was a young man of gentlemanlike feeling, good classical acquirements, and most zealous talent, but sanguine, and nervously susceptible. This temperament led him to hold the pettifogging of the world in great abhorrence, and brought from his pen a series of most caustic exposures of the Wernerian Society and the University Museum. The same peculiarity of mind had led him to hope that, labouring in the honourable career of science, he was reaping distinction for himself in after life; but when, after taking out his medical diploma, he went to establish himself in his profession at Manchester, he found that to meddle with science was to be expelled from all fraternity in the profession; the effect upon his mental constitution was so great, that he never recovered the shock, and shortly afterwards withdrew himself—by a sad, self-inflicted death—from a world he appears to have been unfitted for.

and security of a seat, the descent was effected quickly, and without interruption, to where the green-leaved shrubs were succeeded by mosses and slimy vegetation, and these again by naked rocks with moisture dribbling down the sides—the rope and body beginning to get wet, and the progress more slippery.

At a depth of about seventy-five feet, the chasm contracted in size, and swerved from the perpendicular. Having taken the lead in the descent, I placed a lighted candle at this point, to guide my friend, and then moving off in the direction of the aperture, threw myself from the projecting crag, and was at once launched into what, for the moment, appeared to be impenetrable darkness. Mr. Lloyd averages the inflection of the rope at this point as at least six yards from the perpendicular; and it is the same as is described by observers from the mouth as where the chasm contracts and recedes considerably to the west, so that the eye can no longer trace its course ("Beauties of England," &c.) It was easy to overcome this obstacle on the descent, as it merely required to throw oneself over and beyond it; but it demanded a greater effort to pass it on being drawn up, for then the weight of the body brought it up beneath the crag, which it was only possible to surmount by placing the feet upwards, or in the position of the head, and pushing away in a direction opposed to that in which they were pulling from above; and thus the body was gradually brought round the crag into the upper, cheerful, verdant, and open part of the chasm.

But I am swinging in mid-chasm, with a dark abyss below, a crag, with a light upon it, above, and a host of heads, anxiously peering over, in the distance, but unable to discern the being so peculiarly circumstanced. Down went the rope, and myself with it, till I began to feel much interested in knowing when and whereabouts the descent would terminate. Still they kept giving out rope from above, but slowly and carefully, so that no projecting mass might detach itself from the sides and fall on my devoted head. This very care rendered the suspense greater; the candle I had left behind me had become small as the smallest fire-fly; the gloom appeared to be becoming almost tangible, and I fancied I could hear the drops of water trickling down the cavern's side. It was positive entombment alive! At last, when I had nearly given up all hope of finding a bottom, I felt my feet alight on loose and slippery stones. It was then but a joyful moment to jump off my seat, to convey a signal above, by a pull at the lesser rope, and to light a candle. This occurred at a depth of about one hundred and ninety feet from the entrance; and the loose stones belonged to an immense pile, that stretched down eighty feet further, being the memorial of a ridiculous attempt which was made to fill this deep chasm.

My friend was now let down by the same rope; and, landed on this pile, the cavern opened before us with all the splendour and magnificence of a glen in the bosom of the earth. Lofty buttresses of stalagmite (the same as one, up which Mr. Lloyd had clambered for sixty feet) advanced upon the confines of light, and assumed in the dimness fearful and fantastic forms; while, in the distance, the rugged sides and high canopy of rock, lost in the obscurity of the deep, presented to the eye recesses of vast and inpenetrable magnitude.

The startling and grotesque forms that advanced upon the foreground were, however, relieved by the accuracy and perfection of the arches. These succeeded one another in great symmetry, before terminating in the expanse that lost itself in obscurity. The first arch

had a span of twenty-two feet; the second and third kept increasing in elevation and dimensions, and exhibited the simplicity of the Saxon style, with entablatures of stalactite. It is strange, if we are to seek in nature for the origin of architectural forms, that the arch does not date much beyond the Christian era. "What a contrast," says De Humboldt ('Res. on the Instit. and Monum. of the An. Inhab. of America,' vol. i. p. 40.) between the architecture of a tribe that has dwelt in vast and gloomy caverns, and that of hordes whose bold monuments recall, in the shafts of their columns, the towering trunks of the palm-trees of the desert!" Yet here we have models, as old as the deluge, for various forms of arches, while, in the same country, a flat stone laid across two uprights constituted the most ancient and original mode of supporting a weight upon lateral abutments.

Besides the main cavern, of the size and dimensions of which it was impossible to form an idea without sending up a balloon with an attached light, three other openings constituted a series of smaller caverns—a lesser one, open at top, and two others, joined so closely as to form nearly one more large. In the lower part of this was a grotto of stalactites; and on the east side, stalagmites, rising in columns of from two to three feet in diameter and from twenty to thirty feet high.

The sides of this cavern, the last of the three consecutive ones, bore evidence of having been washed by running waters, and it terminated in a further channel or dry watercourse, which was so filled up with fragments of rock and stalagmites, that we could not carry our explorations any further. Above was also a chink, at first filled with clay, and then widening and terminating in a beautiful grotto, hung with pipe and conical stalactites. To the south of the lesser cavern, a small opening also extended along for some distance. We did not find in these recesses, or on the floor, the bones of any animals that had fallen or been thrown into the chasm; there must be some such, but they are buried under the mound of stones. It is probable that, in the days of Cotton and Catcott, this pile of stones did not obstruct the flow of the now subterranean waters, and hence, following the course of the stream, the fathoming line was carried along a depth, or rather distance, of eight or nine hundred yards, and upwards.

The day on which we made our descent was clouded and stormy, and while at the bottom of the abyss it came on to thunder. The rock on which we were leaning was at that moment sensibly felt to shake beneath us, and the loud peals seemed to burst from the murky darkness, and then to be lost, in low, deep mutterings, beyond. The cavern was, for the time, the whole of the world to us.

"It is very probable," says the venerable and quaint Dr. Leigh, "that these cavities have continued in these unpolished mountains ever since that terrible deluge, and were broke asunder at the universal destruction of the strata of the globe;" but modern science has enabled us to explain their production by more simple and gradual causes—viz., the action of running streams,—not by the influence of the water alone, for that is null,—but chemically, by an excess of carbonic acid contained therein, and mechanically, by the stones which they occasionally carry along, and by the falling in of upper beds from the excavation of those below. Hence, although our exploration did not positively prove the fact, there is still, from the evidence of once running waters, and the passages that we found blocked up, every reason to believe that Eldon Hole was, in part, hollowed out by such operations, and opened sub-

sequently to the day, by the falling in of superincumbent rock, or the enlargement of an original fissure, and that it is also a portion of the same subterranean channels which intersect the Peak like a fretwork.

We explored several of the swallows on Rushop Edge, as far as their dimensions would permit us, and were enabled to follow the eccentric courses of some for several hundred yards, when we were stopped by their falling through deeper chinks into the bosom of the rock. These swallows presented, in most places, the interesting feature of having at one time or other changed their place: two separate entrances were thus often left, one above the other, the lower one alone receiving the influx of waters. In some cases, the waters, previous to their entrance into the rock, buried themselves in the earth, to join a still deeper aperture, and thus two openings were left above ground. The existence of these swallows is caused by a hard and compact rock (limestone) succeeding to a soft and shingly stratum (shales of the millstone grit): the latter is worn away into open valleys by the waters, which, on meeting with the former, are forced to find their way by chinks or fissures in the rock, which they gradually widen into subterranean channels. At times the flow of water into these swallows is so considerable as to carry sheep or calves into their deep recesses, and hence they are often to be found shielded with stones or wicker-work by the careful husbandman. Objects of a lighter description, when carried away by the swallows, have been known to reappear with the stream that issues into Hope Vale from the Peak Cavern.

The subterranean waters, united as a single stream, are first met with at Speedwell Mine, in which the excavations terminate, at a distance of seven hundred and sixty feet from the entrance, on a platform, upon which the waters fall from a lofty cavern, and are again precipitated over a perpendicular cliff. The water has been allowed to accumulate in the line of the former workings, and the curious are obliged to navigate in a little boat to this interesting and striking spot. The same stream reappears at the well-known and celebrated Peak Cavern.

The relative position, in point of elevation, of the waters of the swallows of Rushop Edge, of the falls in Speedwell Mine, and of the river of Peak Cavern, leave no doubt as to the identity of these different streams; and this fact is further evidenced by the physical necessities of the soil and the circumstances of geological structure (not necessary to be entered upon here), as well as by the long-existing traditions of the neighbourhood. The only question that remains doubtful is, if Eldon Hole ever formed part of the same great channel of the High Peak, or whether the latter does not rather follow a more easterly course, on the north side of Eldon Clough, and Peak Hill. It is indeed most likely so with the rivulets entering from Rushop Edge (although not met with in Odin Mine); but it certainly appears that Eldon Hole had also its running stream, and has so, probably, now, at a greater depth; and the same physical necessities of the soil demanded that its contribution, however small, must have been borne to the same channel, and that it thus constitutes a portion of the same remarkable subterranean hydrographical basin.

After remaining in our living sepulchre for two long hours, we were safely extricated from it, and received, on our arrival above, the congratulations of friends and of the assembled multitude, whose interest time and a penetrating mountain mist had not sufficed to damp.

# THE WALLS OF FAMAGUSTA.

BY CHARLES W. BROOKS.

"Lads of Cyprus, noble, swelling spirits,
The very elements of this warlike isle."
*Othello.*

THE brilliant defence of Famagusta, the last Christian stronghold in Cyprus, had been protracted by the gallant Antonio Bragadino until the horrors of the war which raged without the walls were light to the miseries endured within them. The almost innumerable forces of the Turks had been thrown in a vast and impenetrable mass along the whole of the land side of the city, and according to Italian writers, fifty thousand infidels laboured, day and night, in constructing and repairing a series of enormous forts, from which, during the latter part of the siege, upwards of one hundred pieces of cannon, of the largest size, poured a perpetual storm of iron hail upon the devoted Famagusta. The mining operations of the besiegers were carried on with equal vigour, and the ramparts had been fearfully shaken in nearly every part by the explosions, which, to the wearied and diminishing garrison appeared to become more frequent as the defences became less able to withstand them. The Turkish fleet swept the ocean on the eastern side of the island, and effectually prevented any communication of intelligence to the Christian governor, or supply of food to the suffering inhabitants. These, however, except as regarded the magnitude of the assailing army, were but the characteristics of an ordinary siege; but the internal state of the town presented more singular features. The desperate struggle which Bragadino had resolved to prolong while enough powder remained to enable him to deliver one volley into the infidel camp, was made, not for Cyprus, but for Venice. The Cypriotes found themselves suffering all the accumulated miseries of privation and starvation, while an irritated enemy, whose ferocious rancour increased with every hour it was successfully resisted, was rapidly forcing his way into Famagusta; and they felt that the hideous ruin and desolation which a few days must bring on, menaced them for the sake of a haughty and selfish power, whose seat lay a thousand miles from the island now the scene of that terrible contest. Yet in the consciousness that it was the battle of the Cross which they were fighting, the citizens of Famagusta found heart and strength, and joining the regular soldiers of the republic, and the volunteers from other nations who had enlisted in the strife for the sake of striking a blow at the banner of the Impostor, they fought undauntedly in the sally, and laboured untiringly in the breach, while the noblest and fairest ladies of the city were seen at all hours bringing aid to the wounded, and such food as they could furnish to the combatants. More united or more heroic exertions on the part of all engaged in the defence of a city have seldom been witnessed than those recorded in the history of the last days of Famagusta.

It was on the night of the 30th of July, 1571, that Bertuccio Cornaro, a young Venetian of noble birth, walked forth upon the ramparts to the east of the town; he had been distinguished, during the whole siege, by the reckless valour with which he invariably threw himself among the ranks of the infidels, and by the equally surprising good fortune which had preserved him scatheless in conflicts where not one of his companions had escaped unwounded. The coarse and scanty

fare on which he had been compelled to subsist, had somewhat dulled the eye and paled the cheek of the young nobleman, but neither that unwonted food, nor the perils of the hour, had rendered his laugh less free, or his step less light, than they were on the festive evening when he had welcomed to the *palazzo* of his fathers his friend Albert Langston, who accompanied him on the ramparts.

The latter was a young Englishman, of an old catholic family, which had been well received at the court during the reign of Mary, but which upon the accession of Elizabeth, had retired to its ancestral seat, from whence Albert, the eldest son, had been the first to rejoin the world. He had completed his education in England, and had visited France and Italy, in which latter country, accident had introduced him to Cornaro, and similarity of taste had produced a friendship between them, which was of equal duration with their lives. The age of chivalry was not then past ; and when the news of the success of the Turkish arms in Cyprus reached Venice, few were surprised to hear that the gallant Bertuccio had resolved upon volunteering in his country's quarrel, nor was Cornaro himself astonished at the proposal of the Englishman to accompany him on the expedition. The permission of the republic was obtained to the departure of the young noble; and on arriving at Cyprus the friends were enabled, by what they considered fortunate chances, to throw themselves into the town, where the services they rendered to the besieged soon placed them both high in the regard of the distinguished but ill-fated Bragadino.

"This game is played out, my friend," said the Italian, as they gained the summit of the ramparts, and looked forth upon the rippling waters of the Mediterranean, on which, as far as the eye could reach, the moonlight was lying unclouded and undisturbed.

"Nothing but a miracle can save us," returned Albert ; "but if ever man deserved that a miracle should be wrought in his favour, that man is Antonio Bragadino."

"I think," said Bertuccio, "that we have all made up our minds that, having lived as heroes, we are to die as martyrs; but I am not half weary enough of my earthly laurels to be in any hurry for the celestial crown ; on the contrary, I wish I saw some way of procuring the postponement of my canonization."

"For my part," said Langston——

"Ah!" said Cornaro, laughing, "the epicurean Englishman does not relish our stewed boots and fried sword-belts, washed down with vinegar and water; and he is anxious to get off to the stars, chiefly to be out of the way of such uncouth cookery."

"In faith," said Albert, "the diet is not that of old England ; but served as we are served, I should be a heretic to complain."

"What, the leather dinner becomes tasteful when the dark-eyed daughters of old Erizzi bring it to the hungry hero, who has found such favour in their sight ? Now, for my part, the attendance of such adorable Hebes, with such exceedingly exceptionable ambrosia, is doubly painful to me. But you are no philosopher, as I am, or you would not forget the matter in the means which convey it."

"I do not," said Langston; "for as you may see, this system of fighting and fasting sadly interferes with my own. But while we can laugh at our privations, there is little harm done ; it is among the unfortunate townspeople that this starvation is doing ill work."

"If they cannot find subject for mirth in the situation of our two

selves," returned Bertuccio, "they must be strange dullards. Here are two men, at the time of life when a man may enjoy himself if he will, and both of them possessing the will to enjoy themselves to any reasonable extent. Suddenly these two wise persons take a long voyage, for the sake of valiantly introducing themselves, with the chance of being summarily knocked on the head, into a kind of trap, where they are indulged with the certainty of being quickly starved to death. I, for one, am compelled to laugh outright at the whole proceeding, even if I think of it in the midst of the fighting."

"Yes," said Albert, "I have for some time considered that we have displayed at least as much valour as wit. But where we are we must remain, unless this report be true."

"That Bragadino means to capitulate. I do not see what he would gain by opening his gates now. These infidels will make such exorbitant demands, that no Christian will be able to listen to them. They will doubtless require, among other matters, that you and I immediately profess Mohammedanism, and take to our bosoms four wives each—that is the legitimate number. Will you consent to this?"

"I shall try to make terms for myself," said Albert; "and if they will concede the religious question, on which I am firm, I shall offer double on the other point, on which I am open to conviction."

"Eight wives!" said Bertuccio, again laughing—"why, your last lamented king espoused but six, I think. Is the defender of Famagusta privileged beyond the Defender of the Faith?"

Albert was about to reply, when a figure upon the wall, at a short distance, fixed his attention. It was clearly not the form of a sentinel, but was dressed in a priest's garb, and was apparently stealing from them.

"We are watched," said the Englishman.

"And, apparently, by the vigilant eye of the church," said his companion. "Let us watch the watcher, nevertheless."

They followed the retreating figure for some distance, until they had reached the point where the sea and land rampart united. Here, looking to the right, they could discern the innumerable tents of the infidels whitening the plains around Famagusta, while the dark and terrific battery to which we have alluded seemed gloomily waiting for light, to enable it to direct its fiery tempest. The figure had stopped, and was engaged in looking over the wall upon the ground below. Suddenly, it drew back, hastily, and retired a step or two from the wall. The young soldiers watched with interest for a few moments, when a bald and grim head, obviously that of a Turk, appeared over the wall. It rose till about half the figure of the intruder was visible, and he peered around, as if about to climb upon the battlement. In an instant, the form which the young men had followed raised itself to its full height, and whirling an enormous crucifix in the air, dashed it full upon the exposed head of the Turk. With a single yell, the latter dropped backwards, and the heavy fall of the corpse was heard upon the ground beneath.

The slayer uttered a single laugh, and was immediately joined by the Italian and his friend.

"Bravely struck, father!" said the former, looking at the weapon which had done such good service—an iron crucifix, on the weighty arms of which there remained crimson evidence of the force of the blow. "These religious *accolades* are truly edifying."

"I looked not for idle mirth on a night like this," returned the other, in a deep, stern voice.

"Nay, father," said the Englishman, "do us the justice to believe that if we had the opportunity of breaking one of the jests, which seems alone to have the power to move your smiles, we should not neglect it. Would that there were another Turk to brain for your special delectation!"

"In the meantime, tell us, father," said the other young man, "why a less sanguinary jest seems a sin to you."

"Is not Cyprus lost?" asked the priest angrily.

"I would answer you, father, as the English clown answered the stranger, who, seeing a whole congregation in tears at an affecting sermon, inquired why that one clown alone was unmoved,—'I do not belong to the parish.' I am not a Cypriote!"

"But you are a Christian," said the priest; "and though you now foolishly and profanely scoff, I have seen you both bear yourselves as true soldiers of the Cross,—or I had not wasted these words on you."

"It is true, father," said the Italian, "we have fought in duty to the church, and we laugh because we find that duty a pleasure. I think that was elegantly as well as piously remarked."

"Incorrigible trifler! Are ye disposed to atone for this levity by an act of real merit, and so win the love of the church ye talk of?"

"I will do no penance, father, if that be the act which is to gain the love in question—no flagellation into the church's affections—*quos amat castigat*—but anything in reason," said Bertuccio.

"Kneel down," said the monk, "and look over."

The young men were about to obey, rather prompted by curiosity than by any other feeling. For it was observed of most of the volunteer warriors in this, and in every other religious war, that their habits of submission to their spiritual superiors were very much relaxed by the one act of enlisting in the army of the church, most of them appearing, very irregularly, to consider that the merit of this service was such as to permit them to dispense with the formalities and proprieties by which less zealous men were bound; and the benefit of the idea has not been entirely lost even to the present day. But the unusual silence in the camp of the besiegers, who had hitherto spent the nights in repairing whatever damage to their works the well-sustained fire from the town had caused by day, attracted a remark from Bertuccio. In reply, the priest pointed to a moving body at a short distance from the walls. The eye of the young soldier instantly detected the object as a party of four of the infidel soldiers, who bore a light, which, however, they seemed to endeavour to screen from observation. In another minute the party had disappeared.

The Italian looked at his friend, and the glance was returned; but the faces of neither expressed much concern. The sight which they had witnessed from the rampart was one to which they had been too frequently accustomed during the siege. They were about to retire, when the monk, laying his hand upon the Englishman's arm, drew him to the edge of the wall, and shewed him a rope ladder which reached the earth below. Having pointed this out, the priest folded his arms, as if to see what course the young men would take. For a moment, the Englishman gazed at the means of descent, and then its meaning flashed upon his mind. With a quiet smile he shewed the

ladder to his friend. In another instant, both were upon the rope, and in little more time had reached the ground. As they touched it, the priest laughed a joyful laugh, and from the top of the wall pointed to the spot where the party had vanished.

Bertuccio and Langston drew their swords and hastened thither. Skirting a little mound of fresh-raised earth, they discovered the light resting on the ground, and the four Turks divesting themselves of their upper garments. The Christians drew back until this operation was completed, when one of the now half-naked infidels took up the light, and, raising his hand to Heaven for an instant, plunged into the mouth of a cave, which opened in the hill on which the rampart stood. His three companions followed him, and then close upon their footsteps came the Englishman and Bertuccio.

"More of our wisdom," said the latter, in a whisper; "but our fates are made for us."

As the latter entered, Langston, changing his sword hand, took that of Cornaro. One warm grasp exchanged, the Christian soldiers pressed on. Suddenly, the direction of the cave altered, and they lost sight of the light. But still advancing, they regained the traces of the infidels, until a second turning brought the latter to a halt. At that moment, the hindmost Turk discovered his pursuers, and uttered a cry, which was instantly smothered in the death-rattle—the sword of Albert had passed completely through his body. Springing forward, over the corpse, Bertuccio struck at the infidel who bore the lamp, and cleaving him to the eye, grasped at the light. But the other two rushed upon him, and bore him to the ground—one of them succeeding in gaining the lamp, while the other struggled with the Italian. The blade of Albert inflicted a fearful gash upon the shoulder of the Turk, who, uttering a few words in his own language, fastened, with hands and teeth, upon the throat of the prostrate Bertuccio, but his head was, the next instant, nearly severed from his body by a second blow from the Englishman's sword. The latter rushed furiously on, after the last Turk, the glimmer of whose lamp lighted the gloomy passage along which they hastened, and the fatal character of which Albert knew too well. He redoubled his speed, conscious that to strike the infidel dead was the only chance of salvation from a terrible doom. The Turk fled before him with a speed which shewed he knew the passages, and twice the Christian lost sight of him, at each of which moments Albert underwent the most terrible sensation which a brave man can endure. Twice, however, the infidel again appeared, and his foot suddenly slipping, the Christian was upon him. Albert's thrust transfixed him to the earth, but, writhing on the blade, the infidel seized the fallen lamp, and flung it from him, with the utmost of his expiring strength. The eye of Albert followed the light, as it dashed upon a small, dark heap, in a corner. At the selfsame moment, an explosion, louder than the loudest thunder, shaking the earth for a mile around, called forth the inhabitants of Famagusta, to see that the infidels had levelled their rampart wall. But the Crescent banner was floating over the city, when a dying monk, who had atoned for his heroic exertions in the final sally by one of the most hideous martyrdoms on record, revealed to a few trembling Christians, who dared wipe the death-damp from his brow, that the young favourites of Famagusta lay buried in the Last Mine.

Tony Johannot

THE BANQUET IN SAINT GEORGE'S HALL.

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# Windsor Castle.

## AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

## III.

OF THE GRAND PROCESSION TO WINDSOR CASTLE; — OF THE MEETING OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH AND ANNE BOLEYN AT THE LOWER GATE; — OF THEIR ENTRANCE INTO THE CASTLE; — AND HOW THE BUTCHER WAS HANGED FROM THE CURFEW TOWER.

A JOYOUS day was that succeeding the events previously related for Windsor, and great were the preparations made by its loyal

inhabitants for a suitable reception to their sovereign. At an early hour, the town was thronged with strangers from the neighbouring towns and villages, and later on, crowds began to arrive from London; some having come along the highways on horseback, and others having rowed in various craft up the river. All were clad in holiday apparel, and the streets presented an appearance of unwonted bustle and gaiety. The may-pole in Bachelors' Acre, was hung with flowers. Several booths, with flags floating above them, were erected in the same place, where ale, mead, and hypocras, together with cold pasties, hams, capons, and large joints of beef and mutton, might be obtained. Mummers and minstrels were in attendance, and every kind of diversion was going forward. Here was one party wrestling; there, another casting the bar; on this side, a set of rustics were dancing a merry round with a bevy of buxom Berkshire lasses; on that, stood a fourth group listening to a youth playing on the recorders. At one end of the Acre large fires were lighted, before which two whole oxen were roasting, provided in honour of the occasion, by the mayor and burgesses of the town; at the other, butts were set, against which the Duke of Shoreditch, and his companions, the five marquesses, were practising. The duke himself shot admirably, and never failed to hit the bull's eye; but the great feat of the day was performed by Morgan Fenwolf, who thrice split the duke's shafts as they stuck in the mark.

"Well done!" cried the duke, as he witnessed the achievement; "why, you shoot as bravely as Herne the hunter could have done. Old wives tell us that he used to split the arrows of his comrades in that fashion."

"He must have learnt the trick from Herne himself in the forest," cried one of the bystanders.

Morgan Fenwolf looked fiercely round in search of the speaker, but could not discover him. He, however, shot no more, and refusing a cup of hypocras offered him by Shoreditch, disappeared among the crowd.

Soon after this, the booths were emptied, the bar thrown down, the may-pole and the butts deserted, and the whole of Bachelors' Acre cleared of its occupants—except those who were compelled to attend to the mighty spits turning before the fires,—by the loud discharge of ordnance from the castle gates, accompanied by the ringing of bells, announcing that the mayor and burgesses of Windsor, together with the officers of the order of Saint George, were setting forth to Datchet Bridge, to meet the royal procession.

Those who most promptly obeyed this summons beheld the lower castle gate, built by the then reigning monarch, open, while from it issued four trumpeters clad in emblazoned coats, with silken bandrols depending from their horns, blowing loud fanfares. They were followed by twelve henchmen, walking four abreast, arrayed in scarlet tunics, with the royal cipher, H.R., worked in gold on the breast, and carrying gilt pole-axes over

their shoulders. Next came a company of archers, equipped in helm and brigandine, and armed with long pikes, glittering, as did their steel accoutrements, in the bright sunshine. They were succeeded by the bailiffs and burgesses of the town, riding three abreast, and enveloped in gowns of scarlet cloth; after whom rode the mayor of Windsor, in a gown of crimson velvet, and attended by two footmen, in white and red damask, carrying white wands. The mayor was followed by a company of the town guard, with partisans over the shoulders. Then came the sheriff of the county and his attendants. Next followed the twenty-six alms-knights, (for such was then their number,) walking two and two, and wearing red mantles, with a scutcheon of Saint George on the shoulder, but without the garter surrounding it. Then came the thirteen petty canons, in murrey-coloured gowns, with the arms of Saint George wrought in a roundel on the shoulder; then the twelve canons, similarly attired; and lastly, the dean of the college in his cope.

A slight pause ensued, and then came the chief officers of the Garter. First walked the Black-rod, clothed in a russet-coloured mantle, faced with alternate panes of blue and red, emblazoned with flower de luces of gold, and crowned lions. He carried a small black rod, the ensign of his office, surmounted with the lion of England in silver. After the Black-rod came the Garter, habited in a gown of crimson satin, paned and emblazoned like that of the officer who preceded him, bearing a white crown with a sceptre upon it, and having a gilt crown, in lieu of a cap, upon his head. The Garter was followed by the Register, a grave personage, in a black gown, with a surplice over it, covered by a mantelet of furs. Then came the chancellor of the order, in his robe of murrey-coloured velvet lined with sarcenet, with a badge on the shoulder of a gold rose, enclosed in a garter wrought with pearls of damask gold. Lastly, came the Bishop of Winchester, the prelate of the order, wearing his mitre, and habited in a robe of crimson velvet lined with white taffeta, faced with blue, and embroidered on the right shoulder with a scutcheon of Saint George, encompassed with the garter, and adorned with cordons of blue silk mingled with gold.

Brought up by a rear-guard of halberdiers, the procession moved slowly along Thames Street, the houses of which, as well as those in Peascod Street, were all more or less decorated,—the humbler sort being covered with branches of trees, intermingled with garlands of flowers, while the better class were hung with pieces of tapestry, carpets, and rich stuffs; nor should it pass unnoticed that the loyalty of Bryan Bowntance, the host of the Garter, had exhibited itself in an arch thrown across the road opposite his house, adorned with various coloured ribands and flowers, in the midst of which was a large shield, exhibiting the letters H. and A. (in mystic allusion to Henry and Anne Boleyn) intermingled, and surrounded by love knots.

Turning off on the left into the lower road, skirting the north of the Castle, and following the course of the river to Datchet, by which it was understood the royal cavalcade would make its approach, the procession arrived at an open space by the side of the river, where it came to a halt, and the dean, chancellor, and prelate, together with other officers of the Garter, embarked in a barge moored to the bank, which was towed slowly down the stream in the direction of Datchet Bridge, a band of minstrels stationed within it, playing all the time.

Meanwhile, the rest of the cavalcade, having again set forward, pursued their course along the banks of the river, proceeding at a foot's pace, and accompanied by crowds of spectators, cheering them as they moved along. The day was bright and beautiful, and nothing was wanting to increase the beauty of the spectacle. On the left flowed the silver Thames, crowded with craft, filled with richly dressed personages of both sexes, amid which floated the pompous barge appropriated to the officers of the Garter, which was hung with banners and streamers, and decorated at the sides with targets, emblazoned with the arms of Saint George. On the green sward edging the stream, marched a brilliant cavalcade; and on the right lay the old woods of the Home Park, with long vistas opening through them, giving exquisite peeps of the tower and battlements of the castle.

Half an hour brought the cavalcade to Datchet Bridge, at the foot of which a pavilion was erected for the accommodation of the mayor and the burgesses. And here, having dismounted, they awaited the king's coming.

Shortly after this, a cloud of dust on the Staines road seemed to announce the approach of the royal party, and all rushed forth, and put themselves in readiness to meet it; but the dust appeared to have been raised by a company of horsemen, headed by Captain Bouchier, who rode up the next moment. Courteously saluting the mayor, Bouchier informed him that Mistress Anne Boleyn was close behind, and that it was the king's pleasure that she should be attended in all state to the lower gate of the castle, there to await his coming, as he himself intended to enter it with her. The mayor replied that the sovereign's slightest wishes were imperative commands with him, and should be implicitly obeyed; and he thereupon stationed himself at the further side of the bridge in expectation of Anne Boleyn's arrival.

Presently, the sound of trumpets smote his ear, and a numerous and splendid retinue was seen advancing, consisting of nobles, knights, esquires, and gentlemen, ranged according to their degrees, and all sumptuously apparelled in cloths of gold and silver, and velvets of various colours, richly embroidered. Besides these, there were pages and other attendants in the liveries of their masters, together with serjeants of the guard and henchmen, in their full accoutrements. Among the nobles were the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk,—the king being desirous of honouring

as much as possible, her whom he had resolved to make his queen: the former was clothed in tissue, embroidered with roses of gold, with a baldric across his body of massive gold, and was mounted on a charger likewise trapped in gold; and the latter wore a mantle of cloth of silver, pounced in the form of letters, and lined with blue velvet, while his horse was trapped bardwise in harness embroidered with bullion gold curiously wrought. Both also wore the collar of the order of the Garter. Near them rode Sir Thomas Boleyn, who, conscious of the dignity to which his daughter was to be advanced, comported himself with almost intolerable haughtiness and insolence.

Immediately behind Sir Thomas Boleyn came a sumptuous litter covered with cloth of gold, drawn by four white palfreys caparisoned in white damask down to the ground, and each having an attendant in white and blue satin at its head. Over the litter was borne a canopy of cloth of gold supported by four gilt staves, and ornamented at the corners with silver bells, ringing forth sweet music as it moved along. Each staff was borne by a knight, of whom sixteen were in attendance to relieve one another when fatigued.

In this litter sat Anne Boleyn. She wore a surcoat of white tissue, and a mantle of the same material lined with ermine. Her gown, which, however, was now concealed by the surcoat, was of cloth of gold tissue, raised with pearls of damask silver, with a stomacher of purple gold similarly raised, and large open sleeves lined with chequered tissue. Around her neck she wore a chain of orient pearls, from which depended a diamond cross. A black velvet cap, richly embroidered with pearls and other precious stones, and ornamented with a small white plume, covered her head; and her small feet were hidden in blue velvet brodequins, decorated with diamond stars.

Anne Boleyn's features were exquisitely formed, and though not regular, far more charming than if they had been so. Her nose was slightly aquiline, but not enough so to detract from its beauty, and had a little *retroussé* point that completed its attraction. The rest of her features were delicately chiselled; the chin being beautifully rounded, the brows smooth and white as snow, while the rose could not vie with the bloom of her cheek. Her neck—alas! that the fell hand of the executioner should ever touch it—was long and slender, her eyes large and blue, and of irresistible witchery—sometimes scorching the beholder like a sunbeam, anon melting him with soul-subduing softness.

Of her accomplishments other opportunities will be found to speak; but it may be mentioned that she was skilled on many instruments, danced and sung divinely, and had rare powers of conversation and wit. If to these she had not added the dangerous desire to please, and the wish to hold other hearts than the royal one she had enslaved, in thraldom, all might, perhaps, have been well. But, alas! like many other beautiful women, she had a strong tendency to coquetry. How severely she suf-

fered for it, it is the purpose of this history to relate. An excellent description of her has been given by a contemporary writer, the Comte de Chateaubriand, who, while somewhat disparaging her personal attractions, speaks in rapturous terms of her accomplishments:—"*Anne,*" writes the Comte, "*avait un esprit si deslié qui c'estoit à qui l'ouïroit desgoiser; et si venoit-elle à poëtiser, telle qu'Orpheus, elle eust faict les ours et rochers attentifs: puis saltoit, balloit, et dançoit toutes dances Anglaises ou Estranges, et en imagina nombre qui ont gardé son nom ou celluy du galant pour qui les feit; puis sçavoit tous les jeux, qu'elle jouoit avec non plus d'heur que d'habilité; puis chantoit comme syrène, s'accompagnant de luth; harpoit mieuelx que le roy David, et manioit fort gentilment fleuste et rebec; puis s'accoustroit de tant et si merveilleuses façons, que ses inventions, faisoient d'elle le parangon de toutes les dames les plus sucrées de la court; mais nulle n'avoit sa grace, laquelle, au dire d'un ancien, passe venusté.*" Such was the opinion of one who knew her well during her residence at the French court, when in attendance on Mary of England, consort of Louis XII., and afterwards Duchess of Suffolk.

At this moment, Anne's eyes were fixed with some tenderness upon one of the supporters of her canopy on the right,—a very handsome young man, attired in a doublet and hose of black tylsent, paned and cut, and whose tall, well-proportioned figure, was seen to the greatest advantage, inasmuch as he had divested himself of his mantle, for his better convenience in walking.

"I fear me you will fatigue yourself, Sir Thomas Wyat," said Anne Boleyn, in tones of musical sweetness, which made the heart beat, and the colour mount to the cheeks of him she addressed. "You had better allow Sir Thomas Arundel or Sir John Hulstone to relieve you."

"I can feel no fatigue when near you, madam," replied Wyat, in a low tone.

A slight blush overspread Anne's features, and she raised her embroidered kerchief to her lips.

"If I had that kerchief I would wear it at the next lists, and defy all comers," said Wyat.

"You shall have it, then," rejoined Anne. "I love all chivalrous exploits, and will do my best to encourage them."

"Take heed, Sir Thomas," said Sir Francis Weston, the knight who held the staff on the other side, "or we shall have the canopy down. Let Sir Thomas Arundel relieve you."

"No," rejoined Wyat, recovering himself; "I will not rest till we come to the bridge."

"You are in no haste to possess the kerchief," said Anne, petulantly.

"There you wrong me, madam!" cried Sir Thomas, eagerly. "What ho, good fellows!" he shouted to the attendants at the palfreys' heads; "your lady desires you to stop."

"And I desire them to go on,—I, Will Sommers, jester to the high and mighty King Harry the Eighth!" cried a voice of mock

authority behind the knight; "what, if Sir Thomas Wyat has undertaken to carry the canopy further than any of his companions, is that a reason he should be relieved? Of a surety not—go on, I say!"

The person who thus spoke then stepped forward, and threw a glance so full of significance at Anne Boleyn that she did not care to dispute the order, but on the contrary, laughingly acquiesced in it.

Will Sommers, the king's jester, as he described himself, was a small, middle-aged personage, with a physiognomy in which goodnature and malice, folly and shrewdness, were so oddly blended, that it was difficult to say which predominated. His look was cunning and sarcastic, but it was tempered by great drollery and oddity of manner, and he laughed so heartily at his own jests and jibes, that it was scarcely possible to help joining him. His attire consisted of a long, loose gown, of spotted crimson silk, with the royal cipher woven in front in gold; hose of blue cloth, guarded with red and black cloth; and red leathern buskins. A sash tied round his waist served him instead of a girdle, and he wore a trencher-shaped cap on his head, with a white tufted feather in it. In his hand he carried a small horn. He was generally attended by a monkey, habited in a crimson doublet and hood, which sat upon his shoulder, and played very diverting tricks, but the animal was not with him on the present occasion.

Will Sommers was a great favourite with the king, and ventured upon familiarities which no one else dared to use with him. The favour in which he stood with his royal master procured him admittance to his presence at all hours, and at all seasons, and his influence, though seldom exerted, was very great. He was especially serviceable in turning aside the edge of the king's displeasure, and more frequently exerted himself to allay the storm, than to raise it. His principal hostility was directed against Wolsey, whose arrogance and grasping practices were the constant subjects of his railing. It was seldom, such was his privileged character, and the protection he enjoyed from the sovereign, that any of the courtiers resented his remarks; but Sir Thomas Wyat's feelings being now deeply interested, he turned sharply round, and said—"Why now, thou meddling varlet, what business hast thou to interfere?"

"I interfere to prove my authority, gossip Wyat," replied Sommers, "and to shew that, varlet as I am, I am as powerful as Mistress Anne Boleyn; nay, that I am yet more powerful, because I am obeyed, which she is not."

"Were I at liberty," said Sir Thomas, angrily, "I would make thee repent thine insolence."

"But you are not at liberty, good gossip," replied the jester, screaming with laughter; "you are tied like a slave to the oar, and cannot free yourself from it—ha! ha!" Having enjoyed the knight's discomposure for a few seconds, he advanced towards him, and whispered in his ear,—"Don't mistake me, gossip. I

have done thee good service in preventing thee from taking that kerchief. Hadst thou received it in the presence of these witnesses, thou wouldst have been lodged in the Round Tower of Windsor Castle to-morrow, instead of feasting with the knights-companions in Saint George's Hall."

"I believe thou art right, gossip," said Wyat, in the same tone.

"Rest assured I am," replied Sommers; "and I furthermore counsel thee to decline this dangerous gift altogether, and to think no more of the fair profferer, or if thou *must* think of her, let it be as of one beyond thy reach. Cross not the lion's path. Take a friendly hint from the jackall."

And without waiting for a reply, he darted away, and mingled with the cavalcade in the rear.

Immediately behind Anne Boleyn's litter rode a company of henchmen of the royal household, armed with gilt partisans. Next succeeded a chariot covered with red cloth of gold, and drawn by four horses richly caparisoned, containing the old Duchess of Norfolk and the old Marchioness of Dorset. Then came the king's natural son, the Duke of Richmond—a young man formed on the same large scale, and distinguished by the same haughty port and the same bluff manner, as his royal sire. The duke's mother was the Lady Talboys, esteemed one of the most beautiful women of the age, and who had, for a long time, held the capricious monarch captive. Henry was warmly attached to his son; showered favours without number upon him; and might have done yet more for him, if fate had not snatched him away at an early age.

Though scarcely eighteen, the Duke of Richmond looked more than twenty, and his lips and chin were clothed with a well grown, though closely-clipped beard. He was magnificently habited in a doublet of cloth of gold of bawdekin, the placard and sleeves of which were wrought with flat gold, and fastened with aiglets. A girdle of crimson velvet, enriched with precious stones, encircled his waist, and sustained a poniard, and a Toledo sword, damascened with gold. Over all, he wore a loose robe, or *housse*, of scarlet mohair, trimmed with minever; and was further decorated with the collar of the order of the Garter. His cap was of white velvet, ornamented with emeralds, and from the side depended a small azure plume. He rode a magnificent black charger trapped in housings of cloth of gold, powdered with ermine.

By the duke's side rode the Earl of Surrey, attired as upon the previous day, and mounted on a fiery Arabian, trapped in crimson velvet, fringed with Venetian gold. Both nobles were attended by their esquires in their liveries.

Behind them came a chariot covered with cloth of silver, and drawn, like the first, by four horses in rich housings, containing two very beautiful damsels, one of whom attracted so much of the attention of the youthful nobles, that it was with difficulty they could preserve due order of march. The young dame in

question was about seventeen; her face was oval in form, with features of the utmost delicacy and regularity. Her complexion was fair and pale, and contrasted strikingly with her jetty brows and magnificent black eyes, of oriental size, tenderness, and lustre. Her dark and luxuriant tresses were confined by a cap of black velvet faced with white satin, and ornamented with pearls. Her gown was of white satin worked with gold, and had long, open, pendent sleeves; while from her slender and marble neck hung a cordelière—a species of necklace imitated from the cord worn by Franciscan friars, and formed of crimson silk twisted with threads of Venetian gold.

This fair creature was the Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald, ninth Earl of Kildare, who claimed descent from the Geraldi family of Florence; but she was generally known by the appellation of the Fair Geraldine—a title bestowed upon her, on account of her beauty, by the king, and by which she has survived to us, and will continue to live, as long as poetry endures, in the deathless and enchanting strains of her lover, the Earl of Surrey. At the instance of her mother, Lady Kildare, the fair Geraldine was brought up with the Princess Mary, afterwards Queen of England; but she had been lately assigned by the royal order as one of the attendants—a post equivalent to that of maid of honour—to Anne Boleyn.

Her companion was the Lady Mary Howard, the sister of the Earl of Surrey, a nymph about her own age, and possessed of great personal attractions, having nobly-formed features, radiant blue eyes, light tresses, and a complexion of dazzling clearness. Lady Mary Howard nourished a passion for the Duke of Richmond, whom she saw with secret chagrin captivated by the superior charms of the fair Geraldine. Her uneasiness, however, was in some degree diminished by the knowledge, which, as confidante of the latter she had obtained, that her brother was master of her heart. Lady Mary was dressed in a gown of blue velvet, cut and lined with cloth of gold, and wore a head-gear of white velvet, ornamented with pearls.

Just as the cavalcade came in sight of Datchet Bridge, the Duke of Richmond turned his horse's head, and rode up to the side of the chariot on which the fair Geraldine was sitting.

"I am come to tell you of a marvellous adventure that befel Surrey in the Home Park at Windsor, last night," he said. "He declares he has seen the demon hunter, Herne."

"Then pray let the Earl of Surrey relate the adventure to us himself," replied the fair Geraldine. "No one can tell a story so well as the hero of it."

The duke signed to the youthful earl, who was glancing rather wistfully at them, and who immediately joined them, while Richmond passed over to the Lady Mary Howard. Surrey then proceeded to relate what had happened to him in the park, and the fair Geraldine listened to his recital with breathless interest.

"Heaven shield us from evil spirits!" she exclaimed, crossing

herself. "But what is the history of this wicked hunter, my lord?—and why did he incur such a dreadful doom?"

"I know nothing more than that he was a keeper in the forest, who, having committed some heinous crime, hanged himself from a branch of the oak beneath which I found the keeper, Morgan Fenwolf—and which still bears his name," replied the earl. "For this unrighteous act, he cannot obtain rest, but is condemned to wander through the forest at midnight, where he wreaks his vengeance in blasting the trees."

"The legend I have heard differs from yours," observed the Duke of Richmond. "Mine runs that the spirit by which the forest is haunted is a wood-demon, who assumes the shape of a ghostly hunter, and seeks to tempt or terrify the keepers to barter their souls to him."

"Your grace's legend is the better of the two," said Lady Mary Howard. "I trust the evil spirit did not make you any such offer, brother of Surrey?"

The earl gravely shook his head.

"If I were to meet him, and he offered me my heart's dearest wish, I fear he would prevail with me," observed the duke, glancing tenderly at the fair Geraldine.

"Tush!—the subject is too serious for jesting, Richmond," said Surrey, almost sternly.

"His grace, as is usual in compacts with the fiend, might have reason to rue his bargain," observed Lady Mary Howard, peevishly.

"If the Earl of Surrey were my brother," remarked the fair Geraldine to the Lady Mary, "I would interdict him from roaming in the park after nightfall."

"He is very wilful," said Lady Mary, smiling, "and holds my commands but lightly."

"Let the fair Geraldine lay hers upon me, and she shall not have to reproach me with disobedience," said the earl.

"I must interpose to prevent their utterance," cried Richmond, with a somewhat jealous look at his friend—"for I have determined to know more of this mystery, and shall require the earl's assistance to unravel it. I think I remember Morgan Fenwolf, the keeper, and will send for him to the castle and question him. But in any case, I and Surrey will visit Herne's oak to-night."

The remonstrances of both ladies were interrupted by the sudden appearance of Will Sommers.

"What ho! my lords—to your places! to your places!" cried the jester, in a shrill, angry voice, "See ye not we are close upon Datchet Bridge? Ye can converse with these fair dames at a more fitting season; but it is the king's pleasure that the cavalcade should make a goodly show. To your places, I say!"

Laughing at the jester's peremptory injunction, the two young nobles nevertheless obeyed it, and, bowing almost to the saddle to the ladies, resumed their posts.

The concourse assembled on Datchet Bridge welcomed Anne

Boleyn's arrival with loud acclamations, while joyous strains proceeded from sackbut and psaltery, and echoing blasts from the trumpets. Caps were flung into the air, and a piece of ordnance was fired from the barge, which was presently afterwards answered by the castle guns. Having paid his homage to Anne Boleyn, the mayor rejoined the company of bailiffs and burgesses, and the whole cavalcade crossed the bridge, winding their way slowly along the banks of the river, the barge, with the minstrels playing in it, accompanying them the while. In this way, they reached Windsor, and as Anne Boleyn gazed up at the lordly castle, above which the royal standard now floated, proud and aspiring thoughts swelled her heart, and she longed for the hour when she should approach it as its mistress. Just then, her eye chanced on Sir Thomas Wyat, who was riding behind her amongst the knights, and she felt, though it would cost her a struggle, that love would yield to ambition.

Leaving the barge and its occupants to await the king's arrival, the cavalcade ascended Thames Street, and were welcomed everywhere with acclamations and rejoicing. Bryan Bowntance, who had stationed himself beneath the archway in front of his house, attempted to address Anne Boleyn, but could not bring forth a word. His failure, however, was more successful than his speech might have been, inasmuch as it excited abundance of laughter.

Arrived at the area in front of the lower gateway, Anne Boleyn's litter was drawn up in the midst of it, and the whole of the cavalcade grouping around her, presented a magnificent sight to the archers and arquebusiers stationed on the towers and walls.

Just at this moment, a signal gun was heard from Datchet Bridge, announcing that the king had reached it, and the Dukes of Suffolk, Norfolk, and Richmond, together with the Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyat, and a few of their gentlemen, rode back to meet him. They had scarcely, however, reached the foot of the hill when the royal party appeared in view, for the king, with his characteristic impatience, on drawing near the castle, had urged his attendants quickly forward.

First came half a dozen trumpeters, with silken bandrols fluttering in the breeze, blowing loud flourishes. Then a party of halberdiers, whose leaders had pennons streaming from the tops of their tall pikes. Next came two gentlemen-ushers bareheaded, but mounted and richly habited, belonging to the cardinal of York, who cried out, as they pressed forward—"On before, my masters, on before!—make way for my lord's grace."

Then came a serjeant of arms bearing a great mace of silver, and two gentlemen carrying each a pillar of silver. Next rode a gentleman carrying the cardinal's hat, and after him came Wolsey himself, mounted on a mule trapped in crimson velvet, with a saddle covered with the same stuff, and gilt spurs. His large person was arrayed in robes of the finest crimson satin

engrained, and a silk cap of the same colour contrasted by its brightness with the pale, purple tint of his sullen, morose, and bloated features. The cardinal took no notice of the clamour around him, but now and then, when an expression of dislike was uttered against him, for he had already began to be unpopular with the people, he would raise his eyes and direct a withering glance at the hardy speaker. But these expressions were few, for, though tottering, Wolsey was yet too formidable to be insulted with impunity. On either side of him were two mounted attendants each carrying a gilt pole-axe, who, if he had given the word, would have instantly chastised the insolence of the by-standers; while behind him rode his two cross-bearers, upon horses trapped in scarlet.

Wolsey's princely retinue was followed by a litter of crimson velvet, in which lay the Pope's legate, Cardinal Campeggio, whose infirmities were so great that he could not move without assistance. Campeggio was likewise attended by a numerous train.

After a long line of lords, knights, and esquires, came Henry the Eighth. He was appareled in a robe of crimson velvet furred with ermines, and wore a doublet of raised gold, the placard of which was embroidered with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, large pearls, and other precious stones. About his neck was a baldric of balas rubies, and over his robe he wore the collar of the order of the garter. His horse, a charger of the largest size, and well able to sustain his vast weight, was trapped in crimson velvet purfled with ermines. His knights and esquires were clothed in purple velvet, and his henchmen in scarlet tunics of the same make as those worn by the warders of the Tower at the present day.

Henry was in his thirty-eighth year, and though somewhat overgrown and heavy, had lost none of his activity, and but little of the grace of his noble proportions. His size and breadth of limb were well displayed in his magnificent habiliments. His countenance was handsome and manly, with a certain broad burly look, thoroughly English in its character, which won him much admiration from his subjects; and though it might be objected that the eyes were too small, and the mouth somewhat too diminutive, it could not be denied that the general expression of the face was kingly in the extreme. A prince of a more "royal presence" than Henry the Eighth was never seen, and though he had many and grave faults, want of dignity was not amongst the number.

Henry entered Windsor amid the acclamations of the spectators, the fanfares of trumpeters, and the roar of ordnance from the castle walls.

Meanwhile, Anne Boleyn, having descended from her litter, which passed through the gate into the lower ward, stood with her ladies beneath the canopy awaiting his arrival.

A wide clear space was preserved before her, into which, however, Wolsey penetrated, and, dismounting, placed himself so

that he could witness the meeting between her and the king. Behind him was the jester, Will Sommers, who was equally curious with himself. The litter of Cardinal Campeggio passed through the gateway and proceeded to the lodgings reserved for his eminence.

Scarcely had Wolsey taken up his station than Henry rode up, and, alighting, consigned his horse to a page, and, followed by the Duke of Richmond and the Earl of Surrey, advanced towards Anne Boleyn, who immediately stepped forward to meet him.

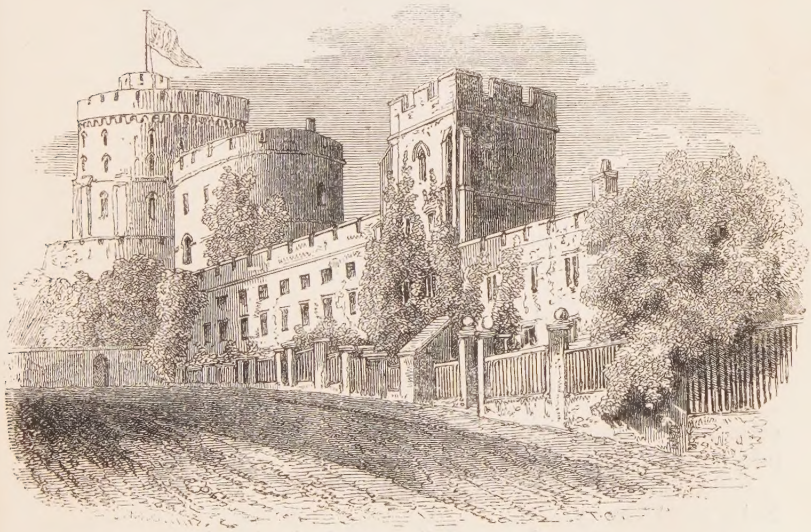
"Fair mistress," he said, taking her hand, and regarding her with a look of passionate devotion, "I welcome you to this my castle of Windsor, and trust soon to make you as absolute mistress of it, as I am lord and master."

Anne Boleyn blushed, and cast down her eyes, and Sir Thomas Wyat, who stood at some little distance with his hand upon his saddle, regarding her, felt that any hopes he might have entertained were utterly annihilated.

"Heard you that, my lord cardinal?" said Will Sommers to Wolsey. "She will soon be mistress here. As she comes in, you go out—mind that!"

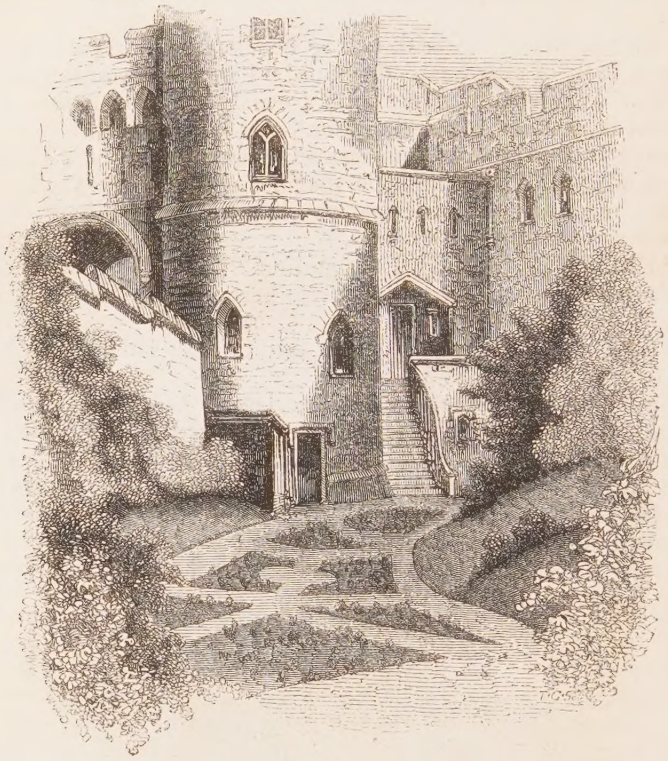
The cardinal made no answer further than was conveyed by the deepened colour of his cheeks.

Amid continued fanfares and acclamations, Harry then led Anne Boleyn through the gateway, followed by the ladies in waiting, who were joined by the Earls Richmond and Surrey. The prelate, chancellor, register, black-rod, and other officers of the Garter, together with the whole of the royal retinue who had dismounted, came after them. A vast concourse of spectators, extending almost as far as the Lieutenant's Tower, was collected



ALMS-KNIGHTS' HOUSES, AND LIEUTENANT'S TOWER.

in front of the Alms-Knights' Houses; but a wide space had been kept clear by the henchmen for the passage of the sovereign and his train, and along this, Henry proceeded with Anne Boleyn, in the direction of the upper ward. Just as he reached the Norman Tower, and passed the entrance to the keep, the Duke of Shoreditch, who was standing beneath the gateway, advanced towards him, and prostrated himself on one knee.



NORMAN TOWER, FROM THE GARDEN.

"May it please your majesty," said Shoreditch, "I last night arrested a butcher of Windsor, for uttering words highly disrespectful of your highness, and of the fair and virtuous lady by your side."

"Ah! God's death!" exclaimed the king. "Where is the traitor? Bring him before us."

"He is here," replied Shoreditch.

And immediately Mark Fytton was brought forward by a couple of halberdiers. He still preserved his undaunted demeanour, and gazed sternly at the king.

"So, fellow, thou hast dared to speak disrespectfully of us—ha!" cried Henry.

"I have spoken the truth," replied the butcher, fearlessly.

"I have said you were about to divorce your lawful consort, Catherine of Arragon, and to take the minion, Anne Boleyn, who stands beside you, to your bed. And I added it was a wrongful act."

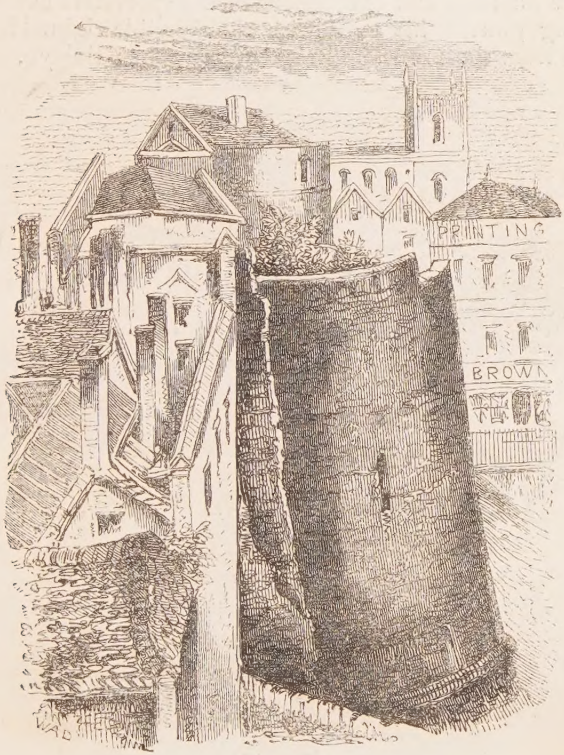
"Foul befal thy lying tongue for saying so!" replied Henry, furiously. "I have a mind to have it plucked from thy throat, and cast to the dogs. What ho, guards, take this caitiff to the summit of the highest tower of the castle—the Curfew Tower—and hang him from it, so that all my loyal subjects in Windsor may see how traitors are served."

"Your highness has judged him justly," said Anne Boleyn.

"You say so now, Mistress Anne Boleyn," rejoined the butcher, "but you yourself shall one day stand in as much peril of your life as I now do, and shall plead as vainly as I should, were I to plead at all, which I would never do, to this inexorable tyrant. You will then remember my end."

"Away with him!" cried Henry. "I myself will go to the Garter Tower to see it done. Farewell for a short while, sweetheart. I will read these partisans of Catherine a terrible lesson."

As the butcher was hurried off to the Curfew Tower, the




GARTER TOWER, FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE CURFEW TOWER.

king proceeded with his attendants to the Garter Tower, and ascended to its summit.

In less than ten minutes, a stout pole, like the mast of a ship, was thrust through the battlements of the Curfew Tower, on the side looking towards the town. To this pole a rope, of some dozen feet in length, and having a noose at one end, was firmly secured. The butcher was then brought forth, bound hand and foot, and the noose was thrown over his neck.

While this was passing, the wretched man descried a person looking at him from a window in a wooden structure projecting from the side of the tower.

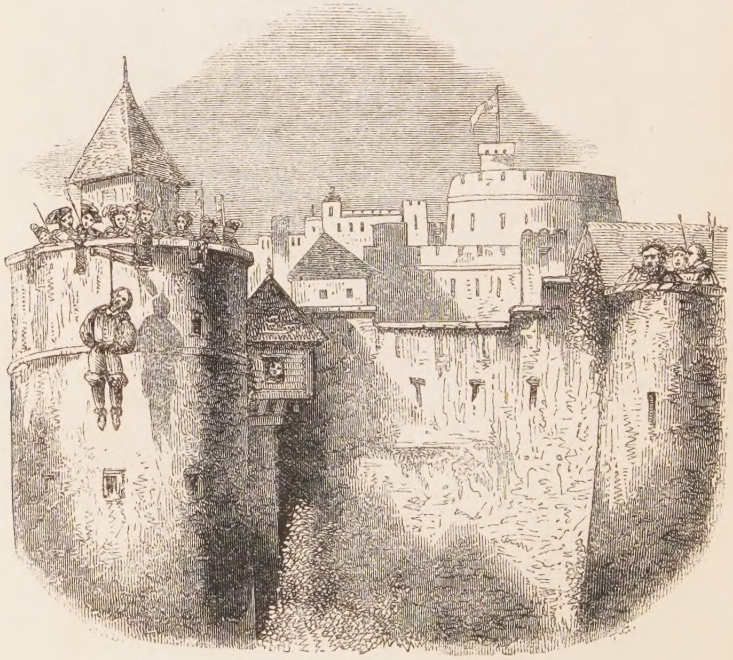
"What, are you there, Morgan Fenwolf?" he cried. "Remember what passed between us in the dungeon last night, and be warned! You will not meet your end as firmly as I meet mine."

"Make thy shrift quickly, fellow, if though hast aught to say," interposed one of the halberdiers.

"I have no shrift to make," rejoined the butcher. "I have already settled my account with Heaven. God preserve Queen Catherine!"

As he uttered these words, he was thrust off from the battlements by the halberdiers, and his body swung into the abyss, amid the hootings and execrations of the spectators below.

Having glutted his eyes with the horrible sight, Henry descended from the tower, and returned to Anne Boleyn.



# THE MISER'S DAUGHTER.

A Tale.

BY THE EDITOR.

## BOOK THE THIRD.

### CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

BY WHAT DEVICE PHILIP FREWIN GOT OFF; AND HOW RANDULPH AND TRUSSELL WERE LOCKED UP IN THE WATCH-HOUSE.

SEEING no chance of escape, Philip Frewin suddenly started to his feet, and running towards the watchmen, plucked off his wig to shew the extent of the injuries he had received, and charged the others with an assault upon him.

"My scull's fractured, I believe," he groaned; "and if you hadn't come up, I dare say I should have been killed outright. There stands the ruffian, who knocked me down," he added, pointing to Randulph.

"You yourself commenced the assault, scoundrel," replied Randulph, stepping forward; "and if you have been severely punished, you have only met with your desert."

"This device shall not serve your turn, villain," rejoined Philip. "Secure him, watchman. I'll swear he meant to rob and murder me."

"This is a serious charge," said the watchman to Randulph; "and if the gen'l'man persists in it, I must take you in custody. I was in hopes, and so was you, Charley, was'nt you," he added, appealing to the other watchman, who replied by a confirmatory grunt, "that it was only a bit of a fight between some gentlefolks about a girl, or some trifling matter of the sort, and that it might be set to rights by a bowl of punch among themselves, and a crown or so to us, poor fellows. But this is another matter altogether."

"What has been stated is utterly false," replied Randulph. "I was walking quietly along this street with my relative, who has sustained quite as much personal damage as any one in the fray, when this scoundrel, accompanied by two other ruffians, suddenly attacked me; and if it had not been for the assistance afforded me by that stout porter," pointing to Jacob Post, "I might not now be in a condition to give this explanation."

"The young gen'l'man speaks the truth, watchman," interposed Jacob; "if there's been any robbery and assault intended, (which I doubt,) it has'nt been on *his* part."

"You wont listen to what this fellow says, watchman!" cried Philip; "he's one of the gang."

"I declare I'm quite perplexed by these contradictory statements, Charley," said the foremost watchman; "but I s'pose the best plan will be to take 'em all to the watchus."

"I s'pose so, Sam," replied the other.

"I shan't be taken!" cried Jacob, gruffly; "what'll become of my poor master, if I don't go home?"

"You hear what he says, watchman?" cried Philip; "he wants to be off. Secure him."

"Ay, ay, never fear!" cried the watchman, throwing himself on Jacob. "Spring the rattle, Charley."

His comrade obeyed, and by this time several other persons having come up, Jacob was secured, and Randulph, who offered no resistance, surrounded, and made prisoner. Trussell, who had partly recovered from the effects of the blow, was likewise seized, and the black-muzzled Jack, who appeared much injured, was also lifted up, and supported between two men. After some further objurgation and discussion, the foremost watchman gave the word to move on, when the door of the house near them opened, and Kitty Conway rushed forth, and made her way through the crowd, to Randulph.

"This is all a mistake!" she cried to the watchmen; "you are taking away the wrong persons. This gentleman, Mr. Randulph Crew, was coming to sup with me. I was expecting him, and hearing a noise in the street, I opened my window, and witnessed the affray."

"Well, and what did you see, madam—what did you see?" demanded Philip, fiercely.

"I saw Randulph Crew knock you down," replied Kitty.

"To be sure," replied Philip; "he *did* knock me down, and would have killed me if he could. This woman's evidence corroborates my statement."

"But I heard from the shouts that you were the first assailant, Philip," replied Kitty. "Besides, Captain Culpepper was with you,—though he was beaten off by Randulph."

"Don't Philip me, ma'am!" cried the other; "I don't know you, and don't desire to know you—neither do I know anything of Captain Culpepper. You want to get off your friend, that's evident,—but it wont do. He'll pass the night in the watchhouse, instead of supping with you. Go on, watchman!"

"You are worse even than I thought you, Philip!" cried Kitty, in tones of the strongest contempt.

"I shouldn't mind being locked up in the watchhouse," said Jacob; "but what'll my young missis think of it?—what'll become of my poor master? If anythin' happens to him, I shall never forgive myself. I wish somebody would take a message from me to Miss Scarve in the Little Sanctuary,—it would make me more easy."

"I will take it," said Kitty, readily; "and will explain all."

"You!" exclaimed Jacob. "No; that'll never do. But

before he could get out the latter part of his speech, Kitty had retired, and he was forced on by his captors.

The party took the direction of Piccadilly, Philip Frewin walking by the side of Sam, the foremost watchman, who kept fast hold of his arm, and the others following. As they drew near the top of the Haymarket, Philip said in a low tone to the watchman,—"You'll make more out of this job by letting me go, than by detaining me."

"Which way?" asked Sam, in the same tone.

"Here are five guineas," replied Philip, slipping a purse into the other's hand; "contrive my escape, and that of the black-muzzled fellow in the sailor's dress; but lock up the others all night."

Sam held the money to the light, and saw that it was all right.

"I'll manage it," he said. "So the charge you preferred against 'em was all gammon, eh?"

"To be sure," replied Philip; "but keep them safely under lock and key till to-morrow morning, and I'll double what I've just given you. You'll find me on this spot to-morrow night, at ten."

"That'll do," replied Sam. "And here we're at the top o' the Haymarket. Give me a push, and then make off as fast as you can. I'll take care of the rest. Your black-muzzled friend shall get his liberty by and by."

Philip obeyed these instructions to the letter. Turning suddenly upon the watchman, and thrusting him forcibly backwards, he set off as fast as his legs could carry him. Sam instantly started in pursuit, calling loudly to his brethren to take care of the other prisoners; but he returned a few minutes afterwards, out of breath, and swearing that the fellow had managed to get off. Feigning to be in a very ill-humour, he returned a surly reply to Randulph's remarks on his carelessness, and hurried the prisoners along until they reached Air-street, where the watch-house was situated. The door was instantly opened by a constable, with whom Sam exchanged a few words in an undertone; after which the prisoners were led down a narrow, dirty passage, and thrust into a filthy-looking hole, furnished only with a couple of benches, on which three or four persons of very equivocal appearance were stretched. Sam then, for the first time, appeared to notice the absence of the black-muzzled Jack, and inquiring where he was, was told that he had also contrived to escape.

"Escaped! has he?" cried Sam, affecting to be in a great passion; "why zounds! they slip out of your fingers like eels. However, these three are safe enough, that's some comfort."

"If our accuser is gone," cried Randulph, looking round the chamber with inexpressible disgust, "why are we detained?"

"You're detained on a serious charge," replied Sam; "and I can't take upon me to let you go. But I'll fetch Mr. Foggo, the constable, and if he likes to liberate you, that'll be his concern."

So saying, he went forth with his comrades, locking the door after him.

"An agreeable situation, uncle," said Randulph to Trussell, who had seated himself on the extremity of one of the benches.

"Agreeable enough," groaned Trussell. "Oh, my poor head!"

"What would my dear young missis, or your good mother think of us, if they could see us now in this place, and with this company?" said Jacob. "I'd rather have got a cracked crown myself than Mrs. Conway should call on Miss Hilda."

"So would I," rejoined Randulph.

"Come, come, no grumbling," cried Trussell, rousing himself. "I'm the greatest sufferer after all. Everything will be set right in the morning, and in the meantime, let's pass the night as comfortably as we can. It's not the first time I've been in a watch-house. Depend upon it we shan't be liberated; but I'll engage to say, we can get a better room than this."

And so it turned out. In about ten minutes, Sam made his appearance, with Mr. Foggo, who said he could not discharge the prisoners till they had been before a magistrate.

"Can't you give us a little better accommodation, Mr. Foggo?" asked Trussell, slipping a guinea into his hand.

The constable said nothing, but took them into a back room, furnished with a small deal table, and three or four rush-bottomed chairs.

"This is a room after my poor master's own heart," said Jacob, looking at the bare walls and grated windows.

"Anything I can get you, gen'l'men?" asked the constable, as he set a light on the table.

"I suppose we *must* stay here all night, Mr. Foggo?" said Trussell. "We're family men—and our ladies will be excessively annoyed at our absence."

"Sorry for it, sir, but you must stay," replied the constable. "If you desire it, I dare say I can so manage it that you shan't come before his worship. And in the meantime, though it's against rules,—but I don't mind obliging a gentleman,—if, I say, a bowl of punch would be agreeable——"

"A bowl of punch, by all means!" cried Trussell; "here's money for it," he added, giving him another guinea.

"I see you understand our ways, sir," said the constable, bowing. And he left the room.

"Come, don't be downcast, my boy!" cried Trussell, clapping his nephew on the shoulder. "We shall have a jolly night of it after all. My head is getting better every minute. If Hilda and your mother do hear of your adventure, they'll only laugh at it. I've been locked up a dozen times or more in my younger days, and hope I shall be again. So cheer up, my boy. Your initiation into life would have been incomplete without this occurrence."

Randulph could not help responding to his uncle's laugh, and Mr. Foggo shortly after appearing with a bowl of excellent punch, he began to think that the best way was to make himself comfortable. Jacob, too, yielded to the genial influence of the liquor, and ere long they were all laughing as merrily as if they were at large. The bowl of punch discussed, Trussell disposed himself to slumber in his chair; Jacob stretched himself at full length on the floor; and Randulph, having paced the chamber for some time, dropped asleep likewise.

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## CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

KITTY CONWAY AND THE LITTLE BARBER PLAY A TRICK UPON THE FAIR THOMASINE. — SIR SINGLETON SPINKE IS DELUDED INTO A MARRIAGE WITH THE PRETTY ACTRESS AT THE FLEET.

KITTY CONWAY was as good as her word. Scarcely had the watchmen departed with their prisoners than she set out for the Little Sanctuary. With a beating heart, and trembling hand, she knocked at the miser's door; but her summons remained unanswered, and she was about to repeat it, when a man crossed the street and addressed her.

"Mr. Scarve is very ill, ma'am," he said;—"dangerously ill."

"So I've heard," replied Kitty. "I wish I could make them hear," she added, knocking again, and waiting vainly for an answer.

"I fear you've come on a fruitless errand," said the person, who still remained standing near her; "the porter is from home."

"I know it—I know it," replied Kitty, hastily. "He has been taken to the watch-house. I want to see Miss Scarve, to tell her so."

"What!" exclaimed the other, starting. "Jacob Post taken to the watchhouse! This is an extraordinary event. Would," he added, with a groan, "that another person I could mention were taken there, too!"

"And pray who may be the person implied by your amiable wish?" asked Kitty.

"Sir Singleton Spinke," replied the other. "Do you know him, ma'am?"

"Perfectly well," replied Kitty.

"Then you don't require to be told what a dreadful old rake he is," replied the other; "nor will you wonder at my resentment against him, when I tell you he has attempted to run away with my betrothed."

"Your betrothed!" exclaimed Kitty. "Pray what is her name?"

"She is generally denominated the fair Thomasine," replied the other; "but perhaps I ought to call her Miss Deacle."

"Ah! then I know who you are," rejoined Kitty; "you are Peter Pokerich, the little barber."

"Right, madam," he replied, "I am that unfortunate individual,"

"And how does Sir Singleton mean to rob you of your mistress,—let me hear?" asked Kitty.

"He has made her an offer of marriage," replied Peter, "and she has accepted him—perfidious that she is! I asked her to sup with me to-night, for the last time, that I may have an opportunity of upbraiding her, and she has accepted the invitation. I'm waiting for her now, for she can't get out till the old people go to bed."

As he spoke, the mercer's door opened, and a female figure issued from it.

"There she is, I declare!" cried the little barber. "I'm so angry with her for her treachery, that I could almost kill her."

"Don't think of such nonsense," replied Kitty; "if you want to revenge yourself, I'll tell you how to do it. Pretend to make love to me."

"That's easily done," replied the barber. "Permit me to take your hand. I'll affect not to see the deceitful little hussey. Let me entreat you, madam," he added, putting on an impassioned air, "to come in with me. We can converse so much more pleasantly than in the street. Somebody may overhear us."

"Somebody *does* overhear you, you little wretch!" cried the fair Thomasine, stopping. "Good gracious! if he isn't making love to the woman. I wonder who she can be."

"She sees us," whispered Kitty; "the plan will do. I'll feign reluctance. Oh no, I can't go in with you," she added, irresolutely.

"I beseech you, do," replied Peter. "I expected a visit from a neighbour,—Miss Thomasine Deacle, and I've prepared a little supper for her; but I wont wait."

"And so you want me to take her place?" cried Kitty. "Very flattering indeed! I dare say you'll try to persuade me next that you prefer me to her."

"So I do!" cried Peter; "I prefer you greatly. You're a thousand times prettier than she is."

"I shall burst with rage!" cried the fair Thomasine. "I could tear his disagreeable little eyes out."

"Well, since you're so pressing, I'll just go in for a moment," said Kitty; "but I wont sit down—and as to supper——"

"You'll just eat a mouthful?" replied Peter.

"Oh, I've no doubt she'll enjoy herself nicely!" said the fair Thomasine; "but I'll spoil their pastime,—that I will!"

"This way, madam!" cried Peter, handing the pretty actress towards his dwelling.

"She's close behind us," whispered Kitty; "contrive to let her get in without observation."

Peter signified his assent in a whisper, and pretending to offer the most gallant attentions to the actress left the door purposely open. Unconscious of the trick practised upon her, the fair Thomasine slipped in after them, and hid herself behind a large wooden case, on which several wig-blocks were set.

Having caught a glimpse of what had occurred, Kitty squeezed Peter's hand to let him know how matters stood, and he immediately took the hint.

"I declare I've left the door open," he said, locking it; "how excessively careless in me! The fair Thomasine might get in, and surprise us."

"She has got beforehand with you, sir," muttered the young lady alluded to, looking up for an instant from behind the case.

"And now, ma'am," said Peter, lighting a couple of candles, and placing them on the table, on which cold chickens and other viands were laid, "you'll take a little supper with me?"

"Well, it looks so nice that it almost tempts me," said Kitty, seating herself. "I think I could manage the wing of a chicken."

Having helped her as she required, Peter ran to a cupboard, and brought out a bottle of wine.

"This is some delicious Constantia which I got for the fair Thomasine," he said, pouring out a glass; "but I'm glad you'll drink it instead of her."

"Hear's to our absent friends," said Kitty, taking the glass.

"I pledge you," rejoined the little barber; "though I should be sorry to change my present friend for any absent one."

"Oh, the horrid, deceitful little monster!" cried the fair Thomasine. "He was never half so gallant to me."

"By the bye, ma'am," said Peter, "your beauty has so fascinated me that I've omitted to ask your name?"

"It is Kitty Conway," replied the actress. "And so, old Sir Singleton Spinke is about to take Miss Deacle off your hands, eh?"

"I believe so," replied Peter; "and I wish her joy of her bargain — ha! ha! and Sir Singleton of his, too! She wont know a day's happiness after she becomes Lady Spinke. Now, I should have made her a good husband—a really good husband—for I was devotedly attached to her. But some people don't know what's good for them. However, I'm delighted that things have turned out in this way—I've made a capital change. Here's to our better acquaintance," he added, filling the glasses again.

"The amorous little wretch will get tipsy, and propose to her, I expect," said the fair Thomasine.

"Sir Singleton Spinke, as I told you, is an old friend of mine," said Kitty Conway; "he paid me great attention, and, if I had chosen, I might have been Lady Spinke; but I knew better—ha! ha!"

"I hope your objection was to Sir Singleton, and not to

the married state?" said Peter. "You are not sworn to single blessedness, I trust?"

"What a very odd question," replied the actress. "I have never given the matter serious consideration."

"Then do so now," replied Peter, stepping forward, and throwing himself at her feet; "oh! be mine! be mine, sweet Kitty! I've no gilt coach to offer you, like Sir Singleton—no beautiful dresses—no magnificent diamonds. I can't take you to court in the morning, and to Ranelagh, Vauxhall, or some fine lady's drum in the evening. I've no temptations to hold out. But I *can* offer you sincere affection—a comfortable home—and a young husband. Yes, a young husband! I'm not a battered old beau, but a smart, dapper, little fellow, of two-and-twenty, well worthy any woman's notice. If that don't sting her, I've done," he added, in a lower tone.

"You certainly appear very amiable," said Kitty, with difficulty keeping her countenance, "and are reasonably good looking."

"Answer me," cried the little barber, passionately—"or let me snatch a reply from your honeyed lips."

"I can stand this no longer," cried the fair Thomasine. And bursting from her concealment, she ran up to Peter, and boxed his ears soundly.

"There! take that—and that!" she cried—"that'll teach you to make love to other ladies before my eyes."

"Halloa, madam! what do you mean by this?" cried Peter, rubbing his cheek. "How the deuce did you get into the room?—through the key-hole?"

"No matter how I got in," replied the fair Thomasine. "I've seen all that has passed, and heard all you've said. I'm astonished at you, Peter. How can you look me in the face after the shocking things you've said of me behind my back? But don't think I mind them, any more than the loss of your affection. I sha'n't bestow another thought upon you. As to you, madam——"

"Well, madam!" exclaimed Kitty, calmly.

"May you be happy with him—that's all I have to say," continued the fair Thomasine, hysterically. "May you love him as much as I could have loved him; and may you never repent interfering with the happiness of another!"

"Come, I like this, Miss Thomasine," said Peter. "It's very well for you to talk of interfering with the happiness of another; but didn't I see you listening to the addresses of that odious old beau—didn't I see him kiss your hand—didn't I hear you promise to run away with him—didn't I hear and see all this? Answer me that?"

"I will not deny that I was foolish enough to listen to Sir Singleton's addresses," replied the fair Thomasine, with dignity; "for the strongest of our sex is not proof against vanity. But I never assented to his proposal; or if I did so, it was only pretence."

"Oh, say that again, dearest Tommy—say it again?" cried Peter, delightedly.

"It was all a pretence—I never meant to marry him!" repeated the fair Thomasine.

"You make me the happiest of barbers," cried Peter, catching her in his arms, and pressing her to his bosom.

"Mercy on us! what's this?" exclaimed the fair Thomasine, extricating herself from his embrace, and assuming a cold demeanour. "I thought you preferred this lady to me?"

"That was all a pretence, too," replied Peter. "The trick has succeeded to a miracle: we both of us knew you were behind that case."

"Ah! if I had only been aware of that!" cried the fair Thomasine.

"It's very well you were not, in my opinion, Miss Deacle," said Kitty Conway. "I here restore you your lover, and assure you I never had a wish to rob you of him. And now, wont you sit down to supper with us?"

Peter instantly set a chair for her, placed the wing of a chicken on her plate, poured out a glass of Constantia, and the party were soon as merry as possible. During a pause in the conversation, they heard a watchman go past, and cry the hour.

"Three quarters past eleven," said the fair Thomasine; "the old beau promised to come for me at twelve."

"I thought it was at six o'clock to-morrow morning?" said Peter.

"No, twelve to-night," replied the fair Thomasine. "Finding you had overheard him, he altered the time. We were to be married at the Fleet."

"It's a pity to disappoint him," observed Kitty, laughingly.

"How!" exclaimed Peter and the fair Thomasine, simultaneously.

"He ought to have a wife, since he has made up his mind to commit the rash act of matrimony," rejoined Kitty. "A plan just occurs to me. I'll take your place, Miss Deacle—that is, I'll disguise myself like you—conceal my features in a mask, and he'll never know the difference."

"Capital!" exclaimed Peter; "that will be turning the tables upon him with a vengeance."

"I'll lend you my columbine's dress," said the fair Thomasine; "it will just fit you—and my mask. Come with me. You haven't a moment to spare."

"The quicker the better," said Kitty; "for if I give myself time for reflection, I sha'n't do it."

They then hurried away, and Peter having helped himself to another glass of Constantia, and put out the candles, followed them, and concealed himself in an alley near the mercer's dwelling, where he could see, unobserved, all that passed. Punctually as the abbey clock struck twelve, the sound of wheels

was heard—a carriage drew up at the corner, and the next moment, the old beau was seen cautiously advancing on the opposite side of the street. Finding the coast clear, he advanced towards the mercer's door, and tapped against it. It was partially opened, and a low voice inquired from within—"Is it you?"

"Yes, it's me, my angel," replied the old beau; "Sir Singleton Spinke—your devoted admirer!"

"I'm quite ready," replied the speaker, stepping forth, and looking exactly like the fair Thomasine dressed for the masquerade at Ranelagh.

"Why, you've got on your columbine's dress," said Sir Singleton, approvingly.

"It's the prettiest I have," replied the lady; "and I thought you would like me better in it than in any other."

"You couldn't have made a better choice," replied the old beau; "in fact, you couldn't choose wrong. But why that envious mask?"

"I put it on to hide my blushes," replied the other; "nor shall I remove it till we are united. But you must drive to the Fleet at once—I'll go nowhere else."

"I don't desire you to do so, my angel," replied the old beau; "the parson is in attendance, and in less than half an hour we shall be man and wife."

"Have you no scruple in taking me from poor Peter Pokerich?" said the lady.

"None whatever," replied the old beau; "I wish the little perruquier could be present at our marriage—it would complete his mortification."

"Well, there's no saying what may happen," replied the other, significantly; "but we've stood chattering here long enough, and may be observed."

With this, she gave her hand to her admirer, who led her to the carriage, which was instantly afterwards heard to drive off. At the same moment, the mercer's door opened, and the fair Thomasine came forth.

"Are they gone?" she asked.

"Yes, they're off to the Fleet," replied Peter. "Kitty Conway gave me a hint to follow them, and see the marriage performed. Will you go?"

"Willingly," replied the fair Thomasine.

And hurrying off to the stairs near Westminster-bridge, they took a boat, and ordered the waterman to row as quickly as he could to Blackfriar's-stairs. Luckily the tide was in their favour, that the transit was quickly accomplished.

Meanwhile, the carriage containing the old beau and the actress rolled rapidly along the Strand and Fleet-street, and drew up before a mean-looking house near the prison. A lamp threw a faint glimmer upon a sign over the door, displaying two hands joined together, with the words—"MARRIAGES PER-

FORMED HERE," inscribed beneath it. Some chairmen and link-boys were standing at the door, but they were pushed aside by the old beau's footman. As Sir Singleton alighted, a short, stout, red-faced man, in a clerical garb, issued forth. This was Doctor Gaynam, the most noted of the Fleet parsons. He wore a rusty cassock and full-bottomed wig, filled with powder, instead of flour, which contrasted strongly with his purple blotchy face, and nose studded with carbuncles.

"This way—this way, my handsome gentleman and fair lady," said Doctor Gaynam, repeating his customary formula, and leading the pair down a passage in which there was a glass door, giving a view of a wedding-party, drinking and dancing. "We are ready for you," he added, opening a door, and ushering them into a small back room, where were two other persons, who turned out to be the clerk and the register. The latter was seated at a desk, and had a large book, like a ledger, before him.

"As you may not perhaps be aware of the practice here, sir," said Doctor Gaynam to Sir Singleton, "I will take the liberty to inform you of it. Our rule is always to take the fees beforehand, to prevent misunderstanding—merely to prevent misunderstanding, sir."

The old beau immediately produced his purse, and gave five guineas to the clergyman, a couple to the register, and one to the clerk. This liberality produced a corresponding effect upon the parties.

"I have the honour to see Sir Singleton Spinke, sir, I believe?" said the register. "Is that the name you desire to be married by?" he added, significantly.

"Certainly," said the old beau; "and the name of the lady is——."

"The name *I* wish to be married by is written down on this paper," said Kitty, in a low tone, delivering a leaf torn from her tablets, to the register.

"Ah, the dear, sly rogue!" cried Sir Singleton, squeezing her hand.

Doctor Gaynam then placed the parties on either side of him, and commenced reading the service. The register gave the lady away, and at the same time placed the slip of paper before the clergyman, who proceeding with the ceremony gave out the lady's name as Kitty — an appellation which somewhat astounded the old beau. He, however, repeated the words after the Doctor, and so did the lady, and in due time the marriage was completed. Just as the ring was placed on the bride's finger, two other persons entered the room; but as they kept near the door, and as Doctor Gaynam supposed them to be another couple waiting their turn to be united, no notice was taken of them. But when all was over these two persons advanced, and proved to be no other than Peter Pokerich and the fair Thomasine.

"Why, what in the name of wonder, is this?" cried the old beau, staring in astonishment. "The likeness is marvellous. Are there two fair Thomasines? But no,—it can't be. Who the deuce have I married?"

"You shall see," replied the bride, unmasking.

"Kitty Conway!" exclaimed Sir Singleton.

"Yes, Kitty Conway is the name her ladyship was married by," said the register; "I've just entered it in the book."

"We've come to offer you our best congratulation, Sir Singleton," said Peter.

"And to wish you many years of happiness," added the fair Thomasine.

"Well, I'm nicely tricked indeed," cried the old beau. "Egad," he added, gazing at the bride, who really looked very beautiful, "I don't know but what I've the best of the bargain after all. Kitty is decidedly the smarter and the prettier of the two, and if she *has* flirted a little, I don't mind it. Lady Singleton Spinke," he said, giving her his hand, "our carriage awaits us. I know nothing of these persons," pointing to Peter and the fair Thomasine. "Mr. Register, will you have the goodness to tell my servants to drive home—to Pall Mall?"

Lady Spinke waved her hand kindly to the barber and his companion, who watched her enter the carriage, and drive off.

"Upon my word, I begin to think I've thrown a good chance away," said the fair Thomasine, with something like a sigh.

"Oh! don't say so, my darling," cried Peter; "there's no certainty in a Fleet marriage. It may be set aside in a month."

"Now, my handsome couple," cried Doctor Gaynam, who had followed them to the door, "don't you want the parson?—wont you step in and be married? The fees will be only twelve shillings to you—one shilling the clerk, and one the register."

"What say you, sweetest," said Peter—"shall we be for ever united?"

"For ever!" echoed the fair Thomasine. "Why, you've just said that a Fleet marriage can be set aside in a month. No, I thank you. If I'm married at all—especially to a barber—I'll be married properly. Take me back to the Little Sanctuary directly."

## CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

### OF THE VISIT OF PHILIP FREWIN AND DIGGS TO THE MISER, AND WHAT THEY OBTAINED FROM HIM.

Having made his escape from the watchmen, as before related, Philip Frewin ran on, without stopping, past Charing Cross and Whitehall, until he reached King-street, when he relaxed his pace. He then struck into Ox Yard, and entered the Crown Inn, within it, pushing past the waiter, who stared aghast at his blood-stained appearance — though broken pates were matters

of common occurrence in those days—and made his way to a room where he found Diggs seated at a table, with glasses and a bowl of punch before him. The attorney had been asleep, but he roused himself on Philip's entrance.

"Why, you appear to have come off the worst in this encounter?" he said, looking at him—"I was afraid it would be so."

"Ay, devil take it!" exclaimed Philip. "He's a more desperate fellow than I thought him. We should have done well enough, but for Jacob Post."

"Jacob Post!" repeated Diggs—"how came he there?"

Philip told him what had occurred.

"Well, I thought it an ill-advised proceeding from the first," said Diggs, as the other concluded his recital. "I wish you hadn't chanced to hear that he was going to sup with Kitty Conway. This would never have happened!"

"Curse him!" cried Philip, furiously. "He has robbed me of two mistresses and a fortune, and I'll be revenged on him—deeply revenged!—I swear it!"

"It is vexatious," replied Diggs, coolly, "and he has crossed your path somewhat unluckily. Still, as far as Kitty Conway is concerned, I think he did you a service in taking her off your hands. But, I repeat, I'm sorry you meddled with him to-night. You have enough to do just now without thinking of revenge, and the greatest triumph you can have over him will be to get as much as possible from your uncle Scarve, and thereby reduce Hilda's fortune—for, take my word for it, she will marry him when the old man dies."

"And his days are numbered?" observed Philip.

"Undoubtedly," replied Diggs. "Ah, Philip! if you had but played your cards well, what a fortune might be yours! It would have repaired all your folly and extravagance."

"Come, come, Diggs, no preaching," said Philip, angrily. "What is past is past."

"But I *will* preach, as you call it," cried the attorney, somewhat sharply; "because I am the chief sufferer by your extravagance. You have squandered a noble fortune in all sorts of debauchery—have been a profligate and a gambler; and are now little better than a sharper. I have lost some thousands by you, and I must and will be repaid!"

"You shall be repaid, Diggs," replied Philip, in a deprecatory tone.

"But how!—and when?" thundered the attorney—"how, and when, sir?—answer me that?"

Philip was silent.

"You can have the five thousand pounds you got from my uncle," he said, at length.

"That is gone," replied the attorney.

"Gone!" cried Philip—"why, you offered to place the money in my hands yourself!"

"I have found a better use for it," said Diggs; "and during your absence, it has been removed."

Philip uttered a deep imprecation.

"I'll tell you what I've done with it," said Diggs; "I've given it to a most important client of mine—an agent for the Jacobite party, to whose use it will be applied. Your uncle Scarve is a Jacobite, and I told him this money would be employed for that cause, and gave him a memorandum that if it prospered he should receive double the amount. Therefore, I am all right, and to be plain with you, I never meant you to have the money."

"You are a consummate scoundrel, Diggs, and have tricked me most infamously," said Philip, angrily.

"No such thing," replied Diggs.

"I say you have," cried Philip. "I have wasted my property, it is true; but you have helped me to do it by your extortionate demands. You have raised money for me at such usurious interest, that you have beggared me while you enriched yourself."

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried Diggs, leaning back in his chair, and indulging in a loud fit of merriment.

"I'll not be laughed at," cried Philip, striding up to him, and shaking his hand in his face; "leave off—or I'll make you."

"Sit down," said Diggs, calmly; "you'll gain nothing by passion, but may by quietude."

Accustomed to obey him, Philip sullenly complied.

"Now listen to me," pursued the attorney; "for I've a good deal to tell you, and that will surprise you. You know that Randulph Crew's father died greatly embarrassed, and that Randulph assigned his estates to the creditors."

"Well, what of that?" asked Philip.

"You shall hear, if you're quiet," cried Diggs, "but not otherwise. Mr. Crew's principal creditor was a person named Isaacs, a Jew, who had advanced him money at most usurious interest."

"As you have done to me," observed Philip. "The man who gets into such hands is sure to be ruined."

"Cunning as he was," pursued Diggs, without noticing the remark, "Isaacs got into difficulties, and assigned his securities to his chief creditor, Mr. Nettleship, a tallow-chandler in the city, who died about a year ago, and whose affairs proving greatly embarrassed, the arrangement of them was committed to me by his surviving partner, Mr. Rathbone. On examining the claims on the Crew estates, I found they could not be legally substantiated, and therefore, instead of being worth sixty thousand pounds, as he imagined, the securities are not worth a twentieth part of that amount. These facts being made known to the agent of the Jacobite party, who is, as I have stated, a client of mine, he wished to get these papers into his hands,

and Mr. Scarve's money has been appropriated to their purchase."

"The devil it has!" exclaimed Philip; "and what use does the agent intend to make of them?"

"He means to give Randulph back his property, provided he joins the Jacobite cause," replied the attorney, "but on no other condition. And in my opinion it will never be fulfilled. But what is more, your uncle Scarve is bound under a heavy penalty to give his daughter to Randulph Crew. But neither will this be accomplished, unless the young man turns Jacobite."

"And what is all this to me?" cried Philip; "or rather, what am I to gain by it?"

"That depends upon yourself," replied Diggs. "It is plain you can never marry your cousin Hilda; and it is plain also that if Randulph turns Jacobite he will marry her, and obtain his property again. You have, therefore, no hope but in persuading your uncle to make you his heir."

"And do you think that can be accomplished?" asked Philip, eagerly.

"I think it may be," replied the attorney; "and if attempted, no time should be lost."

"Why not make the experiment to-night?" said Philip. "Jacob is out of the way."

"That is something, certainly," replied the attorney; "but the hour is late."

"There is no telling what may happen to-morrow," said Philip. "Let us make the attempt."

After a little consideration, Diggs assented; and Philip retired to an inner room, where he washed the sanguine stains from his face, mended his broken pate with a patch, and covered all with an old scratch wig. He then put on the tattered garb he was accustomed to wear on his visits to his uncle, and returning to Diggs, who eyed him contemptuously, they quitted the inn by a private door, and proceeded to the Little Sanctuary. Giving a loud knock, they were answered by Mrs. Clinton, who seemed greatly surprised, and by no means pleased, to see them, and asked what they wanted. Diggs replied that he had business with Mr. Scarve that could not be delayed, and, pushing past her, walked down the passage towards the parlour, followed by Philip, where they found Hilda. She had been seated at the table, reading that sacred volume which exercises the most soothing influence on the mind in seasons of trouble; but she arose on hearing their approach. Diggs repeated what he had stated to Mrs. Clinton, and asked permission to walk upstairs to the miser's room.

"Your business must be important if it cannot be postponed till to-morrow," said Hilda.

"It cannot be postponed, Miss Scarve," replied the attorney; "in your father's present state of health, delays might be dan-

gerous, and the urgency of the case must plead my excuse."

"Well, sir, if you are resolved to see him," replied Hilda, "you will find him in his own room sitting by the fire. You know your way."

"I do," replied the attorney, going towards the stairs.

"You need not expect Jacob Post home to-night, Hilda," observed Philip Frewin; "he has got shut up in the watchhouse for assisting Randulph Crew in a street disturbance. I saw them taken off myself." And chuckling at the alarm produced by this intelligence, he followed the attorney up-stairs.

The miser was seated, as Hilda had stated, in his easy chair, near the fire; his knees thrust into the scantily-supplied grate; and his skinny hands extended over the flame. A farthing candle was burning on the table. On hearing the door open, he cried, without looking round, in a querulous tone—"So you've come at last, Jacob, have you? Where have you been, rascal? You've kept me up very late, for I couldn't go to bed till you came home. I'll leave you nothing in my will, if you serve me such a trick again—nothing!"

"It's not Jacob, sir," said the attorney, advancing—"it's me—Mr. Diggs."

"Diggs!" exclaimed the miser, looking round. "What brings you here at this time?—who have you got with you?"

"Your nephew, sir—Mr. Philip Frewin, replied the attorney." "I've come at rather an unseasonable hour, sir, but I thought I had better not delay my visit."

"You think me in danger, Diggs—I know you do—and that's the reason of your coming," said the miser; "everybody fancies I'm going to die;—even Abel Beechcroft paid me a visit t'other night to tell me so. But though I'm ill enough, God knows, it's not all over with me yet. I may come round, Diggs—may come round. But to your business?"

"My business relates to your nephew, Mr. Scarve," said the attorney. "I know you are much too strong-minded to fear the approach of death, and though I trust my apprehensions may prove groundless, I hold it my duty to tell you that I consider your condition precarious. You may get better——"

"But the probability is I shall not," interrupted the miser, with a ghastly grin, "that's what you mean to say, sir. Go on."

"I wish to know your sentiments in reference to the proposed alliance between Mr. Frewin and your daughter," pursued the attorney, "If anything should happen to you, is it your wish that she should marry him, or Randulph Crew?"

"She shall never marry Randulph Crew!" shrieked the miser; "I'll disinherit her rather."

"Leave your property away from her if she disobeys your injunctions and weds him—that will answer the purpose," said Diggs.

"I will—I will," rejoined the miser; "and what is more, I will leave it from her if she does not marry Philip Frewin."

"If such is your intention, the will had better be drawn up at once," said the attorney; "I will get writing materials, and prepare it."

The miser assented, and turned his head thoughtfully towards the fire, while Diggs took up the candle, and went down stairs for pen and ink. Though longing to address his uncle, Philip did not dare to do so, for fear of disturbing the present favourable position of things. The next moment, Diggs returned, and sitting down at the table, commenced drawing up the will. The miser watched the progress of his rapid pen in silent curiosity, and Philip Frewin did his best to hide the intense interest he took in the proceedings. At length, the attorney completed his task, and having glanced it over, turned to the miser, and commenced reading it. The effect of the instrument, which was most strongly worded, was to place Hilda completely in the power of Philip Frewin.

"It's just what I wished," said the miser, as Diggs finished; "I'll sign it."

As he tottered to the table, and sat down in the seat relinquished for him by Diggs, who placed the will before him, and a pen in his trembling fingers, the door was opened, and Hilda entered the room. Though greatly startled by her appearance at this critical juncture, the attorney commanded himself as well as he could, and said hastily to the miser,—"Sign it, sir—sign it."

But the latter would not be deprived of his triumph. He looked up at his daughter, and said, "I'm about to put an effectual bar to your marriage with Randulph Crew."

"And do you forget your solemn contract with his father?" she rejoined. "Will you not fulfil that?"

"That contract is little better than a moral obligation upon Mr. Scarve," said Diggs; "it cannot be enforced—certainly not upon his representatives."

"Father," said Hilda, stepping forward, and laying her hand upon the will, "I beseech you not to sign this paper. You are not sufficiently yourself to do so, and it is infamous in Mr. Diggs to practise on you thus. Keep it by you, and sign it if you will, when you have well considered it; but not now—not now."

"You think me worse than I am, Hilda," said the miser, regarding her fixedly; "but I will undeceive you. It is true that at times my mind wanders, and my memory fails me; but I am perfectly myself at this moment—perfectly so. In proof of it, I will tell you what I am about to do. I am resolved you shall not marry Randulph Crew, and as I feel when I am gone that you may not respect my injunctions, I have taken care to place my property in such a state, that if you do not obey them, you forfeit it. There stands your husband, or my heir."

"You say you are yourself, father," rejoined Hilda; "but I deny it. If you were in your right mind you could not act thus. You could not render me for ever miserable. You could not separate me from one to whom I am tenderly attached, and seek to unite me to one whom I abhor. And oh! why this cruel injustice! Why seek to benefit Philip Frewin, whose character has already been exposed to you by Mr. Beechroft, at my expense? But do not deceive yourself as to the consequences of this wicked act. I will never wed Philip Frewin, and if Randulph Crew offers me his hand, I will accept him."

"Execute your will, sir," said Diggs, with a contemptuous smile, "and rest easy as to its fulfilment."

"Mark me, Hilda," rejoined the miser, trembling with passion, "I have been years in collecting my fortune. I have saved it by the greatest frugality and self-denial. I love my money as well as my own flesh and blood—nay, better; and I will not place it in the power of this spendthrift—this Randulph Crew—to be squandered away. I will give it to one who will take proper care of it—to Philip Frewin. He will regard it as I have done; will watch its increase, and experience the same intense delight in its accumulation. He will never part with it."

"Never, sir, never!" cried Philip.

"You are doing the very thing you seek to avoid, father," replied Hilda. "You are placing me in the power of a profligate and a spendthrift. You are throwing your money away; and if this will is ever executed, and the money gets into your nephew's hands, so far from being hoarded up, as you expect, it will be wasted in riot and extravagance."

"She pleads solely for Randulph Crew," remarked Diggs, in a low tone to the miser.

"I know it," replied the latter, dipping the pen into the ink.

"Father! dear father!" cried Hilda; "do not turn a deaf ear to my last appeal—if you have any love for me, do not do this."

"I have made up my mind," he answered, coldly.

And he signed it with a firm hand.

"God forgive you, father, as I do!" exclaimed Hilda, bursting into an agony of tears.

"I had better take care of the will, sir?" said Diggs, after he had attested the signature.

The miser signified his assent, and the attorney, placing the will carefully in his pocket, arose.

"You may depend upon your injunctions being entirely fulfilled on my part, uncle," said Philip. "Good night, and when I call again, I shall hope to find you better. Good night, fair cousin."

And saluting Hilda, who turned from him in disgust, he followed Diggs down stairs, and they made the best of their way out of the house, congratulating each other on the complete success of their infamous scheme.

## CHAPTER THE NINTH.

MR. RATHBONE DIVULGES HIS PLAN TO MRS. NETTLESHIP, AND PERSUADES HER TO ACT IN CONCERT WITH HIM IN HIS DESIGN UPON THE VALET.

Mr. Cripps's plan of inveigling Mr. Rathbone into consenting to his marriage with the widow, threatened to be defeated by the precipitation of the lady herself, who now that she had made up her mind to it, declaimed strongly against the delay, and began to tax him with cooling in his ardour towards her. The valet protested to the contrary; but all would not do, and he began to fear he should be compelled to sacrifice the three thousand pounds, which went very much against his inclinations. Luckily, while he was in this dilemma, the duel occurred between his master and Randulph, and the wound which the latter had received, immediately furnished him with a pretext for absenting himself until he should have time to mature his plans. He felt too secure of his prize to be under any apprehension of being supplanted by Mr. Rathbone.

Accordingly, he dispatched Antoine, the French valet, who was in his confidence, and to whom he had promised a very handsome reward, in case of his success, to the widow with a message, stating that he had been wounded in a duel, and could not leave his room for some days, but as soon as he could get out he would pay her a visit.

On receiving this distressing intelligence, Mrs. Nettleship uttered a scream, and fell back in her chair, and it required the combined assistance of Antoine and a females ervant, with abundance of rosa-solis and ratafia, to bring her to herself. At this juncture, Mr. Rathbone entered the room, and expressing great anxiety to know what was the matter, was informed of it.

"And where is the dear man wounded?" asked Mrs. Nettleship, faintly.

"*Dans le bras*—in de arm, madame," replied Antoine. "*Mais pas dangereusement*—not severely, madame. You shall see him again, *et de bonne heure—sur ma foi.* My master sends his lofe to you, and bids me say his wound is not so deep as that you have inflicted on him."

"The dear soul!" exclaimed Mrs. Nettleship, pathetically.

"It's all out, now," said Mr. Rathbone, to the widow; "this is his French walet. I told you it was Mr. Willars all the time."

"*Certainement, monsieur,*" said Antoine; "*ce'st Monsieur Villiers qui est mon maitre.*"

"He says Mr. Willars is his master," observed Mr. Rathbone. "I understand French a little myself. I'll ask him a question or two. I say, Monsieur What's-your-name"——

"Antoine," replied the valet, bowing.

"I say Monsieur Ontwine, do you know a Mr. Cripps?"

"Creepps, sare!" cried the valet, perplexed.

"Yes, Crackenthorpe Cripps," reiterated Mr. Rathbone.

"*Pardon, Monsieur,* but may I inquire why you ask de question?" rejoined Antoine.

"Because we've had a visit from a person of that name," replied Mr. Rathbone, winking at the widow. "A person very like your master—very."

"*Mais, ma foi, monsieur!—vous ne méfiez pas.* You don't suspect, sare."

"No, Monsieur Ontwine, I don't suspect, because I'm certain—your master has been deceiving us."

"Deceiving you, sare!" exclaimed the valet; "impossible! Mr. Villiers is a man of too much honour. He would never deceive a lady. Sare, he will call you out, when he get well, if you say so. He will run you through de ventre—what you call it—de stomach."

"For Heaven's sake, don't tell him, then, Monsieur Ontwine," cried Mr. Rathbone, alarmed. "I only meant to say that Mr. Willars has passed himself off as his own walet—as Mr. Cripps."

"*Quoi!*" exclaimed Antoine. "Mr. Villiers pass himself off as Creepps—is that it?"

"Yes, that's it, Monsieur Ontwine," replied Mr. Rathbone; "but we smoked him directly—we couldn't mistake him for a walet—ha! ha!"

"*Ah, vraiment non, monsieur!*" replied Antoine, joining in the laugh—"impossible!"

"There could be no mistake in your case, Monsieur Ontwine," pursued Mr. Rathbone; "but with Mr. Willars it's a different matter."

"Very different, sare," replied Antoine, gravely, and muttering to himself—"bête! niais!" he added aloud, to Mrs. Nettleship. "Has madame any commands to honour me with for my master?"

"Say how sorry I am for him," replied the widow. "I wish I might come and nurse him."

"Mr. Villiers will be *bien flatté*, I'm sure," replied the valet—"but he could not tink of such a ting."

"Nor anybody else," replied Mr. Rathbone. "It would be highly improper. No, he'll soon be well, and will come and pay his respects to you."

"His first visit will be rendered to you, madame," said the valet; and, with a profound bow, he took his leave.

As soon as Antoine was gone, Mr. Rathbone ordered the maid out of the room, and took a chair near Mrs. Nettleship.

"My dear Mrs. N.," he began, "I'm glad to find things in such a good train with your beau."

"You're very obleeging to say so, Mr. R.," replied the widow, "and it's more than could be expected from you."

"Now my dear Mrs. N.," pursued Rathbone, "I'm going to act as a friend to you. Don't deceive yourself. You fancy

Mr. Willars in love with you, but I'll tell you the truth—he's only in love with your fortune."

"You're his rival, Mr. Rathbone," said the widow, turning up her nose.

"No, I ain't," replied the other; "and if you want to see whether he loves you or your fortune best, tell him what I'm going to tell you. You must know," he added in an altered tone—"that in winding up your poor husband's affairs, I find instead of his being the wealthy man he was supposed, that he died greatly in debt."

"In debt!" screamed the widow, pushing back her chair. "In debt, Mr. R.!"

"Don't faint, my dear Mrs. N.," said Mr. Rathbone. "There isn't time for it just now,—and there's nobody but me to see you. Your case stands thus:—You have nothing—nay, less than nothing—for all your husband's property will be seized. I've kept the secret safe enough to this moment, and I'll keep it till you're married, if I can. Now, perhaps, you begin to perceive my motive for giving you up so easily, and for encouraging the beau."

"I do—I do," sighed the widow. "But what's to be done, for I begin to think with you, that if Mr. Willars finds this out, he may run off?"

"He never shall find it out," replied Mr. Rathbone, "if you'll promise to pay me the three thousand pounds to be forfeited by you in case of your breaking your marriage contract with me, and I'll tell you how to do it. He believes you're worth fifty thousand pounds—ha! ha!—and I've taken care to favour the notion—he! he!—you shall give him the whole of your property, and make him settle five thousand pounds of his own upon you. I'll be your trustee; and the money must be paid into my hands. Thus you'll get a young gay husband, and saddle him with your debts."

"I can't do it," said the widow; "I tremble at the thought of such dreadful deception. Why, it's little better than swindling. I'll explain my situation to him, and throw myself upon his compassion."

"And you'll lose him as sure as my name's Tom Rathbone," replied the other.

"Well, I place myself in your hands," said the widow; "it's a frightful position."

"We must lose no time in bringing the matter to an issue," rejoined Mr. Rathbone. "My attorney, Mr. Diggs, will prepare the settlement for you. Keep up your spirits—it'll be all right—ha! ha!" and he took his departure.

Mrs. Nettleship took to her bed for a couple of days, at the end of which time she grew more composed, had another interview with Mr. Rathbone, requested him to shew her her hus-

band's books, and having satisfied herself that his statement was correct, promised to follow his instructions implicitly.

At the end of a fortnight, Mr. Cripps presented himself to her. He looked very pale, for he had been drinking freely the night before with the Duke of Doncaster's gentleman, but this circumstance gave him additional interest in the eyes of Mrs. Nettleship. As preconcerted, soon after his arrival, Mr. Rathbone entered the room.

"Ah, Mr. Willars!" said the latter—"Glad to see you out again. Hope you killed your man—ha! ha!—I've been thinking a good deal about you during your absence."

"I hope you've made up your mind to release Mrs. Nettleship from her engagement to you, sir?" replied Mr. Cripps.

"Before I reply, I must ask Mrs. Nettleship one or two questions," replied Mr. Rathbone. "Is it your intention to marry Mr. Willars, ma'am?"

"La! Mr. R., what a question," replied the widow. "However, I'll answer it. It is."

"And how do you mean to settle your property, madam?—on yourself I hope," rejoined Mr. Rathbone. "I've no doubt Mr. Willars will make an excellent husband; but you are bound to take care of your own."

"I shan't settle it at all," said Mrs. Nettleship—"if I give him myself, I give him my fortune as well."

"You are an angel," cried Mr. Cripps, rapturously; "and if you hadn't a farthing, instead of being as wealthy and beautiful as you are, you would be equally dear to me."

"Are you quite sure?" cried Mrs. Nettleship.

"Pon rep," replied the valet, pressing his heart.

"Well, then——" cried the widow.

"Mrs. N. is about to test your sincerity by representing her circumstances as very different from what they are," interrupted Mr. Rathbone. "She told me she would do so. But I don't think it a fair joke; and I therefore warn you against it."

"It might have startled me a little," replied Mr. Cripps, forcing a laugh; "but it would have made no difference in my sentiments or intentions. And now, Mr. Rathbone, since disinterestedness is the order of the day, you, I hope, will imitate the good example set you by Mrs. Nettleship, and excuse her the three thousand pounds. I'll now tell you frankly that my motive for pretending to be a valet was to trick you out of your consent. But finding I am dealing with a liberal, straightforward gentleman, I therefore think it the best as well as the most honest course to ask you to remit the penalty. You cannot fairly claim it without forfeiting both the lady's and my good opinion; and I'm sure you don't desire to do that."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," replied Mr. Rathbone, putting on an air of candour equal to that of the valet; "if you'll agree

to settle five thousand pounds on Mrs. N., I will give up the contract."

"Settle five thousand pounds!" exclaimed Mr. Cripps, rather staggered.

"No great sum to a man of fortune," rejoined Mr. Rathbone; "she brings you twenty times the amount."

"And herself," insinuated the widow.

"I'll act as her trustee," pursued Mr. Rathbone — "it 'll be a very pretty present to her."

"I'm sure you wont hesitate, dearest," whispered the widow, "since Mr. Rathbone's so kind."

"No—no, I can't hesitate," stammered Mr. Cripps; "but just now all my money's locked up, 'pon rep."

"Don't let that be an obstacle," said Mr. Rathbone—"you shall give me a bond for the amount—that will do just as well."

"Ah! if you're satisfied with that, I'm quite content," returned Mr. Cripps. "I thought you required the money down, and that would have rather inconvenienced me."

"Well, then, we had better settle the matter at once," said Mr. Rathbone—"I'll go and fetch my attorney, who shall prepare the bond and settlement, and then I'll deliver the contract to Mrs. Nettleship, after which there'll be no further obstacle to your union."

So saying, he quitted the room, and the lovers were left alone together. Neither of them felt very easy; and at last the widow proposed an adjournment to the dining-room, where refreshments were prepared, and a few glasses of wine restored Mr. Cripps to his usual confidence and spirits.

About two hours afterwards, Mr. Rathbone returned, bringing with him Mr. Diggs. Both the settlement and the bond were prepared.

Not till that moment did it occur to Mr. Cripps that he was about to commit a forgery. He gazed at the deeds, as if uncertain what to do; then, hastily snatching up a pen, he signed them in his master's name, and in a signature so nearly resembling Mr. Villiers's, that it could scarcely be detected from it. This done, Mr. Rathbone delivered a paper to Mrs. Nettleship, and took his departure with Diggs.

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## CHAPTER THE TENTH.

### HOW MR. CRIPPS'S MARRIAGE WITH THE WIDOW WAS INTERRUPTED.

One morning, about a week after this, Mr. Jukes, while busied in the butler's pantry, was surprised by a visit from his nephew, who strutted in very unceremoniously, and seated himself, according to custom, on the edge of the table. He was finer dressed than usual, being equipped in one of his master's best suits.

"Well, nunks, how are you, old fellow?" he said. "This is the last visit I shall pay you in this way."

"Glad to hear it," replied Mr. Jukes, drily.

"Your wits were ever dull, nunks," replied Mr. Cripps; "and you misapprehend me. I mean that when I visit you next, it will be in a gilt coach, like my master's."

"Heaven save us!" exclaimed the butler—"what new folly is the lad dreaming of?"

"You shall hear presently, nunks," replied the valet; "but I'm quite exhausted with my walk; give me a cup of ale, if you have no wine. Not bad tipple, 'pon rep!" he added, tossing off the glass poured out for him. "I'm going to be married, nunks."

"What, to that foolish widow?" cried Mr. Jukes.

"I am about to marry Mrs. Nettleship," replied Mr. Cripps; "and I will thank you to speak more respectfully of one to whom you will soon be so nearly related. I am to be married to her on Thursday next, and I am come to invite you to the wedding. She has fifty thousand pounds, and it's all to be mine—no settlement—no tying up—no cursed trustees—fifty thousand pounds! what do you think of that, nunks, eh?"

"I'm lost in astonishment," replied Mr. Jukes; "but take care of it when you get it. Don't fool it away."

"Leave me to manage my own concerns, nunks," rejoined the valet. "I'll take another glass of ale," he added, helping himself.

"Well, and where is the wedding to take place?" asked Mr. Jukes.

"At my master's," replied Mr. Cripps. "There'll be a dinner, and a ball after it, and a supper after that. You'll come, of course; but you mustn't come as a servant. You must lay aside your livery, and put on one of Trussell Beechcroft's suits."

"If I come at all, it'll be in my own clothes, depend upon it," replied Mr. Jukes. "But pray, does your master know what's going to take place in his house?—has he given you leave to have this dinner, and ball, and supper, eh?"

"Pshaw! nunks, do you think I'd ask him?" rejoined Mr. Cripps, helping himself to a pinch of snuff. "He's going to Newmarket on Wednesday with Sir Bulkeley Price, and they don't return till Friday. And now, nunks," pursued Mr. Cripps, fortifying himself with another pinch of snuff, "I want a little money from you. I must have all you can spare—I must, 'pon rep!"

"I thought it would end in this," replied the butler.

"Nay, I ask no particular favour," rejoined Mr. Cripps—"I only want it till the day after the wedding, and that's but three days off. Come, down with a hundred, and you shall have a hundred to the back of it—you shall, by this light!"

"Ods bods! how the boy talks!" cried the butler. "I've no hundreds to lend, and if I had, I wouldn't lend them on usury."

"Well, fifty I *must* have," said Mr. Cripps; "I can't do with

less. Forty—you shake your head—thirty—twenty,—I'm obliged to come down like an auctioneer—you are devoid of all natural feeling, nunks; more stony-hearted than Brutus, to refuse your sister's son twenty pounds for three days, and perhaps prevent him from settling for life."

"Well," said Mr. Jukes, moved by this appeal, "I will lend you twenty guineas, nephew, but you must repay me. It's the savings of the last three years."

"Repay you, that I will, thou best of nunkies," replied Mr. Cripps, embracing him. "I'll repay you with enormous interest."

"I don't want interest," replied the butler; "I shall be well content with the principal."

And opening a drawer in the cupboard, he took out of it a small leather bag containing twenty guineas, which he counted, and gave to his nephew.

"Twenty thousand thanks, nunks," said Mr. Cripps, pocketing the gold; "and rely upon being punctually repaid. By the bye, if you're at all tired of your present place, and should like to serve me, I needn't say I shall be happy to engage you as butler, and to increase your wages. What do you get from old Abel?"

"Never mind what I get, nephew," replied Mr. Jukes. "I've no idea of leaving him."

"No offence, nunks," rejoined the other; "it's no degradation to a man to be his nephew's butler. I know two fathers who're their own shoe-blacks. But you'll not fail to come to the wedding. Twelve o'clock on Thursday. Be punctual. My butler's place shall be left open for a few days, in case you should change your mind about it."

And he took his leave in high glee, while Mr. Jukes, as he shut the door after him, said dolefully to himself—

"I'm afraid I've done wrong in lending the money. However, he's my sister's son."

Having now got a larger sum in his pocket than he had ever had before, Mr. Cripps felt strongly tempted to try his luck at the gaming-table, but he resisted the temptation.

"No, no," he thought, "it wont do to hazard this money. It's everything to me just now. I shall have plenty to spare for play shortly."

On his way home, Mr. Cripps called upon Peter Pokerich, and invited him and the fair Thomasine to the wedding, the one in the capacity of groomsman, and the other in that of bridesmaid; and the invitation was delightedly accepted by both.

A great load was taken from the valet's mind on the following morning, as he helped his master into Sir Bulkeley Price's carriage, and saw him start, as he supposed, for Newmarket.

Not a moment was to be lost. Every preparation that could be made without exciting suspicion, had been made beforehand

—but now Mr. Cripps set to work in earnest. He went to the Cocoa Tree and ordered, in his master's name, a first-rate dinner, with abundance of the finest wine, to be sent in on the following day. He next engaged a band of musicians for the ball, and ordered fruits, confectionary, and pastry, for the supper. His fellow servants, who were all, of course, in the secret, and to whom he had promised handsome rewards as soon as he should be put in possession of the widow's fortune, assisted him in his preparations for the fête. It was arranged that the ceremony should take place in the upper chamber, where Randulph first breakfasted with the beau, and the clergyman selected to perform it was Doctor Gaynam. Thus nothing seemed wanting on the valet's part to complete the matter; and late on Wednesday evening he went to Billiter Square, to tell Mrs. Nettleship that all was ready. After a brief visit, he took a tender adieu of her, saying, as he squeezed her hand at parting, "We shall meet to-morrow, to part no more!"

The next morning, betimes, Mr. Cripps placed himself under the hands of Antoine, who proceeded to array him in a magnificent suit, which had never been worn by his master, it having only been sent home the night before by Desmartins. It consisted of a coat of crimson-embossed velvet, richly-laced with gold, breeches of the same material, and a white satin waistcoat flowered with gold. To these were added pink silk hose rolled above the knee, superb diamond buckles, a point lace cravat, and his master's handsomest Ramillies perriwig, which had been dressed by Peter Pokerich. Nearly three hours were expended in thus attiring him; and when all was completed, Antoine declared that his master had never looked half so well, a sentiment in which Mr. Cripps, as he complacently surveyed himself in the cheval-glass, entirely concurred.

A little before twelve, Peter Pokerich and the fair Thomasine arrived. The lady was dressed in white and silver, with a fly-cap with long lappets, and looked so excessively pretty, that Mr. Cripps could not help wishing she had had Mrs. Nettleship's fortune, and he had been her lover.

While he was welcoming them, and passing some high-flown compliments on the fair Thomasine's charms, Mr. Jukes was shewn into the room; and as he was in his butler's dress, his nephew did not condescend to speak to him.

Shortly after this, Antoine announced that the bride had arrived, and Mr. Cripps hurried down stairs to meet her.

Mrs. Nettleship, who had bestowed more than ordinary pains upon her person, wore a yellow satin sack, embroidered with little dots of gold. She had large pearl ear-rings, a garnet necklace, and a diamond solitaire. Her complexion, which was naturally rather high had been corrected by white French powder, and was further set off by abundance of little patches on her cheeks, neck, and shoulders. She carried a beautiful

Indian fan, the handle of which was ornamented with precious stones.

She had arrived in great state, a gilt chariot, lined with pale blue satin, hired for her from a coach-maker, by Mr. Rathbone, having formed her conveyance; and she was attended by a couple of footmen out of place, likewise hired for the occasion, habited in superb liveries of sky-blue cloth trimmed with silver, with silver shoulder-knots, and point d'Espagne hats. Mr. Rathbone, who had accompanied her in the carriage, was dressed in a suit of purple velvet laced with gold.

Addressing a hundred pretty compliments to the bride, who was almost bewildered by the grandeur she beheld around, and who could not help exchanging significant glances with Mr. Rathbone, Mr. Cripps led her up-stairs, where her wonder increased at every step. The two little long-eared spaniels and the macaw enchanted her, but she actually screamed delight on beholding the monkey, in his little scarlet coat and bag-wig.

Coffee, chocolate, and champagne, were then handed round by Antoine and the page; and while this was going on, the clergyman and his assistant were announced. Dr. Gaynam had a much more respectable appearance than when he officiated at the marriage of Sir Singleton Spinke. He was dressed in his full canonicals, and wore a well-powdered full-bottomed wig, which Peter Pokerich would not have disdained.

Meanwhile, Mr. Cripps had seated himself by the bride on one of the couches, and was talking very tenderly to her, when he perceived his uncle approach Mr. Rathbone, as if with the intention of addressing him. He instantly arose, and taking the latter aside, whispered a few words to him, and then having accomplished his object, which was to prevent any communication between him and Mr. Jukes, told the clergyman to proceed with the ceremony.

Doctor Gaynam was sipping a glass of usquebaugh, but he hastily gulped it down, and declared himself perfectly ready. He then took a prayer-book from the clerk, and stationed himself between the windows, motioning the others to take their places before him.

All was soon arranged. Peter Pokerich and the fair Thomasine stood near the bride; Mr. Rathbone near the bridegrooom; Antoine behind him; while the group was completed by the two Africans, who had mounted a settee in the corner to obtain a full view of the ceremony. The page was on the floor keeping the dogs quiet, who were quarrelling with the monkey, and biting its tail.

Just as Dr. Gaynam had opened his book, and uttered a preliminary cough, a noise was heard at the door, and Mr. Cripps, turning to see what was the matter, beheld it open, and admit his master!

The valet's alarm was communicated to the whole assemblage.

Antoine, who had retreated behind Rathbone, shrugged his shoulders, and lifted up his hands in affright. The two Africans exchanged glances, and all eyes were directed towards the beau, who with angry looks, and grasping his clouded cane, marched towards the valet. He was followed by Lady Brabazon, Sir Bulkeley Price, and Trussell Beechcroft. Lady Brabazon was attended by her black page, leading her dog by a riband, and this arrival excited the anger of one of the spaniels, whose furious barking set the macaw screaming.

Mr. Cripps presented a very chop-fallen appearance. All his assurance deserted him. His hands dropped to his side, and he scarcely dared to meet his master's angry gaze.

"Rascal!" exclaimed Villiers, "I have at last fairly detected you. I'll teach you to put on my clothes—to assume my name——"

"What!" screamed Mrs. Nettleship, dropping a bottle of salts, which she had placed to her nose—"isn't it really himself—isn't it Mr. Willars."

"No, madam," replied the beau—"I am Mr. Villiers; and this rascal is only my valet, Crackenthorpe Cripps."

"Oh, the villain!—the base deceiver!—the impostor!" cried Mrs. Nettleship, clenching her hands, and regarding the valet as if she would annihilate him. "I'll tear his eyes out! To deceive and expose me in this way—to—to—to—oh! I shall never survive it. Support me!" she added, falling into the arms of the fair Thomasine.

"This is really too bad of you, sir," said Mr. Cripps, who began to recover himself a little. "You've deceived *me*. I thought you were at Newmarket."

"I received information of your practices, rascal," replied the beau, "and determined to see to what extent you carried them. And a pretty discovery I've made! My house filled with company—my servants turned into your servants—a dinner, supper, confectionary, wine, fruit, musicians, and the devil knows what, ordered at my expense."

"Well, they're not thrown away, sir," replied Mr. Cripps. "You can marry the lady yourself, if you think proper. I've no doubt she'll consent to the exchange, and she has fifty thousand pounds."

"Oh, the impudence!" exclaimed Mrs. Nettleship, jumping up. "I'll not be taken in a second time. I'll be revenged on all the sex!"

"You're not aware, Mr. Willars, of the extensive frauds this rascal has practised upon you," said Mr. Rathbone. "He has actually signed a bond for five thousand pounds in your name, which I have in my pocket."

"The devil he has!" exclaimed Villiers.

"But it is of no effect since the marriage has not taken place," said Mr. Cripps; "and if Mr. Villiers chooses to take the lady, he will of course pay you himself."

Mr. Cripps detected.

London, Published by Cunningham & Mortimer, 1842.

In spite of himself, the beau could not help laughing.

"Bad as Mr. Cripps is, he is not worse than the other party," said Trussell, stepping forward; "while he was duping them, they tried to dupe him. I understand from Mr. Jukes, who has it on unquestionable authority, that Mrs. Nettleship, so far from being a wealthy widow, is greatly in debt, while her friend there, Mr. Rathbone, hoped to pocket the five thousand pounds secured by the bond he has mentioned."

"After all, then, it seems I've had an escape!" cried Mr. Cripps.

"You have," replied Trussell; "and your uncle would have told you all this before, if you had not kept him at a distance."

"I wont stay here to be laughed at!" cried the widow, looking defiance at the jeering countenances around her; "Mr. Rathbone, your arm."

"You had better go away by the back stairs," said Trussell, stopping them; "for there are a couple of bailiffs in the hall, waiting to arrest you!"

"Curse on it! I sent them myself," said Mr. Rathbone, "to compel the rascal I supposed to be Mr. Willars to pay your debts."

And hurrying out of the room, he acted upon Trussell's suggestion.

"And now, rascal," said the beau to the valet, "you are no longer in my service—I discharge you. And you may thank your stars that I let you off so easily."

"I was about to discharge *you*, sir," rejoined the valet, impertinently. "I don't desire to live with a gentleman who takes his servants by surprise. He's as bad as a jealous husband."

"Stay!" cried the beau—"you don't leave me in that way. Antoine, stand by him. Now, sir, take off that peruke—take it off carefully—now the sword."

The orders were obeyed, and the wig and sword delivered to the French valet.

"Now, take off the coat."

Mr. Cripps complied, with a sigh.

"Now the waistcoat."

The order was obeyed.

"Now the cravat."

And it was taken off.

"Now the diamond buckles."

"Anything else?" inquired Mr. Cripps, as he gave up the buckles. "Recollect there are ladies in the room, sir."

"Yes; take yourself off," rejoined the beau.

Even thus shorn of his splendour, Mr. Cripps maintained his customary assurance. He bowed profoundly and gracefully round, and quitted the room, amid the laughter of the company.

## MIDNIGHT REFLECTIONS.

BY THE HONOURABLE JULIA AUGUSTA MAYNARD.

HARK! from those solemn bells distinct arise
Th' unheeded chimes! Another hour, then, dies!
A drop, a mark, within th' appointed span
Is lost to earth, to virtue, and to man!
The midnight hour in mystic silence reigns,
And the sad wind in hollow moan complains.
Pale o'er the soul the memories of the past
Live in each beam, and tremble on each blast.
How in such scenes delusive splendours die!
How bared to view each cold reality!
The wealth of nations, and the pomp of pride,
By time's rude hand alike are cast aside.
Lo! Greece so mighty when her sons were free,
Sons! whose blood flow'd upon Thermopylæ!
Spirits! that urged their charging valour on
To slay the Persian host at Marathon,
To chain th' insensate boaster to the car,
Where vict'ry shouting placed her radiant star.
Mark fallen Rome, her columns scathed and bent,
Each glory fled that lit her firmament!
E'en as the thunder-cloud expended lies,
Its flame extinct, along the watery skies,
Th' immortal city in her gloom appears—
Her fires extinguish'd in a flood of tears.
Whilst pond'ring o'er such wrecks, such wrecks as these,
How feel we then earth's utter vanities!
How in the urn of memory repose
The cherish'd ashes of each faded rose,
Each flower we cull'd when life was doubly sweet,
When fresh'ning hopes grew blooming at our feet!
The smiling vista to our eyes appear'd
By every thought of tenderness endear'd.
Yet why repine? so brief th' uncertain space
That fate hath doom'd us in th' appointed race—
On joys thus transient why expend our breath?
One gulf we're nearing, and that gulf is—death!

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## SONG.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

Mandeville tells of trees that daily spring from the earth, increase in growth from sunrise to mid-day, and then decrease and re-enter the earth in the evening.

My heart is like those fabled trees
  That spring from earth at morning's dawn,
Still higher rising by degrees
  Until the sunlight is withdrawn;

Then, as eve's shades begin to fall
  They sink, as fades the dying day;
And when night's veil is over all,
  In earth they vanish quite away.

Even so my tender wishes rise—
  Thus spring my hopes when in thy sight;
But when I look not on those eyes,
  I sink at once to gloom and night!

# DOCTOR CRISPINUS.

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

I HAVE been present at two jubilees, one in Florence—a religious rite—when I had the misfortune to live in the Piazza Santa Maria Novella, so called from the splendid church of that name, and to which daily, almost hourly, priests, "black, white, and grey," passed in long procession, chanting in their monotonous, melancholy, deep-toned, drawl, suitable passages from the breviary; the bells—how I wished, with Voltaire, the ropes round the necks of the tormentors—jangling, in horrid discord, an accompaniment to the dismal psalmody; and this not for one week, or one month, but several weeks, and several months. It was too much for mortal endurance. Avoid, reader! as you would a pestilence, a square in catholic countries that contains a church. As to jubilees, they only occur once in fifty years, and neither you nor I are likely to require any warning against *them*.

The second of these well, or ill-entitled festivals, took place not quite two years ago, and was of an entirely different stamp. It was held in honour of Gütenberg. What a godsend was this to printers, and publishers, and booksellers, and "*hoc genus omne*," but more especially to the editors of newspapers and periodicals! It was worth half-a-dozen coronations; the fire at Westminster, the burning of the armory in the Tower, was a mere penny line in comparison. Deutchland, from all its great and little states, spawned forth a fry innumerable of "prosers and versers," in all dialects and no dialect. The public was not hypercritical, and gulped good-naturedly down — the Germans *have* good digestions—Swabian, Doric, Ionic, Hanoverian, and Berlin slang. There was not a petty town—they all have their daily papers—where pockets were to be picked, that did not send forth programmes and prospectuses, and puffs, out-bentleying Bentley, teeming with anecdotes, stale, flat, and unprofitable, raked out of black-letter books, that passed for jewels, though originally paste, and not the better for new setting, till the very name of Gütenberg became as loathsome as *crambe repetita;* but a double dose is not necessary. Sour crout, without the second edition, will explain what I mean; so loathsome, as almost to make one lament that printing had been discovered—not that Gütenberg discovered it—*that* the savants here, the followers of Neichbuhr, and Paulus, and Strauss, and Schlosser, who delight in confounding all established notions of men and things, upsetting all that we were taught to consider of authority, pouncing on all that is venerable, have—now that the bubble is burst—proved to be quite a mistake. Thus we poor, simple, credulous mortals, get nothing but mystification for our pains and trouble, our journeyings by land and by water—shaking, almost to dislocation, in rattletrap caleshes, and stewing, almost to suffocation, in overloaded steamers.

It may be supposed that Mayence—the birth-place of Gütenberg, though, like Homer's, even *that* is contested—was not behind hand in doing honour to his memory. The bill of fare was a *catching* one; and among not the least of its attractions, Thorlwaldsen's statue, the funds for which, by the way, were collected in begging boxes throughout Europe, our own countrymen being the principal almsgivers. The man with the nose in Tristram Shandy, never raised so much curiosity,

or collected such crowds, as thronged to the setting-up of the brazen image of the pseudo-founder of the great art; in July or August, the day of the month I forget, in the year 1840, dampschifffahrt after dampschifffahrt arrived with freight after freight, till not a bed was to be obtained in the place for *money*, at least so I found. Don't suppose I mean to describe the raree-show. Imagine to yourself, reader, the great square, with the newly-erected *ideal* of the lion, his beard is like a mane, crammed with 15,000 dwellers on the banks of Rhine, and some thousands more posted at the windows of the houses, or perched on platforms to their very tops, and 1500 young men and maidens, tier above tier, bench upon bench, on rows on rows, mingling their voices in praise of that, which their country never *has* enjoyed, and is never, in our day at least, likely to enjoy, the liberty of the press; and then fancy me, an insignificant unit in this sum. Painters often stick themselves in the corner of their pictures, and you may form some conception of the scene, but cannot guess what my contemplations were. Not to keep you long in suspense, know then, my thoughts were not occupied by Gütenberg, the chorus, or the multitude—they were directed to quite a different channel. I had no ears for the music; I had no eyes for those, black or blue, that shot their glances from all sides; my own were fixed, riveted on a house opposite to which I was immovably jammed, that formed as complete a contrast to those about *it*, as I did to the living mass about *me*. It not only possessed no spectators, but the shutters were completely closed. The style of building, too, was totally distinct from that of its neighbours, whose society it seemed to disown—to avoid all intercourse with them, from a conscious pride of birth, a sense of superior genealogical or heraldic distinction. It reminded me of Lord Bridgewater's old-fashioned hotel, peeping forth in defiance from between the finished and unfinished parts of the Rue Rivoli, and was quite as much out of harmony with the general character. The edifice in question was, if not co-eval with the cathedral, of very great antiquity. It was low, and thrown back from the rest of the houses, two of which, of great *pretension*, several stories high, of glaring whiteness, on either side, seemed disposed to thrust themselves into its notice, force themselves into its company, or, having failed, to elbow it out of its place. Yes, there it stood, that dark, frowning, melancholy little Gothic dwelling, of hewn stone, in its mysterious isolation; and never do I remember an inanimate thing producing any effect at all to be compared with what I experienced from this. Was it, I thought to myself, deserted or occupied? —if the latter, did it belong to some miser?—No; in that case he would not have let slip such an opportunity of profiting by its fortunate locality. To some jealous husband, or crabbed old guardian?—in its distance and retired position there was at least safety;—or was its owner some new Cyprian, a hater, like Calderon's, of galas and jubilees, who had shut himself up in his laboratory to avoid *el gran bullicio*, the noise and tumult of the day?

Lost in such reveries, I remained gazing on the house after the crowd had separated, with a vague hope of clearing up some of my doubts—seeing some one go in, or come out; and scarcely, indeed, was quiet restored, when I did perceive a bird-like, skinny, wizard hand cautiously remove a shutter, and then an old man hastily put his head out of the window—shake his gray locks with an aspect of unutterable despair at the statue, and as suddenly make his retreat.

That vision haunted me at the *table d'hôte*, and afterwards at the *Frucht Markt*, where I could not attend to Staudigl, or the concert. As good luck would have it, I happened to be seated next to an elderly gentleman with a piece of white riband stuck in his button-hole, denoting him to be one of the stewards; and after a trillo was ended, I questioned him about the apparition. He smiled, and said, "That house, sir, belongs to Doctor Crispinus, a very singular character, but a very learned man, who has buried himself there for more than fifty years. He scarcely ever goes abroad, and avoids all intercourse with his countrymen; but if you, as a traveller, introduce yourself to him, you will have no reason to regret your visit."

The first act being now finished, I sallied forth, devoured by impatience; and at length, though not without some misgivings, mustered up resolution enough to rap at *the* door. It was opened by Crispinus himself, who, after I had in a few words explained what I have taken so many to relate, led the way to his study. Following my guide through a dark passage, I found myself in a small vaulted room on the ground floor, the walls impanelled with larch, rich in mouldings and curious in design, rather than remarkable for the beauty of the execution. The furniture was massive and antique; the chairs of the kind which we see in the Flemish churches, called *Prie Dieus*, with long, high, narrow backs to rest the arms on, in kneeling and leaning over them; a cabinet and two tables, inlaid with ebony and more precious woods, such as one sees in the old palaces at Florence, were covered with skins of vellum and parchment, some partly unrolled, and dangling on the floor, others fastened round with thongs of the same tough material; most of them seemed mildewed with damp, and discoloured by the hand of time, or man, perhaps both; and I should have been led to suppose that they were the title-deeds of estates, had they not been far too large and bulky for ancient documents of that nature, of which brevity was the soul. The characters, too, as well as a hasty glance would allow me to judge, did not appear German.

Dr. Crispinus had been described as a learned man; but to which of the three learned professions did he belong? The days of magic and necromancy were gone by—alchemist he certainly was not, for none of the apparatus common to laboratories, not a retort or crucible, was to be seen. What was he? As he sate in one of his high cane-backed chairs, I narrowly scrutinized his face and figure:—he was a tall, bony, withered man, of seventy, with a black skull-cap just covering the top of his head, and but little hiding his grey locks; a pointed beard, and sharp features; and had on a pair of green spectacles—the specula round, and of prodigious size—which he had raised over his high and projecting brows, (the seat of verbal memory,) where they rested in a sort of groove. I think I never saw a finer study for Rembrandt, or rather, he was a subject after Albert Durer's own heart, who would have hit him off to a hair. The accessories, too, were in admirable keeping—and the setting sun blazing through a single Gothic window, gorgeous in its dyes "as the tiger moth's," mellowed and softened them into as rich a glow as either of those great masters could have desired. The only part of the picture out of character with the rest was myself; but to omit me, would have been like acting a Greek play without the chorus—or choregus.

"You are one of those—

'Toto remotos orbe Britannos,'"

said the Doctor, enveloping himself more closely in the vast leaves and flowers of his ample dressing-gown; "I neither speak nor wish to speak your *composite* language, and fear mine is not over-familiar to you. We will, if you please, converse in Latin, or if you prefer it, Greek."

"As to Greek," I replied, "I consider it as a dead language; and my Latin you would find rather of the Macaronic kind, as barbarous as that used in the celebrated play of 'Ignoramus;' you, perhaps, know the comedy to which I allude, which was a great favourite of our James the First, and often performed before that pedant."

"No, sir; my reading is not so modern," said Doctor Crispinus, with a severe and somewhat scornful air.

What can he mean? Is the man mad, thought I;—not so modern!

"You are surprised, I see, at my words," observed the Doctor, finding I made him no reply; "they are a sort of text to what excited your curiosity this morning—my shutting up my house."

"How so, Doctor Crispinus?"

"It was done not to avoid the sight of the inauguration of that statue—for my time is too precious to be thrown away on such mummeries—but to mark my reprobation of the scene, my disgust at the honours paid to that arch-fiend."

"The inventor of——"

"Yes, sir; that abomination—the whore of Babylon was not a greater—that piece of quackery and charlatanism—printing. Instead of considering Gütenberg as my blind and infatuated countrymen do—the glory of my native town, I look upon him as the Abaddon and Antichrist of the Apocalypse; and you and they who have deified him this day, should have burnt him in effigy!"

"Perhaps, Doctor Crispinus, you object to this rite in a religious point of view, deeming it heathenish and profane to pay any mortal man a worship almost allied to idolatry."

"No, sir; it is the object, not the thing, that I abhor."

"You astonish me. I am curious to know what you find to reprobate in the life, or discovery of the great Gütenberg, the benefactor of mankind."

"Benefactor—do you call him? Our ideas of philanthropy differ *toto cælo*. He was the greatest enemy the human race ever had to encounter. He has done more to keep back the tide of civilization than a hundred Omars! '*Ex fumo dare lucem*,' has been chosen as a motto for the art: '*Ex foco dare fumum*,' would have been a much more appropriate device. Printing, sir, will bring back the dark ages!"

I stared at Doctor Crispinus in speechless wonder.

"Bring back the dark ages, I repeat. It is pretended that through the medium of the press education is become generally diffused—daily extending more and more among the masses; but how superficial and worthless is the instruction to be derived from your Lancastrian and Hamiltonian systems, the report of which has reached me—those railroad ways of reaching learning, getting at it by steam; as if any wholesome nourishment for the mind could be derived from the trashy and deleterious drugs compounded for and issuing from the press, called 'Grammars,' and 'Hand-books.' The little learnt by those who

pretend to know much by studying little, were better unknown. Learning is not to be attained by a short cut; it is only to be acquired by years on years of study and meditation in solitude. It should be confined to a single class, as among the Greek philosophers, and the Hindu gymnosophists, and the fathers of the church. There is only one key to it—Greek. That divine tongue must (what says a Roman poet?—

'Nocturnâ versate manu versate diurnâ,')

be commenced in childhood, and when people arrive at my age, they may have made some progress in it. But what scholiasts do the present times produce! Those learned men had no lexicons or scapulas to resort to. They worked the mine themselves, and freed the ore from the dross which ages had accumulated round it, till it issued from the crucible of their minds pure, bright, and uncontaminated."

"We, too, have had our scholars."

"Scholars, indeed! I have for curiosity looked into the pages of your Pauws and your Porsons, your Bentleys, and Blomfields, and Burgesses; but I know more Greek, sir, in my little finger (*in ungue*) than all that their five *crania* contained."

Modest, at least, thought I. "But Germany is not without great names; some ingenious commentators, to say the least of them."

"Commentators! Ingenuity! say rather, *mira audacitas, et insolentia*. They remind me of mushrooms, that are the more deleterious the brighter they are in colour; the lightning, that is the more fatal from its brilliancy; of vice, that the more seductive its allurements, the surer leads on to perdition. These charlatans of literature pretend that much has been done by their metrical crotchets, in the purging of what they call the corruptions of the text, as if it really was corrupt. Why, I will put almost any passage you select out of Thucydides or Herodotus into strophe and antistrophe, if I am allowed to divorce the syllables of the words *ad libitum*, and carry them on line after line. I have no patience with these false emendators; for my part, I find no difficulties, whatever may seem to common and superficial scholars to exist, in my MS. of Æschylus, and should consider it as great a sacrilege to change an iota of it, as to touch the Hebrew Scriptures."

"But can you construe some of the choruses?"

"Sir, in all my scholias, I have not suggested a single emendation."

"And to which of the classics have your labours been principally directed?"

"The first twenty years of my literary life, after taking my degree in divinity and philosophy at Halle, were spent in laying up food for its after-nourishment, thus:—they were employed in copying the best MSS. which I could procure from the different universities, not only of Germany, but Spain and Italy. I pride myself on calligraphy; nor is this all. Look at this MS."—(here he handed me a roll of vellum)—"you would find in it neither erasure nor interlineation; it contains the same number of skins, the same quantity of lines, as the original; even the words and capital letters tally, and the character is so precisely similar, that now I have by artificial processes given it a semblance of age, by staining, and even patching it in sundry places, it would be almost impossible for the most cunning antiquarian to distinguish whether it be not the work of a Greek amanuensis."

"And what may be the author's name, Doctor?"

"Longus the Sophist. It is his celebrated novel—(that far surpasses all compositions of that description, even in your prolific country, though *Gott bewaar* that I should ever have read any of them)—Daphnis and Chloe; and I must here remark to you, that it was taken from the only MS. that exists in the Ambrosian Library, long before Courier discovered that it contained the second part, supposed to be lost. Much has been said about that French scholar's defacing the MS. purposely, to enhance the value of his work; but whether the blots were accidental or not, my MS. is rendered much more precious from the circumstance of further collation being rendered out of the question. And speaking of novels, I have heard somewhere that one Rousseau, who seems to have been aware of the superiority of writing to types, after the publication of his *Nouvelle Heloise*, copied it with his own hand, and presented it to a lady."

"A gallant act, indeed, that ought to have softened her heart! but it did not."

"No, sir; a penitential act—an offering and a sacrifice to the outraged genius, antiquity. But to return whence I set out. At the commencement of my career as a student, I was convinced that vellum is the only material to which works should be committed, and have since had no reason to change my belief. Would the classics have come down to us?—would the Herculaneum rolls have escaped the volcano, had they been entrusted to such ignitible and perishable materials as are in vogue at the present day? Paper of all kinds is my abhorrence. A single sheet of it is never allowed to enter my doors, for even my letters I write on parchment—my rough notes on ass's skin. You were, doubtless, surprised, in looking round the study of a scholar, to perceive no books—I have not one in my possession; as soon would a medalist admit a false coin into his cabinet, or a picture-collector a copy into his gallery. The system of binding and backing them is also one of the trumpery and shewy *wigwams* of the moderns; still more do I object to the divisions of words and sentences, paging, punctuation, and all such, if not useless expedients, yet helps to indolence or ignorance. But, sir, I will produce to you a still stronger ground for my preference of vellum to paper:"—thus saying, he opened his cabinet, and brought forth a Palampsest, which he had restored with as much nicety as a painter removes the daubs on a Raphael, that, however carefully retouched, are still easily detected. "This MS.," observed Dr. Crispinus, with an air of conscious pride and gratified vanity, "had fallen into the hands of a falsely pious monk, the original writing, by some chemical process, been obliterated, and a homily substituted for it. Fortune, fate, or necessity, whichever you may choose to call it, decreed that I should recreate it."

"And what may be the subject of this Palampsest?"

"Like those as yet collected at Portici, this is of no great value to the general reader—it is a treatise on Divination."

"Do you comprehend it?"

"Do you comprehend God?"

That question had been put and answered by another question in the same manner years before, and only proves how falsely great thinkers are often accused of plagiarism. The Doctor continued:—

"It was said of a philosopher, by one of the wisest of men, that,

where he understood his works, he found them sublime; and where he did not, he gave him credit for their being so."

"I have heard it pretended that Lycophron is obscure—to my mind, the sublimest of all the Greek poets."

"Yes, if the great characteristic of the sublime is obscurity."

"There are some people who labour under a disease called a cataract," said the Doctor, somewhat sharply.

"Perhaps, Dr. Crispinus, your lucubrations may assist in my cure—aid in removing the film from my eyes. You have accounted for twenty years of your life—pray how have you employed the remainder of it?"

"My studies will one day appear in some more enlightened age, to a wiser generation, not without their uses."

"That I cannot for a moment doubt. And to what may they have tended—may I inquire?"

"You shall hear; for a prophet has no honour in his own country. My longest and greatest work is a commentary on Apuleius's 'Golden Ass,' which has employed me nine hours a day for the last nine years, and is not yet completed. In confidence, I confess that the only person I have ever been in love with, was one of those Thessalian sorceresses. But not to enter into this story of my imaginary amours, which would occupy—so voluminous is the MS—many weeks to read, I take no small credit to myself in having effectually rescued the race of that patient, abstemious, philosophical, I may say classical animal, from the unjust aspersions that have made him a byword among nations. In the progress of my investigations, I made a discovery that ought to give me great κυδος. I need scarcely tell you that the chapters of the Koran were mostly hung at the gates of the Holy Temple on bones. In order to satisfy myself of the comparative merits of those of different animals, I, in imitation of the Arabian prophet, have committed several MSS. to that medium; and finding, that for closeness of grain, hardness, and weight, the asinine, if not far surpassing any other osseous substance, approaches nearest to ivory, I selected, as most appropriate, the jaw-bones of asses for my work."

Crispinus resorted a second time to his sanctum, and no lover could have been prouder to exhibit a lock of his mistress's hair, than the learned Doctor was to display his bones; the writing being only decipherable by very strong glasses, and in the true classic character, I am unable to give any opinion as to the composition itself.

"Your discovery," I observed, having with much difficulty refrained from bursting out into a *horse*-laugh, "is an important one, and may lead to incalculable results; but under what other obligations have you laid posterity, Doctor Crispinus?"

"My works are curious and erudite," he replied. "I will briefly enumerate them:—A disquisition on the Hyperboreans—that favoured people who enjoyed a terrestrial Paradise, perpetual spring, and immortal youth, and lived without laws or religion—clearing up the mystery as to who they were, and what part of the globe they inhabited; the Natural History of the Arimaspians and Griffins, the notes containing authentic accounts of the most remarkable dragons, especially the Python and Hydra; a dissertation on the Wanderings of Io, substantiating the correctness of Prometheus as a geographer; Proofs that Homer's Iliad is a translation from the Egyptian, principally based on the name of the great Leader of the Expedition, being Aga Memnon; a treatise on the Astronomy of the Ancients, as laid

down in Pliny the Elder's Natural History; together with some few observations, running through fourteen skins, on the Lost Star of the Pleiades; my views on the Digamma, of still greater length; some account of the Lives and Sorrows of the Graiæ—the Grays—those three interesting old maids who had only one eye and one tooth between them, 'each in her turn for separate use;' Glossary on the Χριστος Πασχων, establishing as an incontestable fact, that it was a plagiarism from Euripides, the sacrilegious cheat who passes for its author having destroyed several of that tragedian's plays, especially one-third of the Baccæ, in order to perpetuate the fraud. These, sir, are my chief claims on posterity. My——"

"Your range of studies has been indeed extensive," I said, interrupting him, and in dread of his continuing the catalogue, "but your library seems a very limited one."

"It contains, sir," replied Crispinus, "all the Greek classics; as to the Latin ones, I hold them in supreme contempt, looking upon that language (like the French) as poor and conventional; that very *felicitas verborum*, of which they boasted, proves what I say. Then, sir, I possess a MS. Bible, the very same from which Gütenberg and Fust, or Faust—(hence the word fustian, to denote the futility of the art of printing)—the latter of whom, if he was not the principal in that nefarious practice, was hardly used by fortune—took their text. It cost my ancestor 5000 florins, in those early days; and I owe it to those agents of Satan, that my property is become so much deteriorated in value; that this unique volume would not now fetch one-fifth part of that sum, cheaper than any Bible ought to be sold at."

"And is this your whole collection?"

"Of what use are your libraries, with their thousands and thousands of books, which no one *has* read, and of the contents of which all must be ignorant, unless life were extended to thrice its span?—what more can the utmost craving of the intellect require, than has been handed down to us from the ancients, whether it be in history, in poetry, in morals, in——"

"You forget science, mechanics, chemistry, anatomy, &c."

"Archimedes was a far greater mechanician than any since his day; nor is there a single discovery of modern times that may not be traced to Homer. What but walking automatons and chattering parrots are the so-called learned of this degenerate age? Talk of sciences—of what use is it to an anatomist to be able to point out and name every little perforation, every cavity, or protuberance in a bone?—or your botanist?—what benefits it to load the memory with the minutiæ of plants?—will that assist in the cure of diseases? Do men, in spite of all our boasted discoveries in chemistry, live longer than they did formerly? Then, as to mineralogy, geology—what do they teach us of the structure of the world? A man who had never seen an egg broken, might as well pretend to judge of what it contained by examining some dust upon its shell."

Whilst we were thus talking, twilight had begun to yield to the darkness; and having gratified my utmost curiosity, gained all the information I desired, reaped all the profit there was to reap from this monomaniac, I prepared to depart. To say the truth, I had for some time felt the company of this singular old man, with whom I had no one idea in common, who, whilst all his fellow-beings were in a state of transition, had been stationary or rather retrograde, irksome and oppressive.

Nor less so was the atmosphere of that vaulted room, with its antiquated furniture, and panels blackened by smoke and time, that weighed on me with a sense of heaviness, and made me long to breathe the pure air of the summer heavens, and commune with my own thoughts. I therefore took my leave, and the following morning re-embarked for Manheim. Happening, a twelvemonth after, to pass again through Mayence, I naturally bethought me of the learned Doctor, and on landing, proceeded to the square with the intention of paying him a second visit; but to my infinite surprise and disappointment, I found his house had vanished—one precisely similar to those that had excited my spleen at the fête usurping its place, with all the airs of an insolent *parvenu*. On inquiry I learnt, that shortly after the Jubilee, the last of the Grecians had discontinued his studies—abandoned his usual occupations—those labours which were to render him immortal—that the proximity of the image of Gütenberg acted upon him like a maleficent charm; and, as the statue, unlike that in *Don Juan*, did not talk to him in its justification, he from his window talked to *it*, holding daily longer and longer discourses, and finding that they were as powerless as those of the musical reprobate had been on the *Commendator*, he grew more and more loud in his execrations, till the neighbours, as they passed, held up their hands, and cried "Poor Dr. Crispinus!" and the boys followed, and hooted and pelted him when he appeared in public.

But the worst remains behind: in an excess of rage and indignation, he at length, at one fatal swoop, laid violent hands, not on himself, but on things dearer to him than himself, his invaluable MSS., a deed worse than suicidal, and only to be equalled by Saturn's, who devoured his own children.

His relations—most relations, when a man is rich, are ever ready to act in the same affectionate manner—voted him crazed, and had him conveyed to the *Toll-haus*, where he still is, and is likely to remain, for they have divided his substance among them, and demolished his mansion, in the vain pretext of completing the symmetry of the square, now called after Gütenberg, but which would, to my mind, be much more appropriately termed—"*Plas* Crispinus."

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## ON A PICTURE.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

Take back the shade of what I seem'd,
Ere time had stol'n each grace away;
Forget how wand'ring fancy dream'd;
Forget how brief that vision's stay—
Let me not look on this bright brow
With eyes as dimm'd as mine are now!

Where are the locks, whose every tress
A web for some new captive wove?
Where are the lips, whose smiles express
The softest promises of love?
Where is the skin's transparent hue,
Which angel thoughts seem shining through?

I gave thee this when both were young,
And one, who trusted most, was true—
Who on my vows too fondly clung,
And from my breath his being drew.
Long years of absence, change, and pain,
Have proved that he relied in vain!

Take back this semblance! never more,
Since waning beauty's star has set,
My face can charm thee as of yore,
And meet it is we both forget—
Thou, all but my inconstant heart,
And I—how deeply wrong'd thou art!

# THE BLIND GIRL.*

*(From the German of Adelbert von Chamisso.)*

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

I.

ONCE, sisters, I was able
To follow with my sight
The clouds that floated swiftly
Through ocean-depths of light;

And o'er the landscape wand'ring,
Yon fading edge to trace,
Till lost amid the freedom
Of bright and boundless space.

But now that time has ended—
Thou joyous light, farewell!
The night of darkness makes me
In narrow limits dwell.

Yet, prithee, mourn not o'er me
That light from me has gone;
Ye know what I've lost, my sisters,
But not what I have won.

From all my distant wand'rings
To myself I come at last,
And the world I find within me
Is worth the one that's past.

The words I hear around me
Down to my heart have flown,
And all that stirs my bosom
I greet it as my own.

II.

How through my heart's recesses is there ringing
One potent sound—
One voice, which, o'er each thought its magic flinging,
Fast holds it bound.

He who is dazzled by the sun's bright beam
'Mid colours glancing,
Turn where he will, beholds its image gleam—
Sees light flames dancing.

Thus above every voice I hear that *one*,
Though all are dear;
And now the murm'ring echo of the tone
I only hear.

My treasure's gone—deaf has my heart become,
And I must weep.
I feel that I am lost, and vaguely roam,
As one in sleep.

III.

Still on one—only one, sadly I meditate!
Oh! how blessed the hand which, with enamoured touch,
O'er his count'nance gliding,
Form and shape could bestow on it.

Hearing! thou art, alas! but an imperfect sense,
Only drinking afar sounds, and conducting them
To the heart lightly echoed;
And how empty those echoes are!

IV.

Whence, oh! whence can this arise,
Hapless child—this sudden pride?
Is it fit for one whose eyes
Serve for weeping—nought beside?

Nought to me his eyes reveal,
Hidden is their import deep:
Mine are silent—ever still
They must weep, and only weep!

Yes, we're parted! Thou art free,
Wand'ring on in fresh delight,—
Over all my pains and me
Close the dusky gates of night.

V.

To live but for my sorrow—
Oh, what a life is this!
To wait upon the loved one—
Oh, that indeed were bliss!

* I hope none of my readers will require to be told who Chamisso is; and if there be such, they need only be reminded that he is the author of Peter Schlemihl. Those who have not read him, and can read German, should lose no time in getting his poems, for they will find in them a mine of true pathos, which is by no means attainable everywhere. The above I consider a sort of symphony in poetry, being a series of expressions of pure feeling, in which the measure is varied with uncommon skill to suit the various themes, which a subject apparently so limited as the mere soliloquy of a blind girl affords. Numbers I., IV., V., and VI., are in the pure German spirit; II. less intense, has something of the Petrarchian conceit, though not the Petrarchian form; and III., which is in the measure of Horace, lib. i. Ode v., recals, by the tone of feeling, the celebrated fragment of Sappho. Those who disapprove of all attempts to write modern poetry in classic metre will, of course, dislike this Number III.; but these I would beg to bear in mind that it is a very small portion of a poem, the rest of which none can fail to think exquisitely beautiful.—J. O.

If I could by my master
A page right trusty stand,
And gladly bear each message—
Attend to each command!

I know the streets, the houses,
The turnings great and small,
The stones upon the pathway—
I can avoid them all.

Oh! in the dark 'tis gloomy—
A truth too well I know;
I would cast light around him
Wherever he might go.

The light that all rejoice in
O'er him should always shine;
His sight all hearts should gladden,
Excepting only—mine!*

And then, if men should jeer me,
I should not see their scorn;
And if, perchance, I heard it,
I know it could be borne.

VI.

Thou, who wert both pain and kindness,—
Thou, the sun that cheer'd my blindness,—
Blessed voice! thou now art still.
Silence now my night has bound,
Dread and strange is all around—
All is desert, blank, and chill.

Sisters, do ye weep and seek
Why the colour leaves my cheek—
Why in death I am declining?
Cease your weeping, sisters dear,
Cease your questions—I can bear
All my fate without repining!

Every idle dream has pass'd,
And without a wish, at last
Fearless to my grave I steal.
Owing nought to life, I part;
Calm and patient, in my heart
Now the peace of death I feel.

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## DESCENT OF THE GOSFORTH COLLIERY, NEWCASTLE.

BY JOHN BARROW, ESQ.

In the summer of 1839, being on a visit to some friends who reside near Newcastle-on-Tyne, I obtained permission to visit the "Gosforth Colliery." A coal-pit was to me a novelty, and this was of greater depth, and of greater extent under ground, than any in the immediate neighbourhood.

Having put on some thick clothing at the house of one of the *underviewers*, we proceeded a few paces to the shaft of the coal-pit, which I was informed descended perpendicularly to a depth of upwards of one thousand feet, or more than double the height of St. Paul's. The shaft was about four feet square, and boarded from top to bottom, to prevent the earth from falling in, as also to allow the baskets to run easy.

The only question asked by the underviewer was whether I had ever descended in a basket before. Upon informing him that I had not, he told me that all I had to do was to hold on by the chain which attached the basket to the rope, and to keep my head as close as possible to the chain, and not to look up. The last injunction was to prevent any particles of dust getting into the eyes. We now stepped into the basket, which was suspended over the dark abyss, the underviewer on one side, myself on the other—

"Facilis descensus Averno."

Away we went into utter darkness, my companion every now and then touching the sides of the shaft with his stick to steady the basket, which ever and anon struck and twisted about more than was agreeable. In about a minute we reached the bottom, when I was unceremoniously lifted out of the basket by some kind, and to me invisible friend, whose harsh, sepulchral voice, was

* The pathos in this verse is so exquisite, that I cannot resist giving it:—
Ihn sollte stets erfreuen
Das allerfreu'nde Licht,
Sein anblich sollte jeden
Erfreuen, mich nur nicht.—J. O.

well suited to the locality. I felt a little giddy, probably from the rapid, unusual motion, and twisting of the basket, but in a few seconds recovered myself, as also my sight, the quick transition from broad daylight having for the moment prevented my seeing anything beyond a small glimmering light which shone like a glowworm.

I now found myself in a somewhat spacious gallery cut out in the rock, the roof in many parts finished with masonry, and on the floor were two tramways. Proceeding along this gallery, I heard a loud rumbling noise, which sounded exactly as if it were overhead; but in the distance I perceived a spark of light, which appeared to approach rapidly towards us, accompanied by a voice singing loudly and merrily—

"We'll turn about, and wheel about,
And do just so!
Every time we turn about,
We'll jump Jim Crow!"

with no little emphasis on the last words. I was told to place myself as upright as possible against the wall of the gallery. Presently up came twenty baskets of coal, all in a line, drawn by one horse, which was going at a quick trot, and on the foremost basket sat the aforesaid "Jim Crow," whom, in truth, the lad very much resembled in his smutty appearance. There was only just room to stand upright, and the effect in this subterranean passage was rather striking.

I was not prepared to meet with any but *bipeds*, but now learnt that there were no less than forty quadrupeds employed entirely under ground, who never see the blessed light of day, with a hundred and eighty-one fathoms of earth above them! Some had been at work in the colliery ten, and some eight years. I visited the stables, which are cut in the rock. The poor animals looked in excellent condition, and their coats were as sleek as that of a race-horse. The weight they draw is from eight to ten tons, which on the rails does not appear to distress them. On arriving at the shaft, two basketsfull of coal are carried up at a time with surprising rapidity.

Moving onward, we were compelled to turn off into another gallery running parallel with the main gallery, and used as a footpath for man and horse, as at this spot there is a *bank*, so termed, down which the coals are carried on the tramways by their own impetus, descending with great rapidity, and at the same time drawing the empty baskets up the inclined plane. The heat in going up this little gallery was intolerable, indeed almost suffocating; but by occasionally turning round to catch the current of air, which was on our backs, I contrived to pass through. The exertion was, however, great. The ventilation of the coal-pit is somewhat remarkable. The air which descends the shaft traverses a space through the several subterranean galleries of about thirty-eight miles, and is kept in its proper channel by means of double doors to some of the galleries, much on the same principle on which water is kept in the locks of a canal; but there are as few doors as possible, to prevent accidents, for the current once interrupted, the consequences would be fatal. We regained the main gallery at a part where it again becomes level, and horses are put in requisition.

Having proceeded about nine hundred yards under ground, and finding I had a mile and a half to walk before I should reach the spot where the men were working, and having moreover perfectly satisfied my curiosity, I retraced my steps to the shaft.

A little boy wishing to ascend, was desired to lay hold of the rope at a few feet above the chain to which the basket was attached, and round which he clung with his legs. My hope was that he would hold on taught. The underviewer and myself again stepped into the basket, and in a little more than a minute we were, as if by magic, again brought into daylight, with the little urchin dangling above us. The effect of the rapid ascent was remarkable, inasmuch as, to me, the sensation was precisely that of descending; and this was no *optical* delusion, as in the case of a balloon, when the earth appears to be receding from those seated in it, for all was dark as Erebus.

## TO HER RAVEN.

BY A WITCH.

Bird of the sable plume!
Brightest and blackest of the raven kind;
Thou who canst croak the augury of doom,
To damp the mind!

Be still my soul's delight!
Dearer to me thy garb of glossy jet
Than hues more gaudy, and more gaily bright,
Of some proud pet!

Famed in the lays of love,
When bards the charms of sable ringlets sing
More than the plumage of the silvery dove,
Is thy dark wing!

And, in the sacred page,
Doth not the glory of thy fathers shine,
Who, to the prophet, fled from royal rage,
Brought aid divine?

If to the wandering ark
Thy truant ancestor return'd no more,
But o'er the waste of waters, drear and dark,
Still sought a shore,

Praised be the soul of pride,
That would be free—not impotently safe!
Such was thy parent—nor hast *thou* belied
Thy lineage—Ralph!

Far from thy native home,
No vain regret, no care disturbs thy rest,
Nor need thy spouse with soft attentions come
To soothe thy breast!

Thine is the lofty mien!
The stately step—the grave majestic air—
Sober though sly—and solemn though serene,
And free from care!

My Patriarch of the Fowl!
Thou seest thy brethren* of the feather'd race
Live but to die, whilst thou, with steadfast soul,
Dost thrive apace!

Perch'd on the topmost thatch,
Great is thy power with busy beak and claw!
Thy skill destructive, not e'en man can match,
And hate of law!

Vainly the dull may blame
The noble ardour of thy lofty soul;
Cold is the heart that would thy courage tame—
Thy will control!

Come to my window-pane!
Ne'er shall this heart reject thy humble prayer;
Ne'er shalt thou seek my sympathy in vain,
Or beg thy fare!

Still in thy mistress trust;
To life's last hour she'll keep her fav'rite safe;
And in these rhymes shall live, when both are dust,
The name of—Ralph.

M. Y. W.

* The barndoor fowl.

# THE GARDEN.

BY CHARLES OLLIER, AUTHOR OF "FERRERS."

"See how the flow'rs, as at parade,
Under their colours stand display'd;
Each regiment in order grows,
That of the tulip, pink, and rose.
But when the vigilant patrol
Of stars walks round about the pole,
Their leaves, which to the stalks are curl'd,
Seem to their staves the ensigns furl'd.
Then in some flower's beloved hut,
Each bee, as centinel, is shut."

ANDREW MARVELL.

"NAY, nay, dear grandmother, you must not find fault with my formality in gardening. I am not formal in anything else, am I? Let me, therefore, be prim and precise in this. I love, to my very heart, the old English taste in horticulture—its neat, square shrubberies; its wide gravel walks crossing each other at right angles; its numerous parterres, each of which is devoted to one kind of flower; its clipt hedges, its well-shaven lawn, its primitive time-keeper (the sun-dial), its statues, and the sparkling gush of its fountains. A garden is essentially a thing of art, and should look artful. Is not every plant, in its present exuberant beauty, the result of man's elaborate handicraft and daily-renewed culture? Why then should we, according to modern caprice, strive to give to our gardens an appearance of the irregularity of untamed nature, and place our delicate, and (so to speak) *highly-educated* floral children in mimic wildernesses? Such a style is discordant in itself; and, moreover, is not in keeping with the sentiment of *home*, from which a garden is inseparable."

These were the words of Lucy Sumner, as she and her grandmother were walking during the sunny pauses of an April shower, in the spacious garden belonging to the latter. Our young lady's remark involved an often-discussed subject of smiling dispute; and it was not a little curious to find the staid and old-fashioned system of horticulture defended by a giddy girl, while the anomalies of the new taste—the neglect of order and method—should possess, in an aged woman, a zealous advocate.

"You know, my dear Lucy," said Mrs. Cleveland, with a smile, "that I have placed the garden so entirely under your management, that old Simon will hardly obey the most trifling direction from me; and that I have seen, with exemplary patience, the transformation of my serpentine alleys into straight walks, and my winding parterres into plots of rigid squareness. Still, you have not made me a convert to the taste of our forefathers. I am a resolute landscape-gardener, and shall never be reconciled to your perpetual angles and parallelograms."

"Do what you will, my good grandmamma," returned Lucy, "the glorious features of an open landscape can never be attained in an enclosed garden, however ample may be its dimensions. Keep a garden to its own proper characteristics, and the feeling it inspires is exquisite in its way; it tells of home, security, ease, elegance, culture, and competence. Now, in my opinion, all these are contradicted by tangled thickets and undisciplined avenues, not to mention the harbour afforded by such places to snails and other destroyers of garden-labour; and this, let me tell you, is no small matter. Old Simon said the other day that since the ground had been metamorphosed under my direction, his seedlings had thriven more healthily than before. They have now abundant sun and air, and are free from the destructive nibblings of slugs."

"Well, well, my dear," replied Mrs. Cleveland, "I have given you your way, and you shall have it. Only let me stipulate for one thing —namely, that you do not carry your love of the formal to such an extremity, as to order Simon to clip my evergreens into figures of birds and beasts, according to your 'good old English taste.'"

"That, dear grandmamma, was the *bad* old English taste, and was never practised except by the vulgar. Lord Bacon, who, you know, has given directions for the formation of a garden in the artificial style, says, 'I, for my part, do not like images cut out in juniper, or other garden stuff; they be for children.' Yet, he admires broad and stately alleys, long and level perspectives, urns and statues, velvet lawns, and flower-beds marshalled into systematic array. Sir William Temple, too, with whom (as he has been dead 150 years) I may say I am in love on account of his handsome face, insists on regularity of device in horticulture. 'The best figure of a garden,' observes he, 'is either a square or an oblong.' To illustrate his doctrine, he has given a glowing description of the pleasure-grounds at Moor Park, Hertfordshire, made under the direction of the Countess of Bedford, that estimable lady, in celebration of whom Donne the poet has written so many verses. After speaking of the long and wide gravel walk, the border set with standard laurels at equal distances, (which have the beauty of orange-trees,) the parterres divided into quarters, the fountains, statues, and summer-houses, he adds, 'Among us the beauty of planting is placed chiefly in some certain *proportions, symmetries, or uniformities;* our walks and our trees ranged so as to answer one another, and at exact distances.' I, dear grandmamma, am precisely of his faction."

"Ah, Lucy," responded the old lady, "had Sir William Temple, who, as our ambassador, lived much in Holland, where, no doubt, he acquired his prim taste in gardening,—had he advocated the opposite style, his handsome *face* (so influential with you and with young ladies in general) would have carried the question triumphantly, and my Lucy would have been a landscape gardener."

"No, no," returned Lucy; "you forget my other champions: Milton, who talks of

> 'Retired leisure,
> That in *trim* gardens takes his pleasure;'

and the intellectual Cowley, who, in his unrivalled poem on a garden, has these noble lines: (I have learnt them by heart, and never shall forget them:)—

> 'Although no part of mighty nature be
> More stored with beauty, power and mystery;
> *Yet, to encourage human industry,*
> God has so ordered, that no other part
> *Such space and such dominion leaves for art.*
> In other things we count art to excel,
> If it a docile scholar can appear
> To nature, and but imitate her well;
> *It overrules, and is her master here.*
> It imitates her Maker's power divine,
> And changes her sometimes, *and sometimes does refine!*'

Then we have also on our side fine-hearted Andrew Marvell, with his verses about 'the flowers as *at parade;*' and Evelyn, who brought his high philosophy to bear even on hortulan subjects. Chaucer,

and Shakspeare, too, belong to us, not to mention Sir Thomas Browne."

"You overcome me, my dear," said Mrs. Cleveland, "with your authorities, and I have scarcely any to oppose to them, because I am not given, as you are, to never-ceasing investigations on the subject. But I may just observe, though I have not your memory in quotation, that Evelyn lived in the reign of Charles II., when the French taste, which dictated the preposterous conceits of Versailles, was uppermost in everything; and that Andrew Marvell has written an invective against gardens."

"True," returned Lucy; "you must remember, however, that his reproaches are put into the mouth of a mower. You had better at once yield the prize to me, for I have a strong array of other names to bring forward as an army of reserve against you. But, see, here comes Simon, with a dutiful report of his proceedings for April."

The old man, followed by an under-gardener, now advanced, and begged the ladies would be kind enough to inspect his preparations for the spring.

"Your ladyships," said he, with the old-fashioned prodigality on the part of servants in bestowing honours, "have not been abroad much of late, seeing that the blusterous March winds would have been too much for you; I hoped, however, that this soft April day would tempt you forth. May I be so bold as to ask if you will come and see my flower-beds? You have lost the crocuses and snow-drops; but other bulbs are now appearing, which more than make amends. Your ladyships need not be afraid of damp from the shower that has just ceased. Our broad walks have thrown off the moisture, and are now quite dry to the feet."

With a significant and triumphant glance at Mrs. Cleveland, who met it by an arch smile, Lucy told the gardener that she and her grandmother would follow him. Passing by a bed of violets, which had not yet ceased blooming, and which gave out their odours on the mild and moist air, Simon conducted the ladies to his parterres of hyacinths, tulips, ranunculuses, and anemones, now beginning to blossom; and, drawing from the hoops the matted covering, revealed a world of gaudy beauty. Each sort of plants had a bed to itself. Pionies, with their large buds not yet expanded, were seen by the side of groups of lilies whose green, lusty stalks, were fast advancing to maturity. The sword-shaped leaves of the gladiolus were high above ground; and the jonquils and narcissuses seemed ready to disclose their crisp and delicate bells. On the lawn, was seen the early mazereon, one mass of purple flowers; while further on, in the well-kept shrubbery, the eye was charmed with the splendid bloom of the almond-tree, and the white chalices of the double-flowering cherry. Beauty was visible everywhere—beauty united with promise of still greater loveliness; a fascination peculiar to the month of April.

Simon was about to descant on his mode of treating the plants, with which our companions would have been greatly edified, when, with the fickleness of April, the sky was suddenly overcast, and Mrs. Cleveland and her youthful and enthusiastic companion were compelled to avoid the coming shower, by a rapid retreat towards the house, where, no doubt, they renewed their pleasant argument for and against the old stately style of English gardening.

# THE FRANCISCAN'S CURE.

A LEGEND OF FIESOLE.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

SINCE 'tis the *mode* to take the road
By post or *vetturino*,—
Since wife and hub quit park and club
For Corso and Casino,—

Some may excuse my timid muse,
Nor feel inclined to cavil,
E'en though her tale to please should fail—
A tale pick'd up in travel.

Of all the cities in fair Italy, with one consent say
Tourist and bard, to find 'twere hard
One fairer than Firenze.

There you may meet in every street
All nations, French and Prussian,
The Cheltenham belle, the Cockney swell,
The Yankee and the Russian;

For Paris, Cork, Madrid, New York,
And e'en the Great St. Lawrence,
Berlin and Trent, Trieste and Ghent,
Send specimens to Florence.

When there, you'll not neglect a spot
Which ancient mem'ries hallow,
Not far away's Fiesole
Beyond the Porte St. Gallo.

The site's sublime, but hard to climb,
Nor do I to this day know
How ladies fair could get up there
*Sans* oxen and *sans traineau*.

But now, I'm told, all potent gold
(*Nil auro desperandum!*)
Has made a way for horse and shay,
For *vis-à-vis* and tandem.

Two worthy cits with slender wits
(All this from hearsay I tell)
Have paid large fees the duke to please,
And buy themselves a title;

So strangers may, whenever they
The new road gaze from far on,
Say, half this mount has made a count,
The other half a baron.

*Mais revenons à nos moutons*,
For time too fast advances;
We're dawdling yet, and quite forget
The Convent of St. Francis.

Its grey walls still surmount the hill,
From whence without assistance
Of spy-glass you may have a view
Of Florence in the distance.

Here dwelt (the date I fear to state
Not being Peter Parley,
Lest I should make some slight mistake)
A monk called Fra Pasquale.

Though legends paint him as a saint
Less fit for earth than heaven,
'Tis said this monk was always drunk
Six days in every seven.

He loved a glass between each mass,
For though the service pat in,
His lips grew dry from constantly
Declaiming convent Latin.

If wine he got, no matter what,
Provided it had body;
Nay, at a pinch he wouldn't flinch
From sipping whisky toddy.

Bordeaux, Champagne, and wines of Spain,
Chianti, and St. Peray,
Sauterne, Medoc, Tokay, and Hock,
Madeira, Port, and Sherry;

St. George, Barsac, and Frontignac,
He loved; nor could he harm see
In bright Moselle, or rich Lunelle,
Johannisberg, or Malmsey.

By such drinks fed, his nose grew red,
Like that of Tony Veller,
For nightly he purloin'd the key
That lock'd the convent cellar.

There watch he kept while others slept,
And drank toasts out of number,
Thinking the eyes of all Paul Pries
Were safely closed in slumber.

Not all—while he hummed carelessly
Some light *canzone nuova*,
One cunning pair wide open were,
And wide awake, moreover.

The sacristan, sly, meddling man,
A Pry without umbrella,
Had seen the monk, full three parts drunk,
Come reeling from the cellar.

He rubb'd his eyes in mute surprise,
Then frown'd with indignation,
But didn't say a word next day,
Nor made an accusation.

For well he knew that *he* loved too
Strong drinks, like Mrs. Jarley;
And with the key had oft made free,
As oft as Fra Pasquale.

But still he thought to spoil his sport,
And hatch'd a plan *sub rosâ*,
A cunning plot, preferring not
To hazard an *exposé*.

The next day pass'd—night came at last,
And with it came a candle;
The monk once more approach'd the door,
And softly turn'd the handle.

He drain'd one flask—an easy task
By him such feats were reckon'd;
Threw with a sigh the bottle by,
And then uncork'd a second.

But ere the tip of tongue or lip
Could taste the sparkling nectar,
Strange tale to tell, he scream'd and fell
As if he'd seen a spectre.

*As if?* Why, there, with glassy stare,
He saw, and, tipsy rogue, he
Quail'd at the sight, a form in white,
The image of a bogie.

Fleshless and grim, it seem'd to him,
'Twould need a pen like Chaucer's
With skill to trace its ghastly face,
Its eyes as round as saucers.

The monk half raised his head, and gazed,
Wishing his sight was clearer;
And at each look the more he shook—
The ghost was coming nearer!

In vain he tried himself to hide
In some snug nook or cranny,
Dodged in and out, and skipp'd about
Like naughty Don Giovanni.

In vain—the sprite blew out the light,
Then seized the quaking ninny;
A sudden shock, a heavy knock,
A crash, and—*c'était fini.*

Five years and more since then were o'er,
Brown autumn scatter'd plenty
O'er Arno's vale, each passing gale
Breath'd *dolce far niente.*

'Twas evening, and a motley band,
In circle wide *al fresco*,
Linger'd, where still o'ertops the hill
The church of St. Francesco.

They gazed not where Firenze fair
With glitt'ring spires afar lay,—
Thither they came with pious aim
To honour San Pasquale.

For since that night of dire affright,
Of woe and consternation,
The awe-struck monk, no longer drunk,
Had sworn to reformation.

He sought no more the tempting door,
But curb'd his thirst with lashes,
Abjured each bin, and grew quite thin
On sackcloth, scourge, and ashes.

So when he died, the monks applied
To Rome—so high they prized him;
Nor did they hope in vain—the pope
Approved and canonized him.

And to this day, with pride they say,
(And really *non c' é male*)
Few saints still are so popular
As holy San Pasquale.

But what became,—here may exclaim
Some would-be fault detecter,—
Of that sly man, the sacristan,
The chap who play'd the spectre?

The monks one day all met to pray,
Fra Paolo, Fra Enrico,
Whate'er his name, each brother came,
But where was Dominico?

They sought here, there, and everywhere,
Till chance, bright thought-impeller,
Suggested that he might be at
Some mischief in the cellar.

There he was found stretch'd on the ground,
Amid flasks out of number;
His eyes were closed, as though he dozed
In calm and peaceful slumber.

"Raise up his head," the abbot said,
"Awake this sinner erring:
Yet, stay, I fear—yes, 'tis too clear,
He's dead as any herring!"

*Obiit sic Fra Dominic.*
To crown his last attempt, he
His object gain'd, the cellar drain'd,
For *all* the flasks were empty!

## THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Wise was the decree of the ancient sage, that "it is useless to talk of a man's good fortune, till he has died as well as lived prosperous." So strange and startling are the reverses of life, that he who till threescore years and ten has been a model of happiness, may survive to bequeath to posterity a mournful example of the vicissitudes of fate.

For my own part, I have long submitted to the ignominy of being called the unluckiest dog alive. Nothing has prospered with me—all has gone contrary. My kinsfolk and acquaintance unanimously cite me as a singular instance of unmerited misfortune; nor can they make out how a man born in the lap of prosperity, endowed with a good person and good parts, and having done nothing to disgrace them, should have fallen so memorably into the slough of disrepute, and become inscribed in the black books of society. Till very lately, I shared their wonderment and ignorance. But I am enlightened. I have discovered the "one thing needful," wanting to the consistence of my destinies; and since if it be an act of wisdom to be happy, it is an act of virtue to confer happiness on others, I am eager that the public at large should benefit by my discovery. I have already described myself as one of those proverbially said to be born with a silver ladle in their mouths in place of a wooden spoon. I was the inheritor of nearly five thousand a-year, an income entitling one to be regarded from fifteen to thirty as a young man of immense fortune; but which from thirty to fifty, one finds singularly inadequate to the maintenance of such a reputation. Left in my boyhood to the joint tutorage of a fond mother and seven guardians, I can attest that a more injurious mode of governance was never devised for the torture of ingenuous youth;—the sole pleasure of both consisting in thwarting and counteracting each other. Whatever the guardians denied me, was privately conceded by mamma; and whenever it was their pleasure to administer to their charge a wholesome dose of the privations or moralities of life, my idolizing parent was so careful to sweeten with sugar the "*orli del vaso*," that I could not be persuaded to go beyond the first sip. The salutary but bitter medicaments lay untasted at the bottom. It was in consequence of this antagonism, that I was sent to Harrow. The sober guardians pleaded for Winchester or Rugby; the lady-mother for Eton. What Byron calls a wishy-washy compromise decided the matter, and I became an Harrovian.

Now had I studied my Homer within reach of the stoves and grid-irons of the Christopher, or had I progressed towards hobbledehoyhood in Dean's Yard, where the mock-turtle of Farrance's is within reach, and a variety of excellent coffee-houses are attainable, I might have become duly sensible, long ere I cut my wisdom teeth, of the purpose for which teeth are ordained, and so escaped the vexations by which my career of life has been embittered. But matters were otherwise appointed. My dame (old Armstrong of blessed memory!) was an apothecary-fearing, or rather butler-fearing housekeeper. The order of her bill of fare was confined to roast and boiled,—the boiling being rawness, and the roasting, raggedness; so that I was fated to attain in my innocent boyhood the worst possible principles of domestic cookery. Too hungry to cavil, the hapless schoolboy devours what is set before

him, and gives God thanks. At fourteen, I knew not the taste of dainties, save the sugared cates of the confectioner. At a period when an Etonian can discuss the merits of a devilled fowl and claret, I was still the unaspiring votary of a plum bun or a maid of honour.

At Cambridge, my scholarship soon raised me to distinction. I belonged to those high and palmy Harrow days which created Byron and Peel; and when even five thousand a-year did not exonerate a boy from the emulation of intellectual distinctions. I took an honour! but the effort of taking it caused me to overlook a variety of minor university interests; and the fellows who "wined" with me swore that I was a poor creature, because I gave no pine-apple in December, no peaches in March; whereas men with half my income displayed desserts at three guineas a-head—a proof that the heads on their shoulders were not worth half the money.

On quitting college, my loving mother displayed great anxiety that I should become her inmate. But the idea of the petticoat government ensuing from such a domestication was not tempting; and again I rashly compromised the matter by taking apartments in the Albany, under a promise of dining with her in Seymour-street whenever I had no other engagement. It was consequently unnecessary to set up an establishment for myself; by which economical arrangement, I foresaw that I should be enabled to enjoy during the winter my favourite recreation of hunting. Like an ass as I was, I consequently sacrificed the "one thing needful" to the glories of a stable at Melton!

Public!—tell the truth—do you not envy me? Twenty-two, good health, good looks, good manners, second wrangler of my year, and four thousand nine hundred and forty-four pounds to get rid of, every year of my life! If you do, it shews how much you know about the matter! All these advantages, and many more too numerous to mention, are as nothing, unless enhanced by the possession of the "one thing needful," in which I was deficient.

From the days of Hercules to mine, a man is nothing without a club. I was accordingly put up at White's. My father had been of Boodle's, but every generation makes a step in advance, and my ambition pretended White'swards. The question instantly ran from lip to lip, of "What sort of a fellow is Sneakington?"—"Upon their souls, nobody could tell!" Had they paused there, this would have been favourable to my cause; for next to being a popular man about town, no such sure passport into a crack club as being utterly unknown. But the few who wished me such, or rather the many who hate to plead ignorance on any possible subject, saw fit to add—"but I know that he has five or six thousand a-year."

"A house in town, then?"—

"No! chambers in the Albany."—

Then came the fatal query—"Did you ever dine with him?"

"No!—nobody had ever dined with me!"—I lived chiefly with my family in Seymour-street.—I had been *met* at dinner at half the houses of the West End where there were daughters to marry, but *with me* no man could say that he had dined!

Need I add that I was blackballed?

All men conversant with London life are aware that to be blackballed once, twice, or thrice, at such a club as White's, is no matter of disgrace. Had I possessed the "one thing needful," I might have

been blackballed eight or ten times, and it would not have mattered. But, then, *had* I possessed the "one thing needful," I should have got in at once!—As it was, I felt bitterly mortified; and in a fit of pettishness, was stupid enough to take down my name. The old hands laughed.—No one has any scruple about laughing at a man with whom no one has ever dined!

Next winter I had capital sport in Leicestershire, and my grievances were forgotten. I established myself at the best inn, and was hospitable enough in my way; but unluckily there were two or three richer fools than myself who made their first appearance at Melton that season;—and who appear to have been instinctively aware that the "one thing needful" to a fashionable and wealthy fox-hunter is not a head groom, but a good cook. They were pronounced to be not only capital fellows, but capital seats. Their entrées seemed to carry them (in the eye of the world) over all the fences in the country;—while I, with a vulgarized inn bill of fare of fish, soup, chops, steaks, roast and boiled, was voted a snob.

Give a dog an ill name—("the proverb somewhat musty!")—On my return to town, after Easter, my ill name stuck to me. I dined with my mother in Seymour-street twice as often as the preceding year, simply because I was not half so often invited to other tables!—People with daughters gave me up as a lost case. "I might have six thousand a-year,—but it was clear I had no idea of spending it, or settling in life;—I had not so much as a cook!"

My time was accordingly left more upon my hands than I found agreeable, and parliament more than once occurred to me as a safe and gentlemanly safety valve for getting rid of it. As ill luck would have it, a borough in my own county fell vacant, and I resolved to stand. I speak as a fool, however, in calling it "my own county;" for on the considerable estates I possessed there, I had no abiding place,—my family mansion, such as it is, being in the vicinity of town. When, therefore, I found myself opposed by a retired ironmonger, having, within a mile of the borough town in question, a large square brick house, within gates, with sufficient offices, and a capital kitchen range, I ought not to have hesitated about declining the contest; for *my* spit had never twirled in the county, neither had my saucepans simmered; whereas my opponent kept open house, and was known to have already bespoken of Bleaden three lively turtle for his election dinner!

Harassed by the persecutions of the first day's poll, I first lost my temper, then my money, and finally, my election; till, in the end, leaving the hecatombs of my victorious enemy still smoking in his vast dining-room, I hurried back to town, minus more thousands of pounds than I care to record.

A man just defeated in a hardly-contested election always cuts a sorry figure in London, unless at the head of his own table, with a good dinner thereupon; at other people's tables I was looked upon as a beaten general—a poor creature who, with ample means at his command, had not been able to carry through his plans against an ironmonger! This did not improve the pleasures of my season in town, nor was my ensuing winter in Leicestershire much the pleasanter. I was growing crabbed, from finding myself so often in the wrong box; and as the world has never much scruple about doing severe justice to him whose bread and salt it has not tasted, or which it knows to be not

worth tasting, Leicestershire was prompt enough in circulating an opinion that I was becoming a deuced disagreeable fellow.

Unpopularity is a growing evil. As the jealous husband engenders the faithless wife, the ungracious world engenders the graceless man. I knew myself to be disliked—groundlessly disliked—and angrily took up the gauntlet thrown down by society. Towards the end of the hunting season, I got into a trifling squabble at the whist-table, in which, I vow to all that is righteous, I was blameless as a child. But the man who chose to dispute my word was a privileged proprietor of the one thing needful—the only fellow at Melton whose *chef* was capable of a *bisqué d'écrevisses*, or an *omelette soufflée*. It followed, of course, that the bystanders were unanimously on his side; nay, when vilified into fighting about it, I had some difficulty in procuring a second. As it was, my "friend" turned out to be just the sort of secondary second likely to be second to an unfortunate wretch living upon roast and boiled; and the accounts of the duel furnished by my antagonists to the daily papers, was anything but favourable to either of us.

Abhorring newspaper squabbles, I bore all patiently, till finding that I hazarded no reply to their attacks, my enemies (and their name was legion) began to harass me with lampoons. I got the name of "Fighting Sneakington," because I had been bullied into a duel, to avoid the imputation of having been bullied at the card-table. Not a human being stood my friend. How should they?—I had not so much as a cook!

Disgusted by the successive failures of my social pretensions, I took to yachting. In order to sulk with England according to the most approved and aristocratic fashion, I visited Lisbon and Cadiz, and tried to coax myself into an enthusiasm for garlic, cachuchas, and cigars; throughout the summer, underwent grilldom in Malta; and at length wintered in Athens,—losing my heart to the lovely Botzaris, and my patience to the unlovely Otho, like every other fashionable tourist in the Levant. In the spring, I laid in the usual cargo of coral ornaments at Naples, and filigree at Genoa; then sailed through the Sirocco for Marseilles, and sick to death of "my galley on the sea," made the best of my way overland to Paris—which is usually the worst of one's way to England. From Paris, I made my exit with a light purse and heavy heart. I had amused myself too well in the gay city, not to anticipate that London would be insupportable. But my mother's letters were growing pathetic; and I felt that my days would not be long in the land, unless I speedily resumed my roast mutton and filial habits in Seymour-street.

My worthy parent had something more agreeable in reserve for me than roast mutton! A young heiress, a distant connexion of the family, was just arrived in town, whom the old lady insisted upon having for a daughter-in-law; and after a single interview with the lovely Laura, I became more filially submissive than ever. A fairer, sweeter, more femininely reserved creature I never beheld. Had she been the tenth daughter of a needy Welsh parson, she must still have been an angel.

I began forthwith to "pay my addresses," (if so ugly an idiom be permissible!)—but whereas, in the hospitable city called London, people seldom welcome their friends in less than five hundred at a

time, it is almost as hard a matter to pay one's addresses as to pay one's debts. Lady Crabhurst, the mother of my Laura, was a hard, perpendicular woman, predetermined against parting with her heiress to anything less than a lord. *She* knew better than to invite me to her house or opera-box; and my only chance of meeting them was consequently at balls, where ten thousand per annum, in the shape of a pretty girl, is sure to be surrounded by an impervious *ring* fence of fashionable spendthrifts! It was seldom I could get by her side, these fellows taking care to demonstrate their opinion that it was no place for me; that I was too well off to be looking after an heiress; and as Laura did not ride, and did not waltz, she was never to be spoken with alone. The house in Seymour-street was too dull to attract Lady Crabhurst to its card-parties. What—*what* was to be done? A Greenwich dinner is considered an auspicious moment for the declaration of matrimonial intentions; and towards the end of June, accordingly, I managed to get myself included in a white-bait affair at the Crown and Sceptre, where the Crabhursts were to be of the party.

All went well. As at most other Greenwich dinners, the evening sun blazed scorchingly into a retuffy room, redolent of waiters, shell-fish, fish-sauces, and punch, till the whole party became in a most melting condition. My heart swelled within me as Laura and I ate our devilled white-bait together in sympathizing silence; and when, after dinner, she accepted my arm to follow the rest of the party to my yacht, which awaited us on the river, I hazarded the critical avowal so important to my happiness!—"Would she be mine?"

"Engaged!!!" yes, actually engaged to the younger son of a cunning countess, with whom the Crabhursts had been dining once or twice a week for the last two months. For the last two months, the young couple had been eating their bread and salt lovingly together, undisturbed by anticipations of our devilled whitebait! Oh! why had not *I*, too, been able to make the Crabhursts my guests?—Once more, I was fated to be distanced by a cook!

It is only, however, within the last year—at the mature age of five-and-thirty—that I began to discover the mysterious origin of my failures in life. I knew myself to be unpopular, without guessing why. When vilified by the press and society, in consequence of a prosecution, into which I was forced by my banker, of a swindling valet-de-chambre, not a soul, from Almack's to Hyde Park Corner, stood forward in my defence! I was a cipher—a dot—a nothing in the little scale of London creation! No heart sympathized with mine. My kinsfolk and acquaintance stood looking afar off. While, glancing at the word "Albany," inserted on the corner of my visiting card, the womankind whispered among themselves that I was born to be an old bachelor, and the men, that I was "a fellow no one knew what to make of!"

I hardly knew myself! I began to feel myself a paria—the victim of an evil eye—a predestined outcast from the sweeter charities of life; nor was it till, two months ago, the demise of my poor mother caused the humdrum smokejack in Seymour-street to cease to twirl, that I obtained a clearer insight into the source of the mischief. The moment I became dinnerless, and at the mercy of the clubs, I discerned the evil of my ways—the cause of my unpopularity. Luckily, it is not too late. I may yet do justice to the excellence of my own under-

standing at the head of my own table—the only place where a man's qualities are thoroughly appreciated. The best authors, the best actors, the best orators of the day, have done justice to themselves by playing second fiddle to their cook, as the surest way of playing first with the public; and I now perceive the gross vanity of my independence in affecting to stand well with the world without such an interpreter of my merits.

If Francatelle had not once more pledged himself to the *casserotes* of Crockford, he should henceforward be my own, and I would pretend to the highest distinctions in church or state. Francatelle would enable me to write an epic or a tragedy; to paint like Turner or Maclise; to talk like Sydney Smith; to sing like Rubini. But destiny has fated me to be more modest in my pretensions. The *chéf de cuisine* I have engaged, at a salary quadrupling the stipend of a Welsh curate, will at least serve to brush up the esteem of the world, to remind my rich cousins of my existence, to get extracts from my speeches great-lettered in the papers, and——but hold! I must not admit the hungry public too intimately into the confidence of my projects! Suffice it that, from this day forwards, I shall have a sterling claim to its favourable opinion, in the possession of "the one thing needful"—A GOOD COOK!

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## ON SEEING THE HAIR OF THREE SISTERS CUT OFF WHEN CHILDREN.

———THIS hair was taken
From three fair sisters in their early youth,
While hope still smiled before them, and their future,
Like the far distance, wore the hue of heaven.
But years have pass'd away, and all is changed.
One in the blessings of domestic love
Has found a haven and a resting place
From the world's petty cares and heartless smiles;—
Life hath no greater boon, and she is blest!—

Another, too—(this darker hair was hers;
Alas! it hath no living owner now—)
Another has found peace:—but woe for us,
From the warm sunshine and all earthly love
Removed for ever is her resting-place.
In its first spring-time, on her life there fell
A shadow of the grave—a fading sickness
That took the brightness from her smile, yet left
Its gentle sweetness sweeter than before.
—I have no words to speak of the departed
As my heart wishes—but her end was blest.
She knew her lot, and look'd not on the world
As others look'd—but patient turn'd away;
Mourn'd not the fleeting good to her denied,
But gave to others' joy as warm a smile
As if her own had been a path of flowers.
Thus with the fear of God before her eyes,
And charity to all within her heart,
She walk'd through life as but a path to heaven.

And one remains—the youngest of those children
Whose doom the future can alone reveal—

The world hath smiled upon her, and her youth,
If with some sorrow darken'd, still hath known
A share of joy to many still denied.
Of our own fate we are the arbiters:
If all have their appointed grief, so all
Have their appointed blessing upon earth.
'Tis our own choice if we reject the gift,
And seek a good God wills not to be ours.
Oh, may such evil be from her afar
Whom I have sung—may she rejoice on earth,
And meet at last the loved and lost in heaven!

Here ends my story. I who knew them all,
Whose path has been so different from theirs,
Have sometimes sigh'd when I remember'd them;
Envying sometimes the happy home of one—
Sometimes the other's favour'd youth—sometimes
The blessèd rest of her that is no more!

MARGARET SCOTT.

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## CHARLEY BELVIHILL, THE CLARE FOX-HUNTER.

(IN A LETTER TO THE EDITOR, FROM CHARLES MOUTRAY.)

*J. U. S. C. Sept. 15th*, 1842.

MY DEAR AINSWORTH,—You are aware, that since our schoolboy days it has been my fortune, in the course of my military duty, to visit many lands; and that I have, moreover, gratified my freer curiosity, as an independent traveller, by wandering through not a few. With none, however, has my eye been more deeply pleased, than with that sister island which lies so close to our own, and of none have I pleasanter reminiscences. I was quartered in various parts of Ireland, and, amongst the rest, in the county of Clare, which, though unknown to professional tourists, sketchers, and manufacturers of books, I look upon as containing some of the finest scenery in the world. The coast which breasts the Atlantic is altogether unrivalled in the continuous grandeur of its cliffs and promontories; the surface of the land everywhere presents, from the multitude of its "gentle hills," a graceful outline. Bare, bold rocks, and lofty mountains tumbling down hundreds of rills and streams, are not wanting to the prospect. The number of lakes, all picturesque, and many of large size, with the haughtier features of wild beauty, is very great; the ruins of towers, and castles, and monasteries, start up within your field of view at every side, as you hold your way along. The Shannon, in Clare, a magnificent and mighty river, washes its shores; and the Fergus pours through its bosom her floods, as broad and deep as those with which they are commingled: both are studded with innumerable islands, crowned with storied ruins; and both, in stately power and august accessories, can vie with the noblest rivers of the Old World.

I was a sojourner long enough in Clare to make many acquaintances and some friends. Amongst the latter, was a gentleman past the prime of life, so far as the roll of years is concerned, but still in the full enjoyment of health, strength, and vigour. Head-quarters were at Clare Castle, within a few miles of which, in the midst of a splendid country, a pack of fox-hounds was kept by subscription. You may

remember of old, that I am passionately fond of hunting. Accordingly, I rarely missed a field-day, and as seldom failed to meet the individual to whom I have alluded. I was struck, in the first instance, with the action and power of the horse he rode,—and seldom did I see him on any but the one,—never did my eyes rest on a nobler impersonation of Shakspere's description of a horse:—

"In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone."

He belonged to a breed, once common in Clare, that boasted descent from a famous sire called Volunteer, but it is now, like that of the wolf dog and the red deer, nearly extinct. He carried his master over the highest walls with the secure and dashing ease of a swallow's flight; and well did that master ride him. A finer hand, a better eye, or a nicer judgment, I never witnessed. He always brought his horse in at the death "as fresh as a daisy," without being in the least blown, and with scarcely a hair turned. I was next caught with the genuine good-humour he evinced, and the quaint remarks with which, at idle times, he favoured such of the field as were in his neighbourhood. On one of these occasions, I observed to Bob Wallace, of ours, who had been longer in the country than myself, that he was a fine old fellow, and a keen sportsman. "You may say that," replied Bob, "and put a tune to it, if you like. *He is just the sort of fellow to keep a fox in his parlour for us, and feed him with canaries!*" An acquaintance sprung up betwixt myself and the object of this panegyric; and already, by that sort of freemasonry which subsists between good fellows, wherever and however they may be thrown together, our acquaintance had gone further than its outward show. I call myself without ceremony a good fellow, to you, because you are aware that, albeit, like old Wolsey, "haughty and sour to those who love me not," yet am I, in like sort, entitled to claim the benefit of the saving "but"—

"But unto those that loved him, sweet as summer;"

and may I be kicked to death by spiders when I care the ghost of a curse for more. *Mais revenons à nos moutons*, as an old friend of yours says, to whom you have done some service, and, I heartily wish, would render more. As Maurice Quill propounded of the cannon-ball, so do I of the Chronicle of Gargantua—there is more where that came from. *Mais allons!* One evening, as Charley Belvihill and I were riding home together, (with all the gentlefolk, he was Charley; with the peasantry, Master Charley,) he said to me, apropos to something in the heavens above or the earth beneath, I wot not what—"We're not far from my little cabin, Captain, and maybe you might do worse than turn in with me, and take pot-luck; I have always a piece of beef and a wisp of cabbage, or something of the sort, at six o'clock, and I can promise you *Ceathe mille a folthah** from myself and my old mother. I am a plain, easy-going man, Captain; I never pay visits or write cards of invitation, but I am always glad to see a friend in my homely way." I cordially assented to his proposition. If anything shadowed my mind, it was the reflection that I should have, in point of fact, to pay through the nose some day or other for the step he had gratuitously bestowed upon me; unless, indeed, my friend Col. Mitchell shall succeed in knocking up the system by purchase,

* A hundred thousand welcomes.

and we get our grades as we used our medals at school, as "the reward of merit," and missives *opera ad majora*. We rode slowly, and exchanged few words. The spirit is always tamed on the return in the evening, after the excitement of the chace. We soon struck off the highway into a bridle road, which was made before the invention, or at least before the application, in the particular instance, of the theodolite. Now we were sunk in a valley, now we were on the summit of a hill, with a vast expanse of undulating country before us, and the Fergus winding and gleaming away like burnished silver, till it melted into the limits of the sensible horizon ; and there was that soft, delicious, sombre gray hovering over the earth and all around in the heavens, which lends to every tree and object at a little distance a mysterious species of existence and a giant shadow. At length we arrived at a thick wood, and crossing a bridge which spanned a brawling stream, we plunged among the trees ; they extended, rearing their heads from the avenue to the summits of hills on either side, where they seemed at length to draw themselves up to their full stature. Still I heard the stream dashing onwards, and chiding the rocks which presumed to interpose themselves in its career ; and gazing down from the road, between the trunks of the trees beneath, I perceived it was in part a subterranean river, emerging only at the place where I passed it, and saw it through a chasm holding its way below, over a glittering bed that enabled it to reveal all its beauties.

Riding on and onwards, we at length reached the top of one of the hills, where, in obedience to Charley's whistle, half a dozen "boys" appeared to take our horses. Having feasted my sight for a moment with (even in that uncertain light) one of the finest views that was ever spread before it, I followed my host through a small rustic gate. We descended a short path, cloven, as it were, through a grove of evergreens, and I found myself in a valley as perfectly secluded as that of Rasselas. The house, flanked on either side with an impervious array of hollies, laurels, laurestinas, philareas, and arbutus, which, under the eyes of many revolving years had grown into huge trees, filled up one side of the valley ; on all the others a dense wood, climbing the sides of the rocky hills, enclosed a small lawn, smooth as a bowling-green, which (as I afterwards found) was held sacred, for a number of peacocks to disport their pride and pomp upon. The house was small —only two stories high—and thatched. We entered a hall, large in proportion to the house : one of the branches of a huge pair of antlers received my hat. On the walls there were fishing-rods, gaffs, landing-nets, hunting and cutting whips, spurs, and such like matters, in addition to an antiquely-framed oak panel, on which the arms of the Belvihills were emblazoned; a door on the right led to the drawing-room, another on the left to the dining-room, and two in front communicated, the one with the staircase and upper story, the other with the kitchen. After what Charley called a preliminary *snifter*, to take the raw air out of our stomachs, we sat down—a party of three—to a plain, but undeniably good dinner. In truth, I have never been in any part of the world where

"The treasures of earth, of sea, and air ;"

that is to say, the gastronomic treasures, are in greater abundance than in Clare. Charley's mother was a fine, stately old lady, gentle and

well-informed, and with a manner beyond courtesy : this in some sort prepared me for more than I had yet seen in the son. As soon as the cloth was taken away, I begged for potheen : I had learned to like it hugely. Believe me, Ainsworth, it is, as Tom Moore says of the melody of "Love's Young Dream," one of those easy, artless strangers, which recommends itself to your affections on a slight acquaintance. A square bottle, that might have held a couple of quarts of the mountain-dew, was produced, and a kettle, that might have cut a respectable figure in the heroic ages, was set upon the *hob*, giving forth a music which, in the south of Ireland, is quite as animating a prelude to good-humour and to glee as the *glu-glu de flacons*, in the South of France.

"And so we fell a drinking!"

And I had leisure to look about the room. There was neither picture nor mirror; but there was a well-filled bookcase, in which a man might see the true importraitures of the famous that had lived, and learn to know himself, which is better than looking on the reflection of his countenance. The thought crossed my mind at the time, and I have therefore here recorded it. Over the mantel-shelf there was a Spanish gun, with a barrel inlaid with gold, and a stock most richly ornamented ; and on a table I observed a backgammon-box and a fiddle-case. I soon put Charley's musical powers in requisition, and found he was a most accomplished performer. Rarely have I been so much delighted by any instrumental performance. He played with infinite truthfulness and feeling ; and then, for the first time, I heard many an Irish melody of the most exquisite character, which is not to be met with in the collections of Moore or Bunting. He left me for a short time, to see the horses fed. This gave me the opportunity of examining his little library. It consisted exclusively of old books. Among them were many of my favourite authors, in the original tongues, and of the best editions. There was Homer, Demosthenes, Herodotus, Virgil, Cicero, Tacitus,—in short, all the best Greek and Roman poets, orators, historians, and philosophers ; Rabelais, Molière, Corneille, Racine, Voltaire, Rousseau, and many others; Don Quixote, Quevedo, Berner's Froissart, most of our old chronicles, North's Plutarch, Florio's Montaigne, Davis's Tracts on Ireland, and a number of other historical works of ancient date relating to Ireland, Spenser's Works, the folio Shakspere, and Johnson and Steevens's edition. When he came back, I hastened to turn the conversation to the "dead kings of memory," and he entered on it, nothing loth. His erudition was surprising : it was not alone that he had read much, but he had thought also, long and deeply, on all he read. He had in truth, after receiving the rudiments of an excellent education in his youth, ripened by foreign travel, gone on, for a quarter of a century, with his august companions,

"————exhausting thought,
And hiving wisdom with each studious year."

Our talk chiefly turned on Shakspere's dramas, and he opened to me floods of light upon the subject. He had studied his author with love and reverence, and thus in time his spirit became disclosed to him. We pulled down the old folio, enriched with remarks and annotations, which were the fruits of the loving labour of years. We talked over the Macbeth, the Hamlet, and other of the great psychological dramas,

and failed not as we went along to consign the heartless or incompetent commentators of Shakspere to several hundred panniers full of devils. We only turned aside from our delightful task for half an hour in the course of the evening, to pay our devotions to a basket-full of *poul-doodies*, which, by the bye, are to all other oysters what claret is to butter-milk. At last, I sought my pillow, a wiser, though by no means a sadder man. You will easily imagine that this was not my last visit to Charley. Many and many a happy morning I spent with his annotated Shakspere, and many and many a delightful evening with himself. At last I took to enriching a copy of my own with Charley's notes, and with the far more copious illustrations of the poet's works I caught from him in conversation. With time and ardent study I came to add something of my own. I have continued to this day a practice which, in dull or disagreeable quarters, has enabled me to beguile many a tedious hour. And now, in obedience to your earnest request, to try my hand at concocting something by way of a contribution for your new magazine, and finding that the modern rage is all in reference to Shakspere's text, without the slightest regard to elucidating his meaning where it is really difficult or obscured by his commentators, I turn to my beloved volume, which Charley Belvihill taught me to make my grand depositary of thoughts. I prefer endeavouring to extract from it a paper or two for you, to attempting to write commentaries upon campaigns or adventures in foreign parts. There has been too much of that sort of writing amongst us idle *militaires* of late. Cæsar has not bequeathed his pen to any of us. Indeed, I am inclined to think he spoiled it for all future use in that tussle with his murderers. I can forgive Napier, however, for not being altogether of the same opinion. I betake myself, then, to Shakspere, for your service, and if I should succeed in producing anything worth your notice, let the praise be given where it is due, and that is to my Shaksperian master, Charley Belvihill. I have been minute in describing the man, his abode, my first familiar acquaintance with him, and all about it, that I might, as it were, take you with me, and introduce you to the magician with all his proper advantages and accessories, in his own land, in his own abode, in his own study, with his own books and instruments about him ; and if you take my advice, you will get George Cruikshank to transfer my description, perishable as the paper on which it is written, to enduring steel. His congenial mind will comprehend my sketch of Charley Belvihill, so plain, and yet so wise, so jovial in things corporeal, yet so enthusiastic in all matters of intellect, and his eloquent pencil will supply the deficiencies of my poor narration. The world would then have an opportunity of seeing in Charley Belvihill one commentator in his glory, with the—or rather a—"soul of song" on either side of him, (for who would be bold enough to maintain that a tumbler of punch may not, as well as a fiddle, be made to discourse most excellent music,) his author before him, and a judicious friend for audience, to which he may pour forth the words of wisdom ; one commentator, I say, on "gentle Will," who had the *man's* tastes and fancies, who loved his lass and his glass, and the sports of the field, and who had the *poet's* sympathies with mankind and external nature.

Believe me, dear Ainsworth, faithfully yours,

CHARLES MOUTRAY.

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

## "NEVER!"

BY JOHN A. HERAUD.

NEVER—oh! never shall the past return,
The lost, the dead, shall never be restored!
My joys are buried in the ritual urn,
But never shall they cease to be deplored,—
Never, O never!

Never—oh! never shall the sorrow die
That now has made a charnel of my heart!
Hope's flowers may perish, but Despair's defy
The very chill of Death's own proper dart.
Never, O never!

You ask me, what the sorrow that I mourn?
You would demand what utter loss I grieve:
Should I find sympathy, I were foresworn;
Words never shall my bosom thus relieve—
Never, O never!

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## STORY-TELLERS AND STREET MUSIC.

BY R. B. PEAKE.

"La philosophie triomphe aisement des maux passés et des maux à venir, mais les maux presents triomphent d'elle."—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

MY friend Wrigglesworth is a confirmed story-teller. In the county of which he is a confabulatory ornament, he is as essential to an evening party as the *wine*, and (I mean no invidious comparison) the *cake*. Last Christmas, he came to town, and his propensity for elongating a "yarn" was in unusual force. It was one of those events which, from their rarity, may be classed with the appearance of comets, the blooming of aloes, or an honest Jew—*videlicit*, the termination of a chancery suit, that drew him from his retirement in Cheshire, to this "workshop of the world," London. About a dozen of us were assembled at his rooms, prepared to listen to one of his best stories. The creature comforts were not wanting; and five minutes' reflection kindled a poetic fire: the kettle of inspiration was bubbling o'er, and scarcely had he poured a sublime idea into a second glass, after informing us that his story was entitled "Rival Noses," he assumed an air of considerable importance, as he observed—"I have often wondered, gentlemen, how Madame de Staël could deliberately make up her mind to declare, '*Voyager, c'est un triste plaisir*:' for, to *me*, on the contrary, and I believe to most reasonable people, *travelling* is productive of exquisite delight: and is certainly more in harmony with the laws of nature than *sitting still*, while the globe, of which we are a part, is in rapid revolution." Apropos of *revolution*, at this very moment, as ill-luck would have it, an instrument which, to use the words of Shakspeare, sounds like "a brazen candlestick 'gainst a wheel," assailed his sensitive ears. He rushed to the window, and, to his mortification, beheld one of those banes of London tranquillity, an Italian organ-grinder.

These ingenious foreigners, not contented with monopolizing the grinding business of all London and its vicinities, have also had their barrels so arranged, as to suit *the taste* of the British public, (benevolent feeling!) no sprightly foreign waltz, quadrille, or march being included—but "the 104th Psalm," "the College Hornpipe," and an interminable Scotch reel, with flats *ad libitum*, are played *ad nauseatum*.

If an instance were wanted to prove that there is an utter want of taste for music in the lower orders of this country, the above selection must effect it.

Dominico is playing to half a dozen squalid-looking children, progeny to a publican, to whose house (the sign of the Goat and Compasses) you are opposite, and a young gentleman, whose usual occupation is that of opening oysters, and who imagines the shells to be an excellent substitute for castanets, begins to dance the "College Hornpipe," sounding one of those expressive lines—

"With my right arm so, and around I go."

There was a pause. "Jenny Jones," "Rory O'More," and the accursed hornpipe, are silent. A shilling from Wrigglesworth has done the business, and outbidden the fat landlady of the Goat and Compasses.

My friend Wrigglesworth pulled down the blind, and, assuming a pensive attitude, hand on forehead, returned to his arm-chair again. He looked as though in the Vale of Tempe! The yellow sun setting behind Olympus, and tinting with burnished gold the laurel-banked Peneus!

He then resumed: "In the autumn of last year I made a flying tour through Germany,—that is, I got as rapidly over the ground *en chaise de poste* as four wheels and sixteen legs could carry me, and, on the afternoon of a day more than commonly clear and beautiful, I arrived at Wildbad just as the sun was beginning to decline over the Schwartzwald mountains. Thoughts of good cheer, made the more desirable by reason of a two-fold appetite, occupied me while rattling along the suburbs, but, on turning into the street near the *Konig Platz*, my senses were completely dazzled by as matchless a piece of humanity as ever bore the name of 'woman.'

"She partly rested on the stone balcony of an antique mansion—was about nineteen years of age, *almost* tall, finely rounded, with dark auburn hair, shadowing features deliciously chiselled, and glowing with love and happiness. Within the room, stood with his arms folded, and in military costume, a young man of noble bearing, whose eyes were directed towards her, and to whom she occasionally addressed herself.

"My head was thrust out of the carriage-window, and I gazed entranced upon that divine object, until the envious turning of another corner shut her abruptly from my sight.

"I had fortunately two or three more streets to be jogged over, which served to modify my admiration, and to remind me that I had not broken my fast since the morning; and, therefore, on arriving at 'mine inn,' my first, and, of course, most rational demand, was for the bill of fare. To cut this matter short, I feasted somewhat voraciously, nor did I forget the landlord's *Ausbruch Tokay*, or the landlord himself, who favoured me with his company at my particular request. He was a jovial, pleasant fellow, and as good as an Arab at story-telling.

"The lady of whom you inquire," said he—Wrigglesworth, had proceeded so far, when lo! the blast of a trombone, which outswelled puffed Aquilon, and formed part of a brass band, once more aroused him from his poetic dream. "Gracious powers!" exclaimed Wrigglesworth, "why will you thus persecute one, whose only crime is devotion to the Muses? Why, Orpheus, art thou unfriendly? They say thy lute was strung with poets' sinews—will not those suffice, but thou must needs turn their brains? From whence can these execrable musicians spring? Ah! that shake, out of all tune and time, on the Kent bugle—where was that shake acquired? Why, on board a Greenwich steamboat, and no great *shakes* neither!" Tranquillity once more—story resumed.

"The lady of whom you inquire," said the landlord, "is the wife of a colonel in the army of Prussia, named Eckerlin, and is considered the most beautiful woman of which that country can boast; but her husband well deserves such a prize, for it was by no common stratagem that he obtained her."

"Indeed!" said I, "How?"

"By a Nose!" replied mine host, "as you shall presently learn."

A brief interruption at this point, from one of the tribe whose badge is that kind of sufferance inflicted by a huge bag, and whose cry of "Old Clo!" is so exquisitely *nasal*, is all we have to record. Petticoat Lane out of hearing, our story went on.

"The lady's maiden name" (observed mine host) "was Julie Ancelot; her father was a stock-broker in Berlin, and one of the *millionaires*. He loved his daughter passionately, but was determined to have his own way in choosing a husband for her. Now, among other crotchets, he was an enthusiastic admirer of large *noses*, provided they had a Roman contour, though he freely admitted he had never beheld one of that ultra-prominency which entirely satisfied him. Just at this period, he received a letter from an old schoolfellow, settled in Silesia, who, as an army contractor, had become immensely rich. His name was Herr Schrattenbak, and being desirous of seeing his son settled in life, proposed him as a husband for the Fraulein Julie. There was, however, he frankly observed, one circumstance which might be deemed an objection: between his son's forehead and chin, there was 'a protuberance far beyond the Roman, or, indeed, any other standard!' The effect of this communication on Herr Necker Ancelot may be imagined: he, with all the precision of a man of business, wrote, by return of post, to say that if Herr Schrattenbak, Junior, arrived on a day specified, exactly at twelve o'clock——" They are at it again. "Rule Britannia" in two different keys! Who arranged the bass of that cursed trombone? They must all four be drunk; they have been boxing, and now have come to box the (Goat and) Compasses.

This is past endurance. In a frenzied state, our friend Wrigglesworth dashes open the window, in the *hope* of calling a policeman; but, ah! vain, delusive hope!—a policeman when required! When you don't want him, there he is! The brass band still in full play, tearing the galopade in Gustavus to atoms. Rabid with rage, he shuts down the window, and rails against Government, thinking it a shame, (and so it is, after paying one and fourpence in the pound county and police rates, and in advance, too.) Silence! Wrigglesworth takes up the

thread:—"Exactly at twelve o'clock, A.M., he should become the husband of Julie, with a portion, in ready money, of 200,000 florins. In the meantime, *also*, as a matter of business, Herr Necker informed his daughter, that he had found her a husband (describing him) exactly suited to *his* mind, and that, by a certain day, she must prepare to receive him. Julie knew her father too well to complain or remonstrate; she relied rather on the expedient of love, and having sought her dear Eckerlin, communicated all to him. On the morning fixed for the marriage, Julie put the clock forward a quarter of an hour, and at the moment of its striking twelve, a light post-chariot drove up, from which descended a personage in a travelling cloak, with a nose of the size and shape of a fish-knife. Herr Necker welcomed him with much *bienveillance*, looked first pleased, then greatly astonished, at the size of his nose, paid his daughter's portion of 200,000 florins in bank bills, poured out a bumper of *Rudesheim-berg* all round, told him he'd no time to lose, saw him and Julie safely packed up in the carriage with two of her female friends, beheld it start at a gallop for the *Hôtel de Ville* (where the marriage ceremony is first performed), and was supremely happy. 'Ah!' said he, chuckling and walking to and fro, 'this *is* doing the business. Tremendous nose that—rather *too* large. In the midst of this self-gratulation, there drove up to the door a lumbering antique chariot, from which, to the unspeakable astonishment of Herr Necker, descended a personage with a nose nearly twice the size of that of the first comer! He entered, and presented a letter of introduction, which announced HIM as Herr Schrattenbak, Junior!

"The stock-broker was bewildered; but before any explanation—"

Our story-teller was *again* interrupted!

Every Londoner is acquainted with the hebdomadal visit of a peripatetic orchestra of Scotchmen, with two old cracked violoncellos, which, when scientifically rasped, sound like the convulsions of an expiring bull. A clarionet, which discontinues, that the player may take breath; a flute, very unlike that of Templeton in the *Flauto Magico* (by the way, some wag christened the worthy Caledonian, Templeton, in that opera, "Lord Fife"), and although it is inhuman to jest upon misfortunes, these Scotch minstrels all *blindly* follow their profession, and each other; and from the nature of their music, any one can be fully convinced that they had never yet played at sight. We must suppose they have fiddled themselves blind, and it has had a melancholy effect on their pupils!

Sad, sad nuisance is this perambulating band, twisting heartfelt Scotch airs into unbearable scrapings, moanings, and groanings; murdering *The Campbells are coming;* cutting up *Moggie Lauder;* spifflicating *John Anderson, my Jo;* and finally, by their performance, proving that *There's nae luck about the House,* till they have taken themselves out of hearing, as well as out of sight. They should be humanely provided for by the Government, and the best thing would be—"What?" Why, to send them to SEE!

We were now "a' noddin," and our friend having a splitting headache, and the best cephalic remedy being bed, we all adjourned "till to-morrow." But no, there is no peace for the wretched; where care lodges, sleep will never bide. The Scotchmen were gone, so were we; —what then? why, worse and worse. A convivial meeting of Irishmen was on the point of assembling at the Goat and Compasses, "THE

Harmonists;" and the voice of the *profanum vulgus* rattles through Wrigglesworth's ears. At the termination of every song, the applause is bestowed by knocking the tables with their fists and the pewter pots, which, from the violence, causes the iron spoon to vibrate against the glasses. The church clock hath tolled one, and symptoms of closing the house at last; but the shutters being on the sliding principle, have, in consequence of the wet weather, become so stiff, that it requires considerable force to close them. This is done, after undergoing the torture of hearing a noise similar to that of a pig with his throat cut. "Things without remedy should be without regard;" but "who can hold a fire in his hand by thinking on the frosty Caucasus?" The public-house is closed, but there has been an altercation in the course of the evening between two of the songsters, an Irishman and a Jew fishmonger, as to which is the best singer, Tom Cooke or Braham; and they have formed a determination of having it out—have engaged their respective friends to second them. Oaths, blows, kicks, and curses, intermingle with the howl of the Irishman, and the slang of the Hebrew fishmonger.

Our friend jumps out of bed, throws open the window, tells them with a stentorian voice, that there is an invalid in the house, and entreats them to disperse, but in vain; and after hearing the police rattles, and the windows smashed, again retires to his couch.

And are we going to civilize the New Zealanders? Would they believe, should we tell them, that the most enlightened people in the world could not rest at night, from the noises in the streets? Hark! can it be possible? the wretches have ceased, and have "entered themselves at the bar," in order to whet their whistles.

"The air at length a solemn stillness holds."

Harpocrates be propitious! * * *

Next day, a capital dinner at Wrigglesworth's; an incomparable turkey, with his necklace of sausages, the fat and juicy beef, the venerable pudding, freckled with plums, and the gay sprig of holly stuck in the white sugar powder on its pate—claret, burgundy, punch, &c., *ad lib.*

The eatables removed, our friend looked Milton's lines to overflowing:—

"I thence
Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous story,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme!"

"Gentlemen," he said, "I resume:—The stockbroker was bewildered, but before any explanation could be given, the post-chariot, with the bride, the bridesmaids, and *Nose the first*, drove up. The rival noses were immediately confronted. Herr Necker gazed first upon one, and then upon the other with unfeigned perplexity—he was motionless, speechless. At length *Nose the first* broke the silence as follows:—'If there be deception here, I am guilty of it; but, nevertheless, I feel confident of pardon, since it is sanctified by *love!* Julie is now the wife of a colonel in the Prussian army—my name is Eckerlin; my nose is not what it appears.' As the India-rubber appendage was lifted off, Herr Necker recovered

himself. This is a fraud,' said he, sternly; 'and according to our laws the marriage is null.' 'Not exactly,' said Colonel Eckerlin; 'for I have obtained our good King Frederick William's permission and authority to espouse the Fraulein Julie Ancelot—here it is.' Herr Schrattenbak, jun. looked first at the India-rubber nose, then at Colonel Eckerlin, then at Julie, then at Herr Necker, then at himself in the chimney-glass, and then observed—'I am glad of all this, for to tell you the truth, I have a secret *penchant* for a lady in Silesia, who admires my physiognomy much more, I fancy, than the Fraulein Julie; in fact, the lady I allude to thinks me a handsome likeness of the Emperor Trajan.' 'If you are satisfied, I am sure I am; for I *must* own that I was somewhat alarmed at the size of *Nose the first*, but yours (no offence) would frighten a regiment! Come, let us all be friends, and sit down to a *dejeuner* in the pavilion.' I need not add (observed mine host,) that the Rival Noses, strange as it may sound, *shook hands* in a spirit of the most perfect amity; and I am sure you will agree with me, that Colonel Eckerlin (who is now spending his honeymoon here,) is worthy of his Julie!"

A rap! at the street-door. "The scavengers for your annual bounty which you are usually so kind to give." Rap! "The dustman for a Christmas box." The man who carries the medal, has a bandy leg, whose name is Thomas Large. Rap! The beadle, (a poet, that makes more money by his verses than any other.) Rap! The turncock—great patron of temperance societies. Rap! The postman. Rap! Rap! Rap! Rap! Rap! The butcher, the baker, the grocer, the cheesemonger, and pots from the Goat and Compasses! All for Christmas boxes!

Doubtless, Mr. Wrigglesworth's story would have been very entertaining, if it had not been for the interruptions.

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## "THE HEARTY OLD BUCK."

BY NIMROD.

There is not a county in Great Britain, nor perhaps elsewhere, that does not contain within its population what is familiarly styled "a hearty old buck." The following is a sketch of him:—

The "hearty old buck" is what is called a character, and most commonly found in that class of persons coming between the yeoman and the squire—closely approximating to the latter; behind him, perhaps, in education, but, for the most part, before him in practical knowledge of the duties and responsibilities of a country gentleman. He is seen to advantage when somewhat past the meridian of life—say in his fiftieth year—when "experience hath done its office."

If residing in the neighbourhood of a large town in an agricultural district, the "hearty old buck," being a proprietor of land to some extent—which he himself occupies, and which contributes to the formation of his character—is a constant frequenter of the market ordinary, where, being loudly welcomed, he is generally placed in the chair. Although not a magistrate, still less a lawyer, he is often appealed to in parish affairs, such as the removal of paupers, settlements, and so forth, and is as frequently the preventer of a lawsuit.

The "hearty old buck" is generally the best farmer in his neighbourhood, because he has command of capital, in the first instance; and in the next, he is improving his own land for himself and those who come after him, and not for those to whom he is of no kin. His example speaks volumes for *leases*, which sooner or later our squirearchy must consent to give more generally than they now do. In fact, they must either do so, or submit to the abolition of the corn laws, and for this reason:—Land in England does not now produce more than two-thirds of what it would produce, if farmed as it should be farmed, on scientific and liberal principles; but prudent men will decline to sow, not knowing who is to reap—in other words, they will not expend money on a farm from which they may be ejected at pleasure.

The "hearty old buck" lives on the best terms with his family, the junior branches of which, both male and female, he brings up in a manner suitable to their station in life. His sons may be sportsmen, but one of them, at least, takes an active part in the management of the farm, whilst the daughters assist their mother in household work. It is true the latter turn out wondrous smart in the race week, and are among the best of the *belles* at the farmers' assembly or assize ball; but although it may be "Boys, *tallyho!*" as the song has it, it's not "Girls *pi-ano!*"

The "hearty old buck's" house is one of humble pretensions,

> "Hic gelidi fontes, hæc mollia prata—
> ——— Hic nemus,"

being its chief claims to ornament; but it is roomy and commodious, and he prides himself on an excellent garden, and a choice assortment of fruit. In the harvest month, and at sheep-shearing, his homestead is a busy, and at the same time, a gay scene—delightful, indeed, to those who have not, in the corruption of the world, lost their relish for the humble pleasures of rural life—more satisfactory and lasting than those which proceed from most other sources.

The "hearty old buck" exercises the Christian virtue, hospitality, quite to the extent of his means, but not often beyond them. His style of living comes under the denomination of "rough and enough;" that is, plain "roast and boiled," as the term is, in abundance, with poultry, and pastry of the best sort, and game when in season. *Apropos* to the latter,—a hare dressed in the "hearty old buck's" kitchen, is worth a score of those scorched by my lord's French cook, and which never make their appearance till appetite has been fully satisfied with other dainties that have preceded it. At the "hearty old buck's" table, on the contrary, it makes its appearance whilst his guests have a relish for it, basted with rich cream, and carefully watched by his wife; has a white coat on its back, actually bubbling with heat, by being just taken from the spit, and is really a choice morsel for the unadulterated palate, with the aid of fresh currant jelly and well melted butter.

The personal appearance of the "hearty old buck" is, for the most part, prepossessing—heart-whole and hale being stamped, as it were, on his face. He has no personal graces, still less accomplishments, but there is a natural amenity about him which strikes at first sight, added to a heartiness in his manner of addressing his friends, once the Englishman's characteristic. He is not, however, one of Shakspeare's knaves,

"Who having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature;"

but having

"An honest mind, and plain, he must speak truth."

In fact, he is one who does not believe that the show of humanity is equal to the reality, and therefore he neither departs from the line of truth, nor stoops to mean condescension. The natural cast of his temper, indeed, is averse to flattery and fawning, although he is at the same time aware, that the affectation of an honest bluntness may lead us to be blunt without honesty, and sincere without good intentions. At all events, it is a maxim in morals, that those who affect timidity may in time become cowards, and those who affect roughness may in time grow inhuman.

The "hearty old buck" lives on the best of terms with the head squire of his parish, and is occasionally a guest at his table. He is certain to be a favourite with the younger branches of his family, for he talks of horses and hounds with the boys, and has always an amusing story for the girls.

The "hearty old buck" is not an habitual drunkard—far from it; he is very temperate in drinking, when alone, but "further this deponent sayeth not." In society he is not only no flincher, but is apt to exceed the bounds of temperance, the quick circulation of the bottle being most commonly promoted by his off-hand, jovial demeanour. Drunk or sober, however, "the hearty old buck" will persist in returning to his home at night, be the night never so dark, most commonly assuring his host, that his old one-eyed mare is sure to take him home in safety.*

"The hearty old buck" is a high churchman, and would not trouble himself to learn what is meant by a Puseyite, were he to hear of one. Aware of his ignorance of such matters, he does not meddle in spiritual concerns, lest he might fall into error. "The hearty old buck," however, is so far a bigot, that he does not like dissenters. "A Methodist," he says, "never looks into a *man's* face, whatever he may do by a *woman's*."

"The hearty old buck" is a great admirer of the female sex, and when speaking of women, generally terms them "the prettiest of God's creatures."

As may be expected, "the hearty old buck" is not versed in the classics, but by reading some of the best English books, where good sense has more the ascendant than learning, and which pertain more to practice than speculation; by studying models which profess to imitate nature most closely, and approach the nearest to it, in addition to the opportunities he has availed himself of, in mixing and conversing with men of nearly every grade in life, he has seldom failed to pick up a good stock of that sort of useful information on general subjects, which peculiarly fits him for the station he holds in life, and worth to him all the speculative philosophy of the schools.

* It is singular that the writer of this paper knew three men answering to the description here given of "the hearty old buck," who rode one-eyed old mares. One of them left his (the writer's) house, *Bacchi plenus*, in the middle of a dark and tempestuous night in December, and got safe home, after having slept three hours on the old mare's back. One of the other two was not so fortunate, on a like occasion. He fell from his saddle into a mill-pool, and being carried by the stream under a ground-shot wheel, was, of course, crushed to death.

"The hearty old buck" is an out-and-out Tory in his politics, and never failed drinking "Church and King" every day of his life, until toasts were quite out of fashion. In fact, he can't make himself believe that Radicals can be honest men, and therefore he hates the very name of them. When the health of his sovereign is drunk on any public occasion, the raps he gives the table with his knuckles, and his hip, hip, hurrahs! are heard beyond those of any other man in the room. In fact, "the hearty old buck" is invariably a loyal man and a good subject.

"The hearty old buck" is a sportsman and a fox-hunter, but not exactly *à la Meltonian*. He knows nothing of second horses in the field, or even of a hack to carry him to cover; but he has generally two good, or what are sneeringly called "useful" hunters in his stable, with which he sees a great deal of sport during the season. Being generally a man of substance—corporeal, I here mean—they are, at all events, horses of power, and often of his own breeding. He is loudly welcomed at the cover's side, often appealed to as to the day's draw; and should there be a fox-cover on his estate, it is considered a sure find.

We have here a sketch—a faithful one, I believe—of the sort of man I venture to designate by the familiar appellation of "the hearty old buck;" and, perhaps, my readers may be also able to sketch him from the description I have given of him. As I have already said of him, his person presents somewhat of a rough exterior; thick set, broad-shouldered, and in form nowise squaring with the true line of beauty, to which an air of robustness and strength are allowed to be prejudicial; but his manly and open countenance, and florid complexion, denoting the best of health, which his pursuits ensure to him, render the *tout ensemble* pleasing. His countenance exhibits a serenity neither ruffled by partial ill, nor soured by private disappointment. On the contrary, it betokens evidence of gratitude to his Maker, by celebrating his goodness, and acknowledging all his benefits. Although not faultless (and who is?) he does his duty by fulfilling his moral obligations; and conscious of wishing well to all mankind, he feels sensible of his enjoying and deserving the esteem and good-will of all his neighbours and friends. Well would it be, then, supposing this picture not to be too highly coloured, that a "hearty old buck" should be found in every *parish*, instead of in every *county*, in Great Britain. He would represent the *vir bonus* of Horace, not the modern *saint*. The one fulfils the conditions of his being and his possessions; the other is too often wanting in anything beyond words, and too often realizes the bold but just assertion of Junius, that "prayers are not morality, nor kneeling religion."

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## THE TOMB OF HAFIZ, THE PERSIAN POET.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

So small a proportion of the great plain of Shiraz is occupied by the city itself, or is characterized by the tall trees and careful thickets that mark the hand of industry, that the first feelings on entering it are those of disappointment. As we descend upon the plain, however,

the greater part of the soil is found to be cultivated,—one or two enclosed gardens are passed, the horse wades through submerged rice-fields dotted with white vultures, the road becomes more distinct, the eye begins to distinguish between the tall poplar and the rival chinar which appear, by their extensive prolongation, to mark the course of a river, the well-kept ramparts of the city rise out of the dust, gilded domes glitter from the darkness of cypress groves, the chant of the mullah from the tall menareh breaks upon the ear, and the traveller and his weary steed are now sensible of their approach to some great city.

On entering the gates, the first, and to an Englishman's eyes, the most amusing objects, are soldiers dressed in red jackets and British accoutrements, furnished by their allies of Hindustan. Crooked, narrow streets, with the customary deep holes, and one or two fruit and tobacco shops are passed, and a square is gained ; on one side of which is Shiraz's famed bazaar (Bazaar-i-Vakil), on the other the great, square, prison-like, citadel and palace of the Shahzadeh, with windowless walls and turreted angles. Around and about, are some noble caravanserais,* and no less gorgeous mansions, the interior of which contain long parallelograms of gardens, fountains, and marble terraces, leading to apartments opening upon the freshening fragrance, but slightly sheltered by hangings of rich silken stuffs, and the walls divided into compartments, the mouldings of which are gilt, and the intervals ornamented with paintings—the larger ones chiefly pictures of dancing girls, with eyebrows pencilled with " the kohol's jetty dye ;"† the smaller ones, miniatures of perfect execution. Shiraz has been renowned for its sanctity. With a population of scarcely 30,000 souls, it contains about sixty mosques, generally small and mean ; but among which are the Mesjid i Nur, " the mosque of light," founded by Attabeg Shah ; the mosque of Vakil ; and others, remarkable for beauty of architecture and splendour of ornament. There are also nearly the same number of imamzadehs, or tombs of saints, now mostly in ruin. It is on this account that the capital of Farsistan has been called Burg-ul-uliyah, " the tower of saints." Education is diffused from eleven different colleges ; and hence the same city has also been designated as Dur-el-Ilm, " the temple of science." What between earthquakes, pestilence, and wars, and the evil effects of Muhammedanism, Shiraz is, however, like other Persian and Turkish cities, one half in ruins, and presents contrasts of gaudy display with the most abject poverty and wretchedness.

* The largest is called that of Kaiseriyeh. The others are called after the different trades,—the tanners, the dyers, &c. There is also one called after the Hindoos (Indooiyan).

† There appears to be but one style of female beauty which obtains preference at Shiraz, if we are to judge by the frequent examples that are met with, both alive and in painting. This style is the more easily propagated as, in both cases, it is semi-artificial—small features, semi-roseate pale complexion, dark sparkling eyes, and long black pencilled eyebrows. A dozen portraits of dancing girls may be seen, repeated as if by stereotype, and the panneled secrecies of the domestic interiors are supposed to be adorned with features most likely to prove acceptable. The Turkish countenance is, however, considered as the handsomest in the East; and, indeed, the word is synonymous among the Persians with beauty. Hafiz uses it in that sense in the well-known lines, " Fair maid of Shiraz, couldst thou take.' The first word is Turki: to the second, there are two significations. Reviski translates it, " *Shirazi gracilis puer*," which is altogether unwarranted, and contradicted by the allusion made, further on, to the dark mole in the face.

The object of the greatest interest at Shiraz, however, is the spot where repose the mortal remains of the poet Hafiz. His mausoleum is at the head of the fountain, so celebrated in his poems by the name of Roknabad. It is of alabaster; and on it are inscribed extracts from his poetry, and the date of his death—a monument as simple and touching as his own lays. It is built on the face of the rock, immediately above the spring, and is supported by a parapet wall. It overlooks the quarter called Mus-allah, also much celebrated by the poet, and out of which towers the mausoleum of Shah Mir Hamzah, surmounted by a cupola of blue emaillon. A few trees cast a melancholy shadow over the scene; and among them, the cypress stands prominent in mournful, yet aspiring stability. The waters roll over the cliffs below, in miniature cataracts, to be lost in the gardens of the same loved district. The power of genius is felt everywhere; and so great is the celebrity given to this thread-like rivulet, that the French geographer, Malte-brun, describes Shiraz as being situated upon the Roknabad! It is chiefly noticed in the following verse :—

FIRST TRANSLATION.

"Bring, bring, the goblet, boy! let's drain
Each drop that it may yet contain;
For sure in all the enchanted ground
Of Paradise there are not found
The fountain brinks of Roknabad,
Mosella's bowers with roses clad."

SECOND TRANSLATION.

"Empty the flagon, fill the bowl!
With wine to rapture wake the soul,
For Eden's self, however fair,
Has nought to boast that can compare
With thy blest banks, O Roknabad!
In their enchanting scenery clad;
Nor ought in foliage half so gay
As are the bowers of Mosellay."

THIRD TRANSLATION.

"Infunde heus! remanens merum
Non cœlo inveniam floriferos aquæ
Roknabadi ego margines
Musellæque virens perpetuo nemus."

The delicate management of the translation of that which gives perspicuity and effect to the Persian poets has often been complained of as a formidable difficulty by those who have ventured into this little-trodden field of literature. This difficulty is well illustrated in the translations given above. The literal acceptation of the words of the poet are as follows :—

"Boy, bring the wine* that remains,
For in Paradise thou wilt not find
The banks of the fountain of Roknabad,
And the rosy† bowers of Mus-allah."

* The wine of Shiraz is proverbial. It is sold in flasks carelessly stopped; and hence often two or three bottles out of the dozen are bad. A French traveller said, in ridicule of the author of "Lalla Rookh," "*Les flacons où brille le rubis liquifié sont des bouteilles bouchées avec un chiffon, et contenant du vin de Shiraz qu'on prendrait pour du mauvais porto melé avec de la bière.*" It is to be feared that the grapes were sour to this adventurous explorer of Farsistan.

† The fair members of the Horticultural Society may expect to be told of what species are the celebrated roses which furnish essences and waters, with the same

The first translation is by John Nott, who published "Select Odes from the Persian Poet, Hafiz. London, 1787." It is, in a measure, distant from that of the Persian lyric; and there is a redundancy quite unsought for and unnecessary. The second is by Hindley, from his "Persian Lyrics from the Diwan i Hafiz, from MS. in the Cheetham Library, Manchester. John Haddon Hindley. London, 1800;" and is still more remote from the original, while the liberties taken in the translation are still more fantastical. The Latin language, not being shackled by rhythm, is better adapted for the effective transmission of the spirit of the original, as is well shewn in the third translation, by Baron Reviski.

Hafiz signifies a man of memory—a poet. The lyrist's name was Muhammed Shemseddin; and he was born in the beginning of the eighth century of the Hegira, and flourished in the time of Timur Bey, better known as Tamerlane.

A just appreciation of his genius cannot be formed by considering the rank which he holds among Persian poets alone, where, according to all competent judges, he stands foremost and unrivalled among lyrical composers, "the sweetest bard of Persia," but rather by contemplating his merit in its most general relations. The genius of the poet was essentially national; and in his works we have represented, in their most vivid light, the tone and feelings which have existed almost unchanged for centuries, in this valley of flowers and sunshine; and thus, while on that account there is much in them that is peculiar and instructive, they also present, at the same time, much that is original in style of composition.

Affection and mirth appear to have been the characteristics of a mind, which, in the outpourings of poetic composition, is everywhere tinged, rather by a romantic, than by a deeply perceptive love of nature. At the same time there is a mystic power of weaving fancies and feelings entirely mental, with pictures drawn from the natural world—

> "The rose of her beauty is surely grown vain,
> To treat the fond bulbul* thus with disdain"—

often, indeed, incorporating them directly into one another, and moulding the mysticism of thought into pure and natural allegories which have a fanciful and pretty, rather than a bold and original effect. Yet, such are the elements of lyrical success, which does not require depth, but demands sweetness of thought, refined taste, and melody of language. Hafiz is the Anacreon of the Eastern world; nor is he far behind his great classical prototype. The history of modern literature does not even present many that surpass him in real simplicity and nationality of mind. Burns ranks nearest to him, in this point of view; but in

success that they contribute to poetic fancy, but the plant is left in a state of nature, and quantity supersedes quality and culture. A double rose is a thing unknown, even in the garden of the Vakil, Kurim Khan, called the Jihan Numa, or "spectacle of the world;" and the central pavilion of which is called the Kholeh of the Franks. The Gul Sad Berk, the "floweret of a hundred leaves," appears to be the Rosa Berberifolia, or R. Centifolia. Rosa Damascena and R. Moschata, var. Arborea, constitute all the species to be observed. The Jihan Numa contains the tomb of a learned Englishman whose character and beneficence is beyond all praise—Mr. Rich, formerly Resident at Baghdad, who perished here of cholera, 1820.

* The bulbul is generally translated by Moore and others as the nightingale; but the songster of the gardens of Shiraz and groves of Baghdad is a thrush—a very melodious bird, and the Turdus Bulbul of naturalists.

liveliness of style, individuality, and scope of thought, the Scottish mountaineer leaves the poet of Farsistan far behind him.

The Khanjeh of Shiraz will ever be remembered with the name of its author; but it is rather characteristic of the feeling and tone of the national mind—the sunshine, roses, wine, and bulbuls,—the sentiment, affections, and metaphysics,—of which the world of Shiraz is composed, than of any pre-eminent genius that it displays. Genius, at the same time, is not wanting: two of its noblest elements—simplicity and taste, pervade the whole poem, and leave it, in the history of such compositions —like the shafts of the Persepolitan columns, in the progress of architectural science—the matured emblem of simplicity, as displayed in forms upon which they conferred all the beauty of which those forms ever could be susceptible, and which have never been improved upon by the progress of art, or by a more ambitious taste.

But to return to Hafiz's tomb. There had been so many liberties taken in the writings of the bard, and so many errors in his ways of life, that at his death, some zealous Muhammedans—men of note in Shiraz—opposed themselves to his burial according to their rites. The poet's anti-Muhammedan practices may be judged of from a previous quotation—"Boy, bring the wine;" and the licence of his religious metaphysics—his manner of regarding the Deity, which every nation, nay, almost every persuasion, Shiite and Sunni, claims peculiarly to himself, may be inferred by the following passage:—

> "The object of our love is one—all woo the friend Divine—
> Recks it that reason prompts our vows, or fumes of ruby wine?
> His equal favour all may share, whose love all strive to gain—
> Alike to him the Moslem's mosque, Jew's temple, heathen's fane."

The friends and admirers of the poet, however, defended his orthodoxy, and his right to due interment; and the controversy ran so high, that, to determine it, it was agreed to open his works, and to come to a decision, guided by the first distich that should present itself, and which proved to be the following:—

> "Oh! turn not your steps from the obsequies of Hafiz,
> For though immersed in sin, he will enter into heaven."

This not only satisfied his most violent antagonists, but ever since, his works have been opened on his tomb in order to peruse the decrees of fate. In 1730, Nadir Shah, having defeated Ashraf, at the battle of Tercan, near Shiraz, visited the tomb of Hafiz, in company with some of his nobles, one of whom opened there the volume of the poet's works, and read—

> "It is but just that thou shouldst receive a tribute from all fair youths,
> Since thou art the sovereign of all the beauties of the universe;
> Thy two piercing eyes have thrown Khata and Khoten into confusion—
> India and China pay homage to thee."

Roknabad had not then lost its sway on the imagination, more than it has now; and the passage was applied to the victorious Nadir. In later times, some European pilgrim has scratched upon the slab—"*Carior est Deo homo quam sibi*"—God loves man better than man loves himself. But the reflection that more naturally suggests itself is, that God loves man better than men love one another.

# THE PICTURE-HUNTER.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

Few people, except the enjoyers of princely incomes, can boast of possessing such pictures as my old acquaintance, Ferret. How did he get them? He did not inherit them, as he inherited that bright, sharp, searching eye of his; he never had a legacy left to him; he never had a fortune to spend on superfluities; and he never committed a burglary in his life. How did he get them, is not the question; but where did he pick them up?

There are people who can hardly set foot out of doors in a large city without "picking up" a picture. Ferret is one of this fortunate set of prize-finders. Pictures are to him the sole realities of life. The only tangible things he knows of are panel and canvas—except gilt frames. To his eye the whole world presents but two colours—oil colour and water colour. The earth, as he walks upon it, seems to have a coat of varnish over it; and society, from the point whence he surveys it, is only a great work of art—a large, bold composition, in which, however, the lights are too much concentrated, and the shadows too abrupt and deep. The finest compliment he can pay to nature is to think she looks gloriously artificial; and when he sees the fiery flush of a sunset, he feels that it almost comes up to Turner. He nothing cares about the common salt sea and mere salt-sea wonders; he is for poetry's

> "——————— painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean;"

floating on real water, as he says exultingly, like Stanfield's! He never paused to look on a noble scene, from hill, valley, or river, without considering how it would "come," when properly reduced by the artist. No, never did he linger over a rich and varied landscape, except to determine in his mind how it would look framed, in an exhibition—perhaps, what it would sell for at an auction, or how it would exchange for a Benjamin West that he didn't want.

When he went to Niagara, and first stood within view of the great fall, he said, musingly, "Ah! I should like to have *that* in my back drawing-room!" Were he the spectator of a scene in Newgate, the view would excite a similar feeling—"it would hang extremely well opposite the window"—between the two Websters. When he takes a country stroll, he tells you that he went down the lane, past the bit of Gainsborough, till he came to a Hofland, between the trees; and were he to direct a stranger to the next town, he would desire him to leave the Nasmyth on his left hand, turn off by the Collins at the cottage, and keep on till he saw a David Roberts before him.

He dates every event pictorially, having no idea of figures save those whereof lay figures are the "rude forefathers." He declares that he has made his little study a complete bit of Cattermole; he was married —he forgets the year—that very season in which the fine Etty was exhibited at Somerset House; and he knows the age of his little girl—whom he says looks like a Chalon—from her being born when Maclise's Rock picture was brought out. Of his wife he observes, that you would not have known her, five years ago, from a Pickersgill; but somehow, he does not know how it is, she has of late acquired quite a Rubensy look, with considerable breadth of effect. When he hears her voice, as he does sometimes, rising above its ordinary pitch, he is wont

to say, with a fair share of jocoseness, that there is a good tone about her still.

Lies are related of everybody. They do say, that dining where there was a pig upon table, he sent up his plate, "for another bit of the Morland"—which he pronounced to be an undoubted original. When the dessert and its decorations made their appearance, he remarked that he had not seen nicer specimens of Lance for several seasons.

Allowing for a little excess in colouring, there is truth enough here to shew that Ferret thinks, reads, speaks, and dreams of nothing but pictures. But thinking &c. of a thing does not always involve the possession of it. Patrons of art cannot dream *chefs d'œuvre* upon their walls, and talk old masters into their galleries. Unless they steal, or buy them, they must infallibly "pick them up." This is what my friend Ferret does—this is what he came into the world to do, and he has done nothing else. In his collection, he sees the fruit of his life's toils; in every separate picture he reads the record of some triumph of superior knowledge, profound ingenuity, and untiring labour.

But we must shew the how and the where. Some of his gems he has brought from the dark unfathomed caves of coalsheds; some of his immortal flowers he has plucked in the desert air of auction-rooms, which, but for him, had been buyerless. Some he has discovered on worm-eaten wainscoats; others he has detected beneath the dust of old-rubbish rooms; and many he has secured in the fair way of barter, by giving gaudy bad pictures for dingy good ones. Ferret is mightily fond of offering new lamps for old. He has always by him a little stock of showy skies and flashy foregrounds, ready to exchange for dark brown bits of canvas, which he afterwards contrives to rub into brightness and value.

What a life has he led, and what contradictions compose his destiny! Seeking for beauty inexpressible, he has passed years amidst the squalid and reeking dens of towns and cities. For pearl, he has gone to swine. With an eye beholding, in the intensity of its inquiry, nothing less bright than the hues of Rubens, he has pried unweariedly into the innermost recesses of old brokers' shops; with a sense appreciating the seraphic forms of Guido, he has tumbled over, unloathingly, the treasures of a temple sacred to marine stores. He has, indeed, sought sunshine in the shady places.

No auction that happens to have a picture in it ever escapes his notice. He knows the contents of every public gallery, nay, every private collection in the kingdom. He is a living catalogue of the "gems" in every dealer's hands. Mention a picture-cleaner, and he will particularize the fine specimens at that moment in his keeping. He can tell you who had the Giorgione that was for sale in Tottenham-court Road, and who bought the doubtful Titian in the Minories. He is many picture-hunters in one—an Art-Union!

For weeks together, perhaps, has he gone his daily rounds—sometimes eastward of the city, now westward, and anon in the widely-spreading suburbs—looking out for adventures, and beating up for prizes; but picking out of the chaff and ruin no treasure obscure—no scrap of Morland, no bit of Bonnington, not even an endurable copy of Rembrandt or Sir Joshua! But then, has he not secured something as good?

As good? Ay, some new lamp to exchange for an old one!—some pleasing abomination at a low price; some poor copy, carefully finished,

of a sketch by a great master; or some bad original by a painter that happens just at the moment to be in fashion! Either of these, duly set off with a shining surface and a frame re-burnished, would hardly fail, in the market of ignorance, (and people in general know less about pictures than anything else, except themselves,) to secure to him the transfer of a small prize, a modest, inattractive, and by no means brilliant performance, yet really worthy to be called a work of art. This, for its subject's sake, perhaps, or because there is nothing startling about it, wins its way in a better market than the other; and, by the aid of a showy companion, flung gratuitously in to set off its simple merits to advantage, is bartered for a real prize, a handsome second-rate; which, in turn, accompanied by two or three agreeable illusions in blue and yellow—with frames of a new pattern—is made over to some infallible connoisseur, in exchange for the grand object, the unquestionable treasure, the fine picture by the fine master.

Months, perhaps years, have been devoted to the full working out of this manœuvre; but there, nevertheless, is the master at last.

Suppose, however, that the prize turns up in the regular course of the wheel!—that in the old iron shop, in the loft or cellar heaped with lumber, a genuine picture, encrusted like an old coin, and of equally solid pretensions to be judged according to a standard of value, now and then flashes out upon the practised and all-penetrating eye! With what an anxious, yet exulting scrutiny, is it visited! When was hieroglyphic deciphered, when was black-letter scanned, with half the devotion, the hope, the fear, the enthusiasm, which stir the throbbing pulses of the picture-hunter, as he seeks, "behind the scenes," the author of the enchantment!—examining the bare back of the picture, and tracing in every mark discoverable on the canvas, a confirmation of, or a contradiction to, his theory,—finding in the crazy stretcher a token, and in the carved framework a sign!

Then with what a triumph is the obscure and dirty kitcat carried off! How is the venerable and sensitive canvas handled reverentially, as never was bank-paper with "£1000" in the corner!—how carefully is it lined, stretched, and strengthened!—with what tenderness and delicacy are the layers of varnish removed, and the colours brought out into admiring day! Above all, perhaps, with what an ecstasy of aspiration, a kindling of the whole soul, does the eye search among the brightening lines which chequer the foliage in the foreground, for an initial or a date! If but one letter steals slowly into sight at last, it is sure—this is an invariable rule—to be the initial of some great painter; and it happens not less curiously, that, whoever the painter may be, the picture then and there a subject of such fond speculation, is certain to be not only a manifest production of his school, but an unquestionable specimen of his individual style. C. stands for Cuyp all the world over; and if the date should shew that he was only three years of age at the time, the picture is the more remarkable for being so early a production of his easel. Cuyp had produced precious things before, but here is a prodigy.

Let it not be here imagined, however, that my friend Ferret is a self-deceiver—like Garrick, a dupe to his art—the possessor of wooden nutmegs instead of the original spices. Years ago, indeed, he fell regularly into this error. Then every forged initial on a daub purposely damaged, and ingeniously made ancient, was the handwriting of a master. He thought it little to go out with four and sixpence in his

pocket, and bring home a Claude. The acquisition of eleven undoubted Canalettis in a week was slow work, and with a sigh on Saturday, over his miserable progress, he said, "This wont do!" Monday found him mending; and a sketch of Raphael's, a group by one or both of the Poussins, and two or three originals of the modern school, (real Wilsons, most likely,) all publicly purchased for five-and-twenty shillings, promised better success.

But as soon as his walls were covered, the delusion was at an end; and he sold more wisely than he bought, turning his romances to realities, or, in other words, exchanging the showy for the substantial. It was by dint of extraordinary assiduity, unceasing research, the toil of years, the direction of every faculty of the mind to one darling object, that Ferret became the phenomenon we now behold him—a picture-hunter who never cheats, and is never to be cheated—who spends nothing, yet buys much—who picks up a ragged Humphrey Clinker, and finds him a smart young gentleman, in wig and ruffles. It is true that he will even now insist upon a case of legitimacy, when facts will not always bear him out. Slow to decide, he is proof against doubt when the decision has once been given. He will insist upon the Correggiosity of his Correggios—all of them. One or two of his foreigners have rather an English look; his Murillo was certainly painted in Dublin. But to tell him that his Annibal Carracci is not an Annibal Carracci—you might as well tell me that Pope was no poet. Ferret's catalogue is rich in great names; but if the sums paid for his various pictures were placed opposite to them in the list, it would be still more remarkable for small figures. It would be ludicrous, if it were not so *very* absurd, to hear him tell the truth about his prices and purchases. His boast is, that he has not, for ten years, expended five pounds upon a painting. His maxim being, that all fine pictures sell either for very large or for very small sums, he has watched the market at the latter turn; and then, profiting by his dexterous system of exchanges in other instances, he is enabled fairly to estimate his expenditure upon every separate gem.

"For that bit of Parmegiano I gave three shillings; the Guido cost me, however, fifteen, but then I luckily secured that fine Gaspar for ninepence. There's a Michael!—it's disputed, I know; but it ought not to be, for it cost me, altogether, four pounds twelve, lining and all. Why, that Salvator took upwards of three pounds out of my pocket!—Ah! I was extravagant then! But some of these I got cheaper. I exchanged some supposed Rembrandts, and a sham Watteau, for this fine Both. That's good, the Wouvermans; that and the Ruysdael I got for nothing—that is, I gave a big West for them. Here—you wouldn't think, now, that this Hobbima cost me but eleven and sixpence, with discount for ready money! But come this way—there's a true Correggio! for which I swapped—receiving fifteen pounds to buy a frame—two villanous things, one called 'Game,' and the other 'Fruit,' which had been thrown into a lot I bought at an auction!"

My friend Ferret thus walks and talks amidst his treasures; while of mankind he knows nothing whatever, save of the few who buy and sell pictures. To him, the ideal is the actual—the forms of things are the substances. If the soul, as some wise philosophers have suspected, ever returns to the earth it has once quitted, Ferret's will assuredly be be found somewhere, looking complacently out of a gold frame, sixteen inches by eleven.

# CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

APROPOS OF PERCEVAL KEENE.

As poor L. E. L. was one day enjoying a little excursion upon the Thames, the waterman, who was rather a superior specimen of his class, frequently directed the attention of the party to some interesting spot on the banks of the river. At last, it was evident that he had some favourite place to introduce. Presently he arrived at it; and his countenance became animated, as he exclaimed—"There, there!—that's the very place! You may see the hole in the wall where the letters and money were deposited. 'Jacob Faithful,' I mean," added he; "perhaps the ladies may have read the book?"

"Now," said L. E. L., "this is a bit of true fame. While the warriors whose glory once shone over the river, and the kings who adorned its banks with regal splendour, are at best but coldly remembered, the author who has identified himself with the interests and sympathies of a large portion of his fellow-creatures, how gratefully and admiringly is his name treasured!"

Every work of Captain Marryat's is not a "Jacob Faithful;" yet what Jacob may have done for his author "all along shore," other characters of his have done for him far inland, and out upon the high seas. Where Marryat is read, he is remembered. He is a hard hitter. He may miss as often as he likes, but when he makes his mark, which he is sure to do before he gets through his work, it remains. Whatever subject he takes up, we always find him busy over it, and in earnest. He is a very unequal writer, but he has the faculty of never being dull. The instant he is once off, he goes on sailing before the wind, and, rough or smooth, his eyes are open—so are his reader's, quite wide. We never catch him dozing over a chapter, or dreaming what the next may be about, or what people will think of it all. There is a scene in a story of his, where one of his regular salt-water heroes says, to a lazy, well-fed youngster, just landed on deck—"I dare say, now, from your looks, you could take a great deal of sleep!" We could never address the author so. He contrives to be lively even when he has nothing to say, and active, though there may be little doing. When his fire burns out, he pours in volumes of smoke, to keep up the promise of conflagration. When his imagination flags, and his humour comes to a dead calm, there are always his brisk, untiring animal spirits, to keep alive the scene; and that indomitable self-will, which seems to have peculiar power over the pen of this animated writer, carries him on, even when other helps fail him, successfully to the last.

To be sure, he has told us (in Newton Forster) that it is not all sailing before the wind. "Writing a book," he says, "reminds me very much of making a passage across the Atlantic. At one moment, when the ideas flow, you have the wind aft, and away you scud, with a flowing sheet, and a rapidity that delights you; at other times, when your spirit flags, and you gnaw your pen, (I have lately used iron pens, for I am a devil of a crib-biter,) it is like unto a foul wind, tack and tack, requiring a long time to get on a short distance."

But this admission favours our argument. This hard biting at an iron pen is characteristic. It shews how little of the dry, formal, abstract, meditative author mingles with the literary blood of his composition; how "real earnest" is his mood; how impatient he is to get on; and how little he has in common with those tame, plodding, polite sailor-writers, who make their schooners and frigates such very slow coaches.

"Peter Simple" and "Jacob Faithful" are, perhaps, the works which will be most read and longest known; not because, with all their freshness and power, they are superior in these respects—or in the great attractiveness of truth—to others from the same source; but because there is more of the artist exercised in their composition. They are more consistent with themselves. But they do not, grateful as we are for them, tempt us to wish that their author had finished off every subject that suggested itself to his quick and versatile fancy. We should have lost, in the habit of building up set scenes, and devising fine plots, and developing real characters by line and rule, much of that free and rambling enjoyment, the sense of which never quits us, turn where we will, amidst the bold, off-hand, masterly sketches of life to be found in Newton Forster and Frank Mildmay, in Midshipman Easy, and now again in Perceval Keene.

We are not sure that we would have parted with Snarleyyow, for any dog of a more moderate and orthodox breed, ever begotten by brain of author. That dog, however, is not canine! He is the legitimate offspring of Terror and Fun! No created or fabled creature ever equalled him for viciousness of temper and an odious ugliness. Yet how he makes us like his company—for the pleasure of seeing him

tortured. There is something infinitely more appalling about the master of the demon-dog Vanslyperkin, and the vessel which is the scene of their united exploits, than there ever was about Vanderdecken and his Phantom-ship. Yet Captain Marryat has invested that wild legend with a powerful prose interest, and the earlier chapters are especially well written.

The Terrible and the Ludicrous triumph in combination in these subjects of our novelist; but in the class to which the new comer Perceval belongs, the Ludicrous preponderates. The characters here, for the most part, are portraits, struck off in salt-water colours; and the company, as we said on another occasion, play off a capital comic pantomime, with the sea for a stage. Witness the inimitable exploits of the "argufying" Jack Easy, and his brother in mischief, Gascoigne; the dashing adventures and spirited sea-scenes of which Frank Mildmay is the hero; and superior to both, though having much of character in common, the heroics of Perceval Keene.

Perceval has drawn many tears from gentle eyes, and will live to draw more. There is a frankness of sentiment in him that wins upon our liking, and a quiet, growing power in that touching earnestness with which he pursues good fortune, only that his reserved and haughty father may be induced to acknowledge him, which ripens into a pathetic interest. To make his aristocratic parent proud of him, in place of seeing in him the proof and record of shame, is the object of his soul's hopes, and the struggle is not one that can be watched with indifference. Yet we never forget that the effort is all for himself, and that he is ready to sacrifice even his mother's happiness to its success. This is managed with much artistical skill. The character of Delmar (the father) is brought out with masterly ease, and fixed at once in colours the most simple, natural, and distinct; and a profound judgment and feeling are evinced in the catastrophe, when this proud parent, whose love has long but vainly struggled with his pride; whose lip has been all coldness to the youth, while hot and rapturous blood was gushing through his heart; whose life has been one unseen struggle of affection with the chilling hauteur which was bred in him from his cradle—dies, with all that sensitive and delicate pride unshocked by the disclosure, that the son had his secret too; that he had solved the enigma of his birth, and had pursued fortune under his father's eyes, only to win an open recognition and an acknowledgment of his name. In the manner in which this part of the story is told, there is a charm of feeling and truth that quite subdues whatever of repugnance we experience in entering upon the trial; and we forget how artificial many of the contrivances are, in the manly earnestness of the agents, their natural bearing, and eloquent but suppressed emotions.

Yet, touching as all this is, the Terrible in this novel prevails over the Pathetic, as the Ludicrous prevails over the Terrible. Much as Delmar and his affairs attract the reader, he is taken more firmly by the button when Perceval stands upon the deck of the slave-ship, confronting the Spanish negro captain, who has sworn eternal enmity to the European race. With friends on board, and sharks below, and the deep baying of blood-hounds from the shore, the picture required just the relief from horror which it obtains. Vincent is indeed a glorious phantom among the realities, and yet perhaps as real as any of them. But he and his crew, and the scene in the drifting boat, with the feminine brandy-drinker, the shipwreck, and the battle, powerful as they all are, have less weight with us, than the flowing and humorous vein of narrative, and the rich series of comic incident, that make us sorry, when the story is told, that there are but three volumes of it. None of Perceval's predecessors can boast of more freshness than himself, Tommy Dott, Mr Culpepper, and the rest. There is one scene, wherein Master P. teaches Green, his fellow mid, the "mason's signs" for soothing an irritable lieutenant—signs which consist chiefly in placing the thumb to the nose, at the same time spreading out the fingers—which may take rank with the most humorous that sea or shore ever shook at. Here Captain Marryat is inimitable and unrivalled.

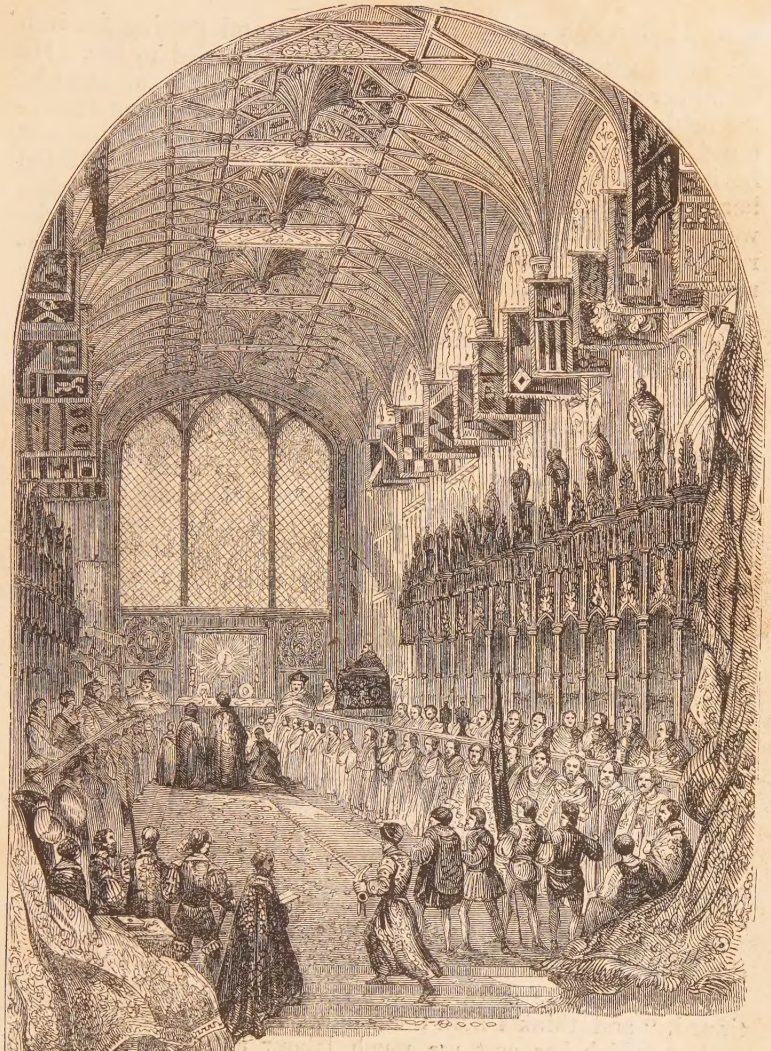
We are bound to add, that he does not object to a joke because it is a hair's breadth or so too broad; nor does he flinch from telling a home-truth, from any fear that it may be thought by landsmen a little too coarse. Neither should it be forgotten, on the other hand, that besides the excellent service which his books have rendered in enlarging the store of entertaining knowledge, and promoting good spirits and amusement, the naval service owes to him many hints from which reforms have sprung; advice which is the result of extensive experience, and a liberal perception of the rights and interests of the seaman.

Captain Marryat, "not knowing what he could do until he tried," never thought of writing a novel until he was thirty years old, when, as he says, he "stumbled" on the fact. We hope he will not think of leaving off until he is seventy, "stumbling" upon a new novel once a year, without experiencing a fall.

Tony Johannot 1842

THE ROYAL CHASE IN WINDSOR FOREST.

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY CUNNINGHAM & MORTIMER, 1843.



# Windsor Castle.

## AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

### IV.

HOW KING HENRY THE EIGHTH HELD A CHAPTER OF THE GARTER; HOW HE ATTENDED VESPERS AND MATINS IN SAINT GEORGE'S CHAPEL; AND HOW HE FEASTED WITH THE KNIGHTS-COMPANIONS IN SAINT GEORGE'S HALL.

From a window in the presence-chamber, overlooking the upper ward, Anne Boleyn beheld the king's approach, and threw open the casement to greet him.

Henry graciously returned the salutation, and passing beneath the great gateway of the royal lodgings, hastened to her. He found her surrounded by her ladies of honour, by the chief of the nobles and knights who had composed her train from Hampton Court, and by the Cardinals Wolsey and Campeggio; and having exchanged a few words with her, took her hand, and led her to the upper part of the chamber, where two chairs of state were set beneath a dais of crimson velvet embroidered with the royal arms, and placed her in the seat, hitherto allotted to Catherine of Arragon. A smile of triumph irradiated Anne's lovely countenance at this mark of distinction; nor was her satisfaction diminished, as Henry turned to address the assemblage.

"My lords," he said "ye are right well aware of the scruples of conscience I entertain in regard to my marriage with my brother's widow, Catherine of Arragon. The more I weigh the matter, the more convinced am I of its unlawfulness; and were it possible to blind myself to my sinful condition, the preachers, who openly rebuke me from the pulpit, would take care to remind me of it. Misunderstand me not, my lords. I have no ground of complaint against the queen. Far otherwise. She is a lady of most excellent character—full of devotion, loyalty, nobility, and gentleness. And if I could divest myself of my misgivings, so far from seeking to put her from me, I should cherish her with the greatest tenderness. Ye may marvel that I have delayed the divorce thus long. But it is only of late that my eyes have been opened; and the step was hard to take. Old affections clung to me—old chains restrained me—nor could I, without compunction, separate myself from one who has ever been to me a virtuous and devoted consort."

"Thou hast undergone a martyrdom, gossip," observed Will Sommers, who had posted himself at the foot of the dais, near the king, "and shalt henceforth be distinguished as Saint Henry."

The gravity of the hearers might have been discomposed by this remark, but for the stern looks of the king.

"Ye may make a jest of my scruples, my lords," he continued, "and think I hold them lightly; but my treatise on the subject, which has cost me much labour and meditation, will avouch to the contrary. What would befal this realm if my marriage were called in question after my decease? The same trouble and confusion would ensue that followed on the death of my noble grandfather, King Edward the Fourth. To prevent such mischance, I have resolved, most reluctantly, to put away my present queen, and to take another consort, by whom I trust to raise up a worthy successor, and inheritor of my kingdom."

A murmur of applause followed this speech, and the two cardinals exchanged significant glances, which were not unobserved by the king.

"I doubt not ye will all approve the choice I shall make," he pur-

sued, looking fiercely at Wolsey, and taking Anne Boleyn's hand, who arose as he turned to her. "And now, fair mistress," he added to her, "as an earnest of the regard I have for you, and of the honours I intend you, I hereby create you Marchioness of Pembroke, and bestow upon you a thousand marks a year in land, and another thousand to be paid out of my treasury to support your dignity."

"Your majesty is too gracious," replied Anne, bending the knee, and kissing his hand.

"Not a whit, sweetheart—not a whit," replied Henry, tenderly raising her; "this is but a slight mark of my good will. Sir Thomas Boleyn," he added, to her father, "henceforth your style and title will be that of Viscount Rochford, and your patent will be made out at the same time as that of your daughter the Marchioness of Pembroke. I also elect you a knight-companion of the most honourable Order of the Garter, and your investiture and installation will take place to day."

Having received the thanks and homage of the newly-created noble, Henry descended from the dais, and passed into an inner room with the Lady Anne, where a collation was prepared for them, of which they partook. Their slight meal over, Anne took up her lute, and playing a prelude upon it, sang two or three French songs with so much skill and grace, that Henry, who was passionately fond of music, was quite enraptured. Two delightful hours having passed by, almost imperceptibly, an usher approached the king, and whispering a few words to him, he reluctantly withdrew, and Anne retired with her ladies to an inner apartment. On reaching his closet, the king's attendants proceeded to array him in a surcoat of crimson velvet, powdered with garters embroidered in silk and gold, with the motto,—Honi soit qui mal y pense,—wrought within them. Over the surcoat was thrown a mantle of blue velvet with a magnificent train, lined with white damask, and having on the left shoulder a large garter, wrought in pearls and Venice twists, containing the motto, and encircling the arms of Saint George—argent, a cross gules. Henry's habiliments were completed by a hood of the same stuff as the surcoat, decorated like it with small embroidered garters, and lined with white satin. From his neck was suspended the collar of the Great George, composed of pieces of gold fashioned like garters, the ground of which was enamelled, and the letters gold.

While Henry was thus arrayed, the knights-companions, robed in their mantles, hoods, and collars, entered the closet, and waiting till he was ready, marched before him into the presence-chamber, where were assembled the two provincial kings-at-arms, Clarenceux and Norroy, the heralds, and pursuivants, wearing their coats-of-arms, together with the band of pensioners, carrying gilt pole-axes, and drawn up in two lines. At the king's approach, one of the gentlemen-ushers who carried the sword

of state, with the point resting upon the ground, delivered it to the Duke of Richmond,—the latter having been appointed to bear it before the king during all the proceedings of the feast. Meanwhile, the knights-companions having drawn up on either side of the canopy, Henry advanced with a slow and stately step towards it, his train being borne by the Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyat, and other nobles and knights. As he ascended the dais, and faced the assemblage, the Duke of Richmond and the chief officers of the order drew up a little on his right. The knights-companions then made their salutation to him, which he returned by removing his jewelled cap with great grace and dignity; and as soon as he was again covered, they put on their caps, and ranging themselves in order, set forward to Saint George's Chapel.

Quitting the royal lodgings, and passing through the gateway of the Norman Tower, the procession wound its way along the base of the Round Tower, the battlements of which bristled with spearmen, as did the walls on the right, and the summit of the Winchester Tower, and crossing the middle-ward, skirted the tomb-house, then newly erected by Wolsey, as a mausoleum for his royal master, and threading a narrow passage, between it and Saint George's Chapel, entered the north-east door of the latter structure. Dividing on their entrance into the chapel into two lines, the attendants of the knights-companions flanked either side of the north aisle; while between them walked the alms-knights, the verger, the prebends of the college, and the officers-of-arms, who proceeded as far as the west door of the choir, where they stopped. A slight pause then ensued, after which, the king, the knights-companions, and the chief officers of the order, entered the chapter-house—a chamber situated at the north-east corner of the chapel—leaving the Duke of Richmond, the sword-bearer, Lord Rochford, the knight-elect, the train-bearers, and pensioners, outside. The door of the chapter-house being closed by the black-rod, the king proceeded to the upper end of the vestments'-board — as the table was designated,—where a chair, cushions, and cloth of state, were provided for him; the knights-companions, whose stalls in the choir were on the same side as his own, seating themselves on his right, and those whose posts were on the prince's side taking their places on the left. The prelate and the chancellor stood at the upper end of the table; the garter and register at the foot; while the door was kept by the black-rod.

As soon as the king and the knights were seated, intimation was given by an usher to the black rod, that the newly-elected knight, Lord Rochford, was without. This intelligence being communicated to the king, he ordered the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk to bring him into his presence; and the injunction being obeyed, the three presently made their appearance, the garter marching before them to the king. Bowing reverently to the

sovereign, Rochford, in a brief speech, expressed his gratitude for the signal honour conferred upon him, and at its close, set his left foot upon a gilt stool, placed for him by the garter, who pronounced the following admonition:—"My good lord, the loving company of the Order of the Garter have received you as their brother and fellow. In token whereof, they give you this garter, which God grant you may receive and wear from henceforth, to his praise and glory, and to the exaltation and honour of the noble order and yourself."

While these words were uttered, the garter was girded on the leg of the newly-elected knight, and buckled by the Duke of Suffolk. This done, he knelt before the king, who hung a gold chain, with the image of Saint George attached to it, about his neck, while another admonition was pronounced by the chancellor. Rochford then arose, bowed to the monarch, and to the knights-companions, who returned his salutations, and the investiture was complete.

Other affairs of the chapter were next discussed. Certain officers, nominated since the last meeting, were sworn; letters from absent knights-companions, praying to be excused from attendance, were read—and their pleas, except in the instance of Sir Thomas Cheney, allowed. After reading the excuse of the latter, Henry uttered an angry oath, declaring he would deprive him of his vote in the chapter-house, banish him from his stall, and mulct him a hundred marks, to be paid at Saint George's altar, when Will Sommers, who was permitted to be present, whispered in his ear that the offender was kept away by the devices of Wolsey, because he was known to be friendly to the divorce, and to the interests of the lady Anne.

"Aha! by Saint Mary, is it so?" exclaimed Henry, knitting his brows. "This shall be looked into. I have hanged a butcher just now. Let the butcher's son take warning by his fate. He has bearded me long enough. See that Sir Thomas Cheney be sent for with all dispatch. I will hear the truth from his own lips."

He then arose, and quitting the chapter-house, proceeded with the knights-companions to the choir,—the roof and walls of the sacred structure resounding with the solemn notes of the organ as they traversed the aisle. The first to enter the choir were the alms-knights, who passed through the door in a body, and making low obeisances toward the altar and the royal stall, divided into two lines. They were succeeded by the prebends of the college, who making similar obeisances, stationed themselves in front of the benches before the stalls of the knights-companions. Next followed the pursuivants, heralds, and provincial kings-of-arms, making like reverences, and ranging themselves with the alms-knights. Then came the knights-companions, who performed double reverences like the others, and took their stations under their stalls; then came the black-rod, garter, and register, who having gone through the same ceremony as the others, proceeded

to their form, which was placed on the south side of the choir before the sovereign's stall; then came the chancellor and prelate, whose form was likewise placed before the royal stall, but nearer to it than that allotted to the other officers; and lastly, Henry himself, with the sword borne before him by the Duke of Richmond, who, as he approached the steps of his stall, bowed reverently towards the altar, and made another obeisance before seating himself.

Meanwhile, the Duke of Richmond posted himself in front of the royal stall, the Earl of Oxford, as lord-chamberlain, taking his station on the king's right, and the Earl of Surrey, as vice-chamberlain, on the left. As these arrangements were made, the two cardinals arrived, and proceeded to the altar.

Mass was then said, and nothing could be more striking than the appearance of the chapel during its performance. The glorious choir with its groined and pendent roof, its walls adorned with the richest stuffs, its exquisitely carved stalls, above which hung the banners of the knights-companions, together with their helmets, crests, and swords, its sumptuously-decorated altar, glittering with costly vessels, its pulpit hung with crimson damask interwoven with gold, the magnificent and varied dresses of the assemblage,—all these constituted a picture of surpassing splendour.

Vespers over, the king and his train departed with the same ceremonies, and in the same order as had been observed on their entrance of the choir.

On returning to the royal lodgings, Henry proceeded to his closet, where having divested himself of his mantle, he went in search of the Lady Anne. He found her walking with her dames on the stately terrace at the north of the castle, and the attendants retiring as he joined her, he was left at full liberty to pour his amorous converse into her ear. After pacing the terrace for some time, they adjourned to Anne's apartments, where Henry remained till he was summoned to supper with the knight-companions in Saint George's Hall.

The next morning betimes, it being the day of the patron saint of the Order of the Garter, a numerous cavalcade assembled in the upper ward of the castle, to conduct the king to hear matins in Saint George's Chapel. In order to render the sight as imposing as possible, Henry had arranged that the procession should take place on horseback, and the whole of the retinue were accordingly mounted. The large quadrangle was filled with steeds and their attendants, and the castle walls resounded with the fanfares of trumpets, and the beating of kettle-drums. The most attractive feature of the procession in the eyes of the beholders was the Lady Anne, who, mounted on a snow-white palfrey richly trapped, rode on the right of the king. She was dressed in a rich gown of raised cloth of gold; and had a coronet of black velvet, decorated with orient pearls on her head. Never had she

looked so lovely as on this occasion, and the king's passion increased each moment that he gazed on her. Henry himself was more sumptuously attired than on the preceding day. He wore a robe of purple velvet made somewhat like a frock, embroidered with flat damask gold, and small lace intermixed. His doublet was very curiously embroidered, the sleeves and breast being lined with cloth of gold, and fastened with great buttons of diamonds and rubies. His sword and girdle were adorned with magnificent emeralds, and his bonnet glistened with precious stones. His charger was trapped in cloth of gold, traversed lattice-wise, square, embroidered with gold damask, pearled on every side, and having buckles and pendants of fine gold. By his side ran ten footmen, richly attired in velvet and goldsmiths' work. They were followed by the pages of honour, mounted on great horses, trapped in crimson velvet embroidered with new devices and knots of gold.

In this state, Henry and his favourite proceeded to the great western door of Saint George's Chapel. Here twelve gentlemen of the privy-chamber attended with a canopy of cloth of gold, which they bore over the king's head, and that of the Lady Anne, as she walked beside him to the entrance of the choir, where they separated—he proceeding to his stall, and she to a closet at the north-east corner of the choir over the altar, while her ladies repaired to one adjoining it.

Matins then commenced, and at the appointed part of the service, the dean of the college, took a silver box, containing the heart of Saint George, bestowed upon King Henry the Fifth by the Emperor Sigismund, and after incense had been shed upon it by one of the canons, presented it to the king and the knights-companions to kiss.

After the offertory, a carpet was spread on the steps before the altar, the alms-knights, pursuivants, and heralds stationing themselves on either side of it. The garter then descended from his seat, and waving his rod, the knights-companions descended likewise, but remained before their stalls. The black-rod next descended, and proceeding towards the altar, a groom of the wardrobe brought him a small carpet of cloth of gold, and a cushion of the same stuff, which were placed on the larger carpet, the cushion being set on the head of the steps. These preparations made, the prelate taking a large gilt bason to receive the offerings, stationed himself with one of the prebends in the midst of the altar. The king then rising from his stall, and making a reverence as before, proceeded to the altar attended by the garter, register, and chancellor, together with the Duke of Richmond bearing the sword, and having reached the upper step, prostrated himself on the cushion, while the black-rod bending the knee delivered a chain of gold, intended afterwards to be redeemed, to the Duke of Suffolk, who was appointed to make the royal offering, and who placed it in the bason held by

the prelate. This ceremony over, the king got up, and with similar reverences returned to his stall. Then the two provincial kings, Clarenceux and Norroy, proceeded along the choir, and making due reverences to the altar and the sovereign, bowed to the two senior knights, who thereupon advanced towards the altar, and kneeling down, made their offering. The others imitated their example, coming forward according to their seniority.

The service ended, the officers and knights-companions quitted the chapel in the same order they had entered it, the king being received under the canopy at the door of the choir, and passing through the west entrance of the chapel, where he waited for the Lady Anne. On her arrival, they both mounted their steeds, and rode up to the royal lodgings amid flourishes of trumpets and acclamations. Dismounting at the great gate, Henry proceeded to the presence-chamber, where the knights-companions had assembled, and having received their salutations, retired to his closet. Here he remained in deep consultation with the Duke of Suffolk for some hours, when it having been announced to him that the first course of the banquet was served, he came forth, and proceeded to the presence-chamber, where he greeted the knights-companions, who were there assembled, and who immediately put themselves in order of procession. After this, the alms-knights, prebends, and officers of arms, passed on through the guard-chamber into Saint George's Hall. They were followed by the knights-companions, who drew up in lines, the seniors taking the uppermost place; and through these ranks the king passed, his train borne up as before, until reaching the table set apart for him, beneath a canopy, he turned round, and received the knights' reverences. The Earl of Oxford, as vice-chamberlain, then brought him a ewer containing water, the Earl of Surrey a bason, and Lord Rochford a napkin. Henry having performed his ablutions, grace was said by the prelate, after which the king seated himself beneath the canopy in an ancient chair with a curiously-carved back representing the exploit of Saint George, which had once belonged to the founder, King Edward the Third, and called up the two cardinals, who by this time had entered the hall, and who remained standing beside him, one on either hand, during the repast.

As soon as the king was seated, the knights-companions put on their caps, and retired to the table prepared for them, on the right side of the hall, where they seated themselves, according to their degree;—the Duke of Richmond occupying the first place, the Duke of Suffolk the second, and the Duke of Norfolk the third. On the opposite side of the hall was a long beaufet covered with flasks of wine, meats, and dishes, for the service of the knights' table. Before this stood the attendants, near whom were drawn up two lines of pensioners bearing the second course on great gilt dishes, and headed by the sewer, in front of whom were the treasurer, and comptroller of the household,

each bearing a white wand. Next them stood the officers-of-arms, in two lines, headed by the garter. The bottom of the hall was thronged with yeomen of the guard, halberdiers, and henchmen. In a gallery at the lower end were stationed a band of minstrels; and near them sat the Lady Anne and her dames to view the proceedings.

The appearance of the hall during the banquet was magnificent in the extreme. The upper part was hung with arras representing the legend of Saint George, placed there by Henry the Sixth; and the walls behind the knights-companions were adorned with other tapestries and rich stuffs.

INTERIOR OF SAINT GEORGE'S HALL.

The tables groaned with the weight of dishes, some of which may be enumerated for the benefit of modern gastronomers. There were Georges on horseback, chickens in brewis, cygnets, capons of high grease, carpes of venison, herons, calvered salmon, custards planted with garters, tarts closed with arms, godwits, peafowl, halibut engrailed, porpoise in armour, pickled mullets, perch in foyle, venison pasties, hypocras jelly, and mainemy royal.

Before the second course was served, the Garter, followed by Clarenceux and Norroy, together with the heralds and pursuivants, advanced towards the sovereign's canopy, and cried, in a loud voice, "Largesse! largesse! largesse!"

Upon this, all the knights-companions arose and took off their caps. The garter then proceeded to proclaim the king's titles in Latin and French, and lastly in English, as follows :—"Of the most high, most excellent, and most mighty monarch, Henry the Eighth, by the grace of God, King of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and sovereign of the most noble Order of the Garter."

This proclamation made, the treasurer of the household put ten golden marks into the garter's cap, who making a reverence to the sovereign, retired from the hall with his followers.

"Come, my lord legate," said Henry, when this ceremony was at an end; "we will drink to my future queen. What ho! wine," he added, to the Earl of Surrey, who officiated as cup-bearer.

"Your highness is not yet divorced from your present consort," replied Campeggio. "If it please you, I should prefer drinking the health of Catherine of Arragon."

"Well, as your eminence pleases," replied the king, taking the goblet from the hand of Surrey; "I shall not constrain you."

And looking towards the gallery, he fixed his eyes on the Lady Anne, and drained the cup to the last drop.

"Would it were poison," muttered Sir Thomas Wyat, who stood behind the Earl of Surrey, and witnessed what was passing.

"Give not thy treasonable thoughts vent, gossip," said Will Sommers, who formed one of the group near the royal table, "or it may chance that some one less friendlily-disposed towards thee than myself may overhear them. I tell thee, Anne Boleyn is lost to thee for ever. Think'st thou aught of womankind would hesitate between a simple knight and a king? My lord duke," he added, sharply, to Richmond, who was looking round at him, "you would rather be in yonder gallery than here."

"Why so, knave?" asked the duke.

"Because the fair Geraldine is there," replied the jester. "And yet your grace is not the person she would most desire to have with her."

"Whom would she prefer?" inquired the duke, angrily.

The jester nodded at Surrey, and laughed maliciously.

"You heard the health given by the king just now, my lord," observed the Duke of Suffolk to his neighbour the Duke of Norfolk; "it was a shrewd hint to the lord legate which way his judgment should incline. Your niece will assuredly be queen of England."

"I did not note what was said, my lord," replied Norfolk; "I pray you repeat it to me."

Suffolk complied, and they continued in close debate until the termination of the banquet, when the king having saluted the company, returned to the presence-chamber.

HAUNTED BEECH-TREE, NEAR NORFOLK FARM.

## V.

### OF THE GHOSTLY CHASE BEHELD BY THE EARL OF SURREY AND THE DUKE OF RICHMOND, IN WINDSOR FOREST.

On that same night, and just as the castle clock was on the stroke of twelve, the Earl of Surrey and the Duke of Richmond issued from the upper gate, and took their way towards Herne's oak. The moon was shining brightly, and its beams silvered the foliage of the noble trees with which the park was studded. The youthful pair soon reached the blasted tree; but nothing was to be seen near it, and all looked so tranquil, so free from malignant influence, that the Duke of

Richmond could not help laughing at his companion, telling him that the supposed vision must have been the offspring of his over-excited fancy. Angry at being thus doubted, the Earl ran towards the haunted dell, and plunged into it. The Duke followed, but though they paused for some time beneath the gnarled oak tree, where the spirit had appeared, nothing was visible.

"And thus ends the adventure of Herne the hunter!" laughed the Duke, as they emerged from the brake. "By my halidom, Surrey, I am grievously disappointed. You must have mistaken some large stag, caught by its antlers in the branches of the oak-tree, for the demon."

"I have told you precisely what occurred," replied Surrey, angrily. "Ha! there he is—look! look!"

And he pointed to a weird figure, mounted on a steed as weird-looking as himself, galloping through the trees with extraordinary swiftness, at a little distance from them. This ghostly rider wore the antlered helmet described by Surrey, and seemed to be habited in a garb of deer skins. Before him flew a large owl, and a couple of great black dogs ran beside him. Staring in speechless wonder at the sight, the two youths watched the mysterious being scour a glade brightly illumined by the moon, until reaching the pales marking the confines of the Home Park, he leaped them, and disappeared.

"What think you of that?" cried Surrey, as soon as he had recovered from his surprise, glancing triumphantly at the duke; "Was that the offspring of my fancy?"

"It was a marvellous sight, truly!" exclaimed Richmond. "Would we had our steeds! We would follow him."

"We can follow him on foot," replied the earl—"he is evidently gone into the forest."

And they set off at a quick pace in the direction taken by the ghostly rider. Clambering the park pales, they crossed the road leading to Old Windsor, and entered that part of the forest which, in more recent times, has been enclosed and allotted to the grounds of Frogmore. Tracking a long vista, they came to a thick dell, overgrown with large oaks, at the bottom of which was a small pool. Fleeter than his companion, and therefore somewhat in advance of him, the Earl of Surrey, as he approached this dell, perceived the spectral huntsman and his dogs standing at the edge of the water. The earl instantly shouted to him, and the horseman turning his head, shook his hand menacingly, while the hounds glared fiercely at the intruder, and displayed their fangs, but did not bark. As Surrey, however, despite this caution, continued to advance, the huntsman took a strangely-formed horn that hung by his side, and placing it to his lips, flames and thick smoke presently issued from it, and before the vapour had cleared off, he and his dogs had disappeared. Both

DELL ON THE EASTERN SIDE OF THE LONG WALK.

the young men had witnessed this marvellous spectacle, and they crossed themselves reverently. They then descended to the brink of the pool, but the numerous foot-prints of deer, who came thither to drink, prevented them from distinguishing any marks of the steed of the ghostly hunter.

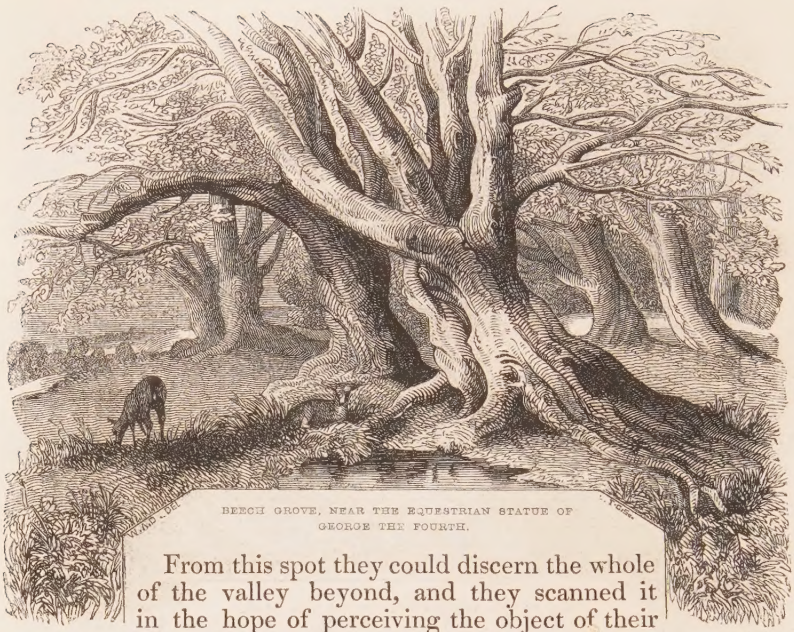
"Shall we go back, Surrey?" asked the duke.

"No," replied the earl; "I am persuaded we shall see the mysterious huntsman again. You can return, if you think proper. I will go in quest of him."

"Nay, if such be your purpose, I will not leave you," rejoined Richmond.

And they set off again at the same quick pace as before. Mounting a hill covered with noble beeches and elms, a magnificent view of the castle burst upon them, towering over the groves they had tracked, and looking almost like the work of enchantment. Charmed with the view, the young men continued to contemplate it for some time. They then struck off on the right, and ascended still higher, until they came to a beautiful grove of beeches cresting the hill where the statue of George the Fourth is now placed. Skirting this grove, they disturbed a herd of deer, which started up, and darted off into the valley below.

At the foot of two fine beech-trees lay another small pool, and Surrey almost expected to see the spectral huntsman beside it.



BEECH GROVE, NEAR THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GEORGE THE FOURTH.

From this spot they could discern the whole of the valley beyond, and they scanned it in the hope of perceiving the object of their search. Though not comparable to that on the nearer side, the view was nevertheless extremely beautiful. Long vistas and glades stretched out before them, while in the far distance might be seen glittering in the moonbeams the lake or mere, which in later days has received the name of Virginia Water.

While they were gazing at this scene, a figure in the garb of a keeper of the forest suddenly emerged from the trees at the lower end of one of the glades. Persuaded that this man had some mysterious connexion with the ghostly huntsman, the earl determined to follow him, and hastily mentioning his suspicions and design to Richmond, he hurried down the hill. But the keeper had eluded him. At length, however, on looking about, they perceived him mounting the rising ground on the left, and immediately started after him, taking care to keep out of sight. The policy of this course was soon apparent. Supposing himself no longer pursued, the keeper relaxed his pace, and the others got nearer him.

In this way both parties went on, the keeper still hurrying forward, every now and then turning his head to see whether any one was on his track, until he came to a road cut through the trees, that brought him to the edge of a descent leading to the lake. Just at this moment, a cloud passed over the moon, burying all in comparative obscurity. The watchers, however, could perceive the keeper approach an ancient beech-tree of enormous growth, and strike it thrice with the short hunting-spear which he held in his grasp.

OLD BEECH TREE, ON THE ROAD TO VIRGINIA WATER.

The signal remaining unanswered, he quitted the tree, and shaped his course along the side of a hill on the right. Keeping under the shelter of the trees on the top of the same hill, Surrey and Richmond followed him, and saw that he made his way towards another beech tree of almost double the girth of the one he had just visited. Arrived at this mighty tree, he struck it with his spear, while a large owl, seated on a leafless branch, began to hoot; a bat circled the tree; and two large snakes, glistening in the moonlight, glided from its roots. As the keeper struck the tree for the third time, the same weird figure that the watchers had seen ride along the home park started from its rifted trunk. The demon then addressed his summoner, but nothing could be understood by the listeners, except that the tones and gestures of the former were menacing and imperious, while those of the latter were supplicating. The curiosity of the beholders was roused to the highest pitch, and the earl would have rushed forward, if Richmond had not restrained him. Suddenly, the demon-hunter waved a pike with which he was armed, and uttered a peculiar cry, resembling the hooting of an owl. At this sound, and as if by magic, a couple

of steeds, accompanied by the two hounds, started from the brake. In an instant, the demon huntsman vaulted upon the back of one of them, and the keeper almost as quickly mounted the other. The pair then galloped off through the glen, the owl flying before them, and the hounds running by their side.

The two friends gazed at each other, for some time, in speechless wonder. They then took heart, and descended to the haunted tree, but could perceive no traces of the strange being who had recently tenanted it. After a while, they retraced their course towards the castle, hoping they might once more encounter the two wild hunters. Nor were they disappointed. As they crossed a tangled glen, a noble stag darted by. Close at its heels came the two black hounds, and after them the riders hurrying forward at a furious pace, their steeds appearing to breathe forth flame and smoke.

In an instant, the huntsmen and hounds were gone, and the trampling of the horses died away in the distance. Soon afterwards, a low sound, like the winding of a horn, broke upon the ear, and the listeners had no doubt that the buck was brought down. They hurried in the direction of the sound, but though the view was wholly unobstructed for a considerable distance, they could see nothing either of horsemen, hounds, or deer.

# THE MISER'S DAUGHTER.

## A Tale.

BY THE EDITOR.

## BOOK THE THIRD.

### CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

"STULTE, HAC NOCTE REPETUNT ANIMAM TUAM; ET QUÆ PARASTI, CUJUS ERUNT." *LUCÆ*, XII.

"WHERE can Jacob be, I wonder?" said the miser, in a querulous tone, as he crept back to his chair by the fire, after the departure of Philip and Diggs with their prize. "What keeps him out so late?"

"I don't think he'll come home at all to-night, father," replied Hilda. "But never mind him—go to bed."

"Not come home!" echoed the miser, with a sharp cry; "if he doesn't, and that soon, too, he shall never enter my house again. How dares he go out without leave? But perhaps you allowed him to do so. You begin to fancy yourself mistress here, because I can't look after you,—but I'll teach you differently."

"Indeed, father, you are quite mistaken," replied Hilda, meekly. "Jacob told me he wished to go out on business of his own, and I didn't like to refuse him—especially as he said he would soon be back."

"And nicely he keeps his word," rejoined the miser; "why, he has already been absent more than two hours. But how do you know he wont be back to-night? Have you heard anything about him?"

Hilda hesitated.

"You don't suspect he has carried off anything?" continued the miser, getting up, and fixing a wildly-inquisitive glance upon her. "Has he robbed me, ha? Don't tell me a lie! He has! —I see he has!"

"You are wrong, father, he has not," replied Hilda; "I will answer with my life for Jacob's honesty. My information is derived from Philip Frewin, who told me he has got locked up from some cause, in the watch-house. I should disbelieve the statement, but that it seems borne out by his absence."

"I've no doubt of it," cried the miser—"none whatever. When he returns, he gets his dismissal."

"And what will you do without him, father?" rejoined Hilda. "You will get no one so faithful—so honest."

"Hum!" muttered the miser—"that is a consideration. You needn't stay with me any longer."

"I don't like to leave you, dear father," said Hilda. "You are very much excited—pray let me sit up with you."

"No!" replied the miser, peremptorily. "Give me my gruel, and then go to bed."

In obedience to his injunctions, a small basin of gruel, and a slice of toasted bread, were presently placed before him. He swallowed a few mouthfuls, and then pushed the gruel aside.

"I have no appetite," he said. "Take care of it. It will warm up again for my supper to-morrow night."

"God grant you may be able to partake of it!" she answered, regarding him wistfully. "Father," she added, approaching him, and speaking in a supplicatory tone, "may I pray with you?"

"Not to-night," rejoined the miser. "I am seldom inclined for devotion, and just now my mind is too much disturbed for it."

"You make me very uneasy, dear father," cried Hilda, taking his hand. "Oh! do not, do not, I beseech you, postpone making up your account with your Maker. You know not how soon you may be called hence!"

"No more of this!" cried the miser, shaking her off. "I tell you I am not so ill as you think me. Good night!"

"One word more before I go, father," she said. "It is not too late to revoke your unjust will."

"What I have done, I have done," he replied. And turning away, he fixed his eyes on the fire.

Oppressed with the gloomiest foreboding, she quitted the room.

On gaining the lower room, she fell upon her aunt's bosom in an agony of distress. When she was sufficiently recovered to be able to explain to Mrs. Clinton what had occurred, the good old lady was almost as much afflicted as herself.

"But that the hour is so untimely," she cried, "I would advise you to go to Mr. Beechcroft, and consult him. It would distract me if these villains should succeed in their infamous scheme."

"Providence, to whose care I resign myself, will thwart them, I am well assured!" rejoined Hilda. "I will go to Mr. Beechcroft the first thing to-morrow morning, and I am certain he will assist me if he can. And now let us retire to rest, for Jacob, it is clear, will not return."

Left to himself, the miser remained for some time cowering over the fire, and drew closer and closer to it as it burnt lower, and diffused less warmth. At last, as it threatened to go out entirely, he scraped up all the cinders he could collect from the hearth, and throwing them upon it, kept it slightly alive.

Suddenly, as if something had crossed him, he arose, and going to the table on which the writing materials were left, took up a pen; but after gazing some time vacantly at the paper, he laid it down again, muttering "Another time! another time!"

He then took off part of his clothes, and got into bed. But

sleep fled his eyelids; and dismal thoughts, which he vainly sought to shake off, took possession of him. At length, he sunk into a sort of trance, during which a hideous night-mare, in the shape of a mountain of gold, laid its heavy hand upon him. Half stifled, he started bolt upright in bed, and gazed timorously round the imperfectly-lighted chamber. It was a gusty night, and the noise of the casements creaking in the wind, added to his fears.

Unable to endure this state of nervous apprehension longer, he sprang out of bed, and hastily wrapping himself in his dressing-gown, took down the pistol from the hook over the chimney, and proceeded to the closet where he fancied he heard some one trying to break in, and examined the window, but it appeared perfectly secure.

No sooner, however, was one source of dread removed than another was aroused. His hoards might be gone! Terrified by this idea, he flew to all his hiding places, and placed their contents on the table. His dim eyes sparkled with unnatural brilliancy as he gloated over them.

While telling over the pieces and weighing them in his hand, a new recollection crossed him. Snatching up the candle, he hurried to a small cupboard at one side of the room, at the bottom of which lay a heap of old rags and rubbish, apparently put there out of the way. Hastily removing this dusty pile, some half-dozen leathern bags were exposed to view.

"Here they are!—here they are!" he exclaimed, with a cry of childish delight. "Oh, my darlings!—my treasures!—how glad I am to see you. You give me new life. Talk of physic—pshaw! there is none like gold. The sight of it cures me in an instant. I feel well—quite well; no, not quite," he added, as a sudden giddiness seized him, and he had to catch at the closet door for support; "not quite well; but better—much better. What a memory mine must be to forget these bags—each containing two hundred guineas—that's twelve hundred! Twelve hundred guineas! and I had forgotten them. I hope I have not forgotten anything else. Let me see—Oh, my head!—my head!" he continued, shaking it mournfully. "My memory's clean gone!—clean gone! But what shall I do with these bags? they're not safe here. Jacob may find them in cleaning the room. I'll hide them in the cellar with the other treasure."

Utterly forgetful that the chest had been removed, he immediately set about executing his design. Listening at the door to hear that all was still, he took up two of the bags, with the intention of carrying them down stairs; but finding them too heavy for him, he was obliged to content himself with one, and thus, in transporting them all to the cellar, he had to perform six journeys.

The last had nearly proved fatal, for, as he tottered down the cellar steps, he missed his footing, and rolled to the bottom. With some difficulty he got up again; but heedless of the

bruises he had received, he picked up his candle, which was extinguished in the fall, and returned to his bed-chamber to light it at the fire. This done, he procured the shovel, and repairing to the cellar, commenced his task.

In his present state of debility and exhaustion, it cost him infinite labour to get up the bricks, and he was frequently obliged to desist from the toil, and rest himself; but though he shook in every limb—though thick damps burst from every pore, he still persevered.

Having got out the bricks, he carefully scraped off the surface of the loose sandy soil. Surprised that the spade met with no resistance, his alarm was instantly excited, and he plunged it deeply into the ground. But no chest was there!

For a few minutes he stood transfixed with despair. It never occurred to him that he had himself removed his treasure, but he concluded he had been robbed of it. At length, his anguish found vent in a piercing cry, and he rushed towards the door, with the intention of calling up Jacob, but the recollection that forced itself upon him that the porter was from home checked him.

Other imperfect ideas thronged upon his bewildered brain. A glimmering recollection of digging up the chest crossed him, but he fancied he must have taken out its contents and buried them deeper in the ground. Somewhat calmed by this idea, he commenced digging anew with frightful ardour, and soon cleared out the soil to nearly the depth of three feet.

But as he found nothing, his apprehensions returned with new force, and paralysed his efforts. Throwing aside the spade, he groped about in the sandy soil with his hands, in the hope of finding a few pieces of gold. A single piece would have satisfied him,—but there was none—nothing but little pebbles mixed with the sand. His moans, while thus employed, were truly piteous.

At this juncture, his candle, which had long been expiring in the socket, went out, leaving him in total darkness. A mortal faintness seized him at the same time. He tried to get out of the hole, but fell back with the effort,—his head striking against the bricks. He struggled to get up again, but in vain—his limbs refused their office. He tried to cry out for help, but a hollow, rattling sound alone issued from his throat.

At length, by a convulsive effort, he did contrive to lift his head from the ground; but that was all he could do. His hands clutched ineffectually at the sandy soil; his frame was powerless; and a stifled groan broke from his lips.

But this condition was too horrible for long endurance. The muscles of his neck relaxed; his head fell heavily backwards; and, after a gasp or two, respiration ceased.

Thus died this unhappy man, unattended, in a cellar, half entombed in the hole digged as a hiding place for a portion of his wealth—wealth, for which he had sacrificed all his comforts, all

his feelings, all his affections, and for which alone of late he had seemed to live! Thus he perished—a fearful example of the effects of the heart-searing vice, of which he was the slave and the victim!

## CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

ABEL BEECHCROFT FINDS THE BODY OF THE MISER IN THE CELLAR.—HIS REFLECTIONS UPON IT.—JACOB'S GRIEF FOR HIS MASTER.

Unconscious of the awful catastrophe that had occurred, Hilda, whose eyes had never closed since she sought her pillow, rose at an early hour, and set out for Abel Beechcroft's residence.

Abel had not yet left his room, but she found Mr. Jukes astir, and in some alarm at the absence of Trussell and Randulph; but she allayed his fears by telling him what she supposed had happened to them. She was then shewn into the library, and shortly afterwards Abel Beechcroft made his appearance. He was prepared for some disastrous tidings, and the moment he saw her, her looks confirmed his fears. After a kindly greeting, she proceeded to recount to him the infamous scheme practised upon her father by Philip and Diggs.

"This is worse than even I anticipated," said Abel, as she closed her recital. "Your father is infatuated on the subject of his nephew, whose conduct, as well as that of his attorney, is scandalous. I will go with you at once. If not too late, and he is in his right mind, I think I can use such arguments with your father as will induce him to alter his iniquitous design."

"I hope so," sighed Hilda; "but I have great misgivings."

As they were quitting the room, they were stopped by Mrs. Crew.

"You up, at this hour, sister!" cried Abel, somewhat discomposed.

"I was informed that Miss Scarve was here," replied Mrs. Crew; "and I therefore hurried down as fast as I could. As an old friend of her mother, I naturally felt anxious to see her."

And she embraced Hilda affectionately.

"I am sorry to abridge your first meeting with the daughter of an old friend, Sophia," interposed Abel, "but when you are told that her father, who, you know is in a very precarious condition, has been prevailed upon to make a will in his nephew's favour, you will see that not a moment must be lost in trying to induce him to revoke it."

"I do, I do," replied Mrs. Crew. "But where is Randulph?"

"He did not come home last night," replied Abel, sarcastically.

"Not come home!" echoed Mrs. Crew, turning pale. "What can have happened to him?"

"Nothing very particular," replied Abel, hastily. "Trussell is absent likewise. You will see them both at breakfast, I dare say. But we are losing time. Good morning, sister."

"Farewell, Hilda!" exclaimed Mrs. Crew, again embracing her. "I hope all will be accomplished that you desire. But if it should not be, it will serve only to increase our"—and she laid a slight emphasis on the pronoun—"interest in you. I already love you as if you were my own daughter."

"And, believe me, your attachment is fully requited, madam," replied Hilda.

And she quitted the house with Abel Beechcroft, who displayed considerable impatience during her interview with his sister.

On their arrival at the Little Sanctuary, they were admitted by Mrs. Clinton, for Jacob had not yet returned. After some little consideration, Abel went up alone to the miser's room, and, knocking two or three times, and receiving no answer, opened the door.

Approaching the bed, he found it empty, with the clothes turned down, as left by the miser; and casting a hurried glance into the closet, to satisfy himself that no one was there, he hastily ran down stairs to Hilda, to acquaint her with the alarming discovery he had made.

She was greatly terrified; but after a moment's reflection, suggested that her father might possibly have gone down to the cellar, and related the circumstance which she herself had once witnessed there. Concurring in the opinion, Abel offered immediately to go in search of him; and dissuading Hilda, who secretly shared his worst apprehensions, from accompanying him, took a candle, and descended to the cellar.

As he entered the vault, he indistinctly perceived a ghastly object; and springing forward, held up the light, so as to reveal it more fully. His fancy had not deceived him. There in a grave, evidently digged by his own hands, lay his old enemy—dead—dead!

While Abel was wrapt in contemplation of this miserable spectacle, and surrendering himself to the thoughts which it inspired, heavy steps were heard behind him, and Jacob rushed into the cellar.

"Where is he?" cried the porter, in accents of alarm. "Has anything happened? Ha! I see."

And pushing past Abel Beechcroft, he precipitated himself into the hole with his master. "All's over with him!" he cried, in a voice of agony and self-reproach, and grasping the cold hand of the corpse—"this would never have happened if I had been at home. I'm in a manner his murderer!"

"Another hand than yours has been at work here, Jacob," said Abel; "and terrible as your poor master's fate has been, it may prove a salutary lesson to others. There he lies, who a few hours ago was the possessor of useless thousands, the value of which he knew not—nay, the very existence of which he knew not—for the few bags of gold beside him were the only palpable treasure he owned. There he lies, who tormented himself with a vainer

Abel Beecheroft discovering the body of the Miser in the cellar.

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quest than ever lured the blind searcher after the philosopher's stone! There he lies, the saddest and most degrading proof of the vanity of human desires, having died the death of a dog, with no heart to grieve for him, no eye to weep for him!"

"You're wrong in sayin' no one grieves for him, sir," rejoined Jacob, in a broken voice, "because I do. With all his faults, I loved him—nay, I think I loved him the better for his faults—and though I often talked of leavin' him, I never really meant to do so."

"Your feelings do you credit, Jacob, and are consistent with the notion I had formed of you," said Abel.

"I couldn't have said as much to him while he was alive," blubbered Jacob, "not if he would have given me half his treasure to utter it. But I'm sorry I didn't bear his humours better now."

"A natural regret, Jacob," said Abel. "The compunction we feel for unkindness exhibited by us to the dead should teach us consideration to the living. I could forgive your poor master all but the last act of his life."

"What was that?" asked Jacob, looking up.

"The leaving his property away from his daughter," replied Abel. "Philip Frewin visited him late last night with Diggs, and induced him to make a will in his favour."

"Hell's curses on them both!" roared Jacob, in a furious tone, springing out of the excavation. "And Philip came here! That was the reason, then, why we were locked up in the watch'us. I thought there was somethin' in it. They did well to get me out of the way. If I had been at home, I'd have killed 'em outright, if I had been hanged for it, sooner than this should have happened. And do you mean to say, sir, that he has disinherited Miss Hilda entirely?"

"Unless she marries Philip Frewin," replied Abel.

"You've dried my eyes with a vengeance!" cried Jacob. "I could almost find in my heart to spurn his avaricious old carcase. But it's not altogether his fault. The crime lies chiefly at the door of that scoundrel Diggs. But such a will wont hold good, sir, will it?"

"I hope not," sighed Abel. "But I must now go up stairs to your young mistress, to acquaint her with her bereavement. It will be your care to remove the body."

And with a slow footstep, and saddened air, he quitted the vault.

## CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

DIGGS AND PHILIP UNEXPECTEDLY ARRIVE.—THE MISER'S WILL IS READ, AND PHILIP DECLARES HIS INTENTION OF ACTING UPON IT.—ABEL UNBOSOMS HIMSELF TO HILDA.

Abel's looks, as he approached Hilda, convinced her of what had happened, and rendered the announcement of the melancholy tidings he had to communicate almost superfluous.

"You have lost a father, my dear child," he said, in a tone of the deepest commiseration; "but you have a friend left, who will endeavour to supply his place."

Hilda could only thank him by her looks.

"Under any circumstances, this would have been a heavy blow to you," pursued Abel, "but under the present, it comes with additional severity. Still, I am sure you have fortitude to support the trial; and I trust, with the blessing of God, to restore you to your rights. Need I say my house is your home, and that of your worthy aunt, whenever you choose to remove to it."

"I feel your kindness deeply, very deeply, sir," she rejoined, "but as long as circumstances will permit me, I will stay here."

Just then a knock was heard at the door, and as no answer was returned by those within, it was opened, giving entrance to Philip Frewin and Diggs. They both appeared disconcerted on seeing Abel Beechcroft, but Diggs instantly recovered himself, and looking round, at once conjectured what had happened.

"Miss Scarve," he said, "we were passing by the house, and seeing the street door open,—a very unusual occurrence here,—entered without knocking. I hope and trust nothing is amiss."

"Go into the cellar, and satisfy yourself," said Abel Beechcroft, sternly.

"Good God, sir, you don't mean to insinuate, that Mr. Scarve has died in the cellar!" cried the attorney.

"Oons! I hope not!" exclaimed Philip, scarcely able to conceal his satisfaction. "How is my uncle, Hilda?"

"My father is dead," she replied, in a freezing tone.

"Dead!" repeated Philip. "Lord bless me! how very sudden. Lucky we happened to turn in, Diggs. Can we do anything for you, cousin?"

Hilda made no reply, but the attorney immediately interposed.

"As your uncle's executor, and in a manner his heir, Mr. Frewin," he said, "it is your duty to seal up all his chests, cupboards, bureaux, and drawers, without delay. I will assist you."

"Hold!" exclaimed Abel, "I give you both notice that Miss Scarve considers that the will under which you propose to act, has been fraudulently obtained; and she will dispute it."

"Miss Scarve will act as her feelings dictate, or as she may be advised, sir," replied the attorney; "but, in the meantime, it will but be right for Mr. Frewin to take proper precautions. Let us go to Mr. Scarve's chamber, sir."

So saying, and disregarding the looks of disgust directed against them by Abel, they went up stairs.

"Oh! do not leave me till they are gone, Mr. Beechcroft," said Hilda.

"I will not," he replied, taking a seat beside her.

Meanwhile, the attorney and his companion proceeded about their task with some semblance of feeling, but real indifference. Having glanced through the room up stairs, and swept all the

poor miser's hoards, which were strewn about on the table, into a chest, which he locked, Diggs called Philip's attention to the position of the pen and paper, saying, "I am almost certain he meant to write something—perhaps revoke his will—but it was too late—ha! ha!"

With a sly chuckle, he then proceeded to seal up all the boxes and cases. In this task he was assisted by Philip Frewin, and they had just concluded it, when heavy footsteps were heard on the stairs, and the next moment the door was thrown open, and Jacob entered the room, carrying in his arms the body of his master, which he deposited on the bed.

"And this was how he died?" said Philip, casting a shuddering glance at the corpse.

"Ay, ay, you calculated your chances nicely," rejoined Jacob. "You'd cheat the devil, you would. But you haven't got the fortune yet."

"Harkee, friend Jacob," said Philip, "I will thank you to speak more respectfully to me in future, or I will let you know who is master here."

"You shall never be *my* master," replied Jacob; "and if I only get the word from my young missis, see if I don't turn you both out of the house, neck and heels."

Philip would have made an angry retort, but Diggs checked him, whispering that "it would not do just now."

"You may get off from me," pursued Jacob; "but you wont get off from Mr. Randulph Crew for your conduct towards him last night."

"I am ready to render Mr. Crew an account of my conduct whenever he may require it," replied Philip, haughtily.

"If you will follow my advice, sir, now that your prospects are fully settled, you will leave off these brawls, altogether," observed Diggs. "If Mr. Randulph Crew threatens you with an assault, give him in charge of a constable, and leave the rest to me."

"I believe that will be the best plan," said Philip.

"Much the best for a coward to pursue—faugh!" exclaimed Jacob, with a look of supreme contempt.

Diggs and his companion then went down stairs to the cellar, where the bags of gold were still left, and having examined, them, locked the door, and put seals upon it.

This done, they repaired to the parlour, and Diggs stepping up to Hilda, addressed her—

"Chancing to have your father's last will in my pocket, Miss Scarve," he said, "I will read it to you,—as the sooner you are made acquainted with his injunctions the better. Mr. Beechcroft, I also request your attention to the document; and you too, Mrs. Clinton, that you may not afterwards plead ignorance of it."

And without further preliminary, he read the will.

"It is sufficiently intelligible, I must say," observed Abel, as

he concluded; "and I must also say, that I never listened to a more disgraceful document."

"You are at liberty to make any comment upon it you think fit, sir," said the attorney. "I am quite prepared for expressions of disappointment on your part."

"Why on my part, sir?" rejoined Abel.

"Because Mr. Scarve's wise disposition of his property has prevented you from securing it for your nephew, sir," replied the attorney.

A deep flush dyed Abel's pale cheek, and he fixed his kindling eye upon the attorney.

"Up to this point you have succeeded in your villany, Mr. Diggs," he said, "but you may depend upon it, your triumph will be brief. That instrument will never hold good, and the manner in which you have obtained it, with other of your recent acts, will drive you from the profession, if they do not also banish you from the country."

"I laugh at your threats, sir," replied the attorney. "My position is too firm to be shaken by anything you can say or do. And you will find this will equally firm. Its motive is too apparent to admit of dispute. My late respected and lamented client wished to marry his daughter to his nephew, and fearing that she would disobey his injunctions, took care that she should not do so without forfeiting his property. Mr. Scarve had a perfect right to do this. If Miss Scarve thinks otherwise, she can dispute the will. But she will find it as difficult to be set aside, as her father, while living, was to be turned from his purpose."

"I shall act strictly up to the conditions of my uncle's will," said Philip Frewin; "and it will be matter of deep regret to me if my fair cousin should refuse to accede to them. I will not urge her at this moment, but will call again in the course of the day for her answer." And with a supercilious bow, he took his departure with the attorney.

For some time after they were gone, not a word was uttered by the group left in the parlour. Abel was buried in deep thought, and neither of the others appeared inclined to break the silence. At length, Abel roused himself, and, turning to Mrs. Clinton, requested to be left alone a few minutes with Hilda; the good lady immediately withdrew.

"It may be, Hilda," he said, in a voice of much emotion,—"though God forbid it should be so,—that the issue of this contest will be against us, and the will be declared valid. I cannot free myself from some misgivings."

"Nor I, sir," she replied; "and yet, to shew you how strangely and inconsistently my father has acted, you will see from this,"—and she drew forth a slip of paper from her bosom—"that he was under an obligation to the late Mr. Crew to give me to his son Randulph, with a certain dowry."

Abel glanced over the document in surprise.

"Would I had seen this in his lifetime!" he said.

"But for his violence you would have seen it, sir," she replied. "I was about to shew it you when you last saw him, and was only deterred by the state of excitement into which he was thrown."

"How unfortunate!" exclaimed Abel. "But perhaps the document may still be of use."

And he arose and paced the room to and fro, in extreme agitation. At last he stopped before Hilda, regarding her fixedly.

"Answer me sincerely," he said—"do you love Randulph?"

"You need scarcely ask the question, sir," she rejoined, blushing.

"The match seems ordained by Heaven!" cried Abel; "it is useless to oppose it. Listen to me, Hilda. I loved your mother—deeply, passionately loved her. By my own fault, it seems—though I understood it not then—I lost her, and she became the bride of your father. From that time, I was doomed to wretchedness, and though my sufferings were hidden under the mask of indifference, the vulture of despair was perpetually gnawing at my heart. During this dreadful period, when I hated all mankind, and him most of all, who I conceived had robbed me of what I held dearest on earth, you were born, and soon afterwards, my sister, Mrs. Crew, gave birth to Randulph. It was whispered among our family that the two infants would suit each other, and that their union would reconcile old grievances. In the bitterness and anguish of my heart, I vowed that this should never happen, if I could prevent it; and for years I nourished the resolution, until it became rooted in my breast. Your mother died, and it might have been supposed that my sorrows and resentments would be buried in her grave. But it was not so. There are some loves, as there are some hatreds, that survive the tomb, and mine was one of them. Whatever brought her image to my mind gave me acute suffering, and I prohibited all who knew me, on pain of my displeasure, from alluding to her in any way. Thus little reached me of you or your father, till Randulph's arrival in town a few months since. To my surprise, I found he had seen you, and from the manner in which he spoke of you, I perceived that he was smitten by your charms."

Hilda uttered a slight exclamation.

"I will not disguise from you," pursued Abel, "that this discovery gave me inexpressible uneasiness, and I sought by every means in my power, to prevent him from seeing you again. But fate had decreed it otherwise. Chance brought you together again and again, until the final adventure at Vauxhall seemed to link your affections together indissolubly."

"It did so," observed Hilda.

"Notwithstanding all this, I could not bring myself to consent to your marriage," continued Abel; "nay, I determined to cast off Randulph for ever, if he disobeyed me. My resolution was

somewhat shaken by your father's illness, and I began to find my dislike to the connexion abating. Can you understand these contradictory feelings, Hilda, for I loved you all the time?"

"I can, sir," she replied.

"That which alone removed my objection," said Abel, sternly, "was the sad spectacle I beheld in the cellar this morning. After the sight I there witnessed, I could not retain further animosity against the author of my misery. I can now review the past with calmness. I can now think of your mother without pain, and of your father without heart-burning. I can now love you as their child, without other feelings obtruding upon me."

And opening his arms, he folded Hilda in a strict embrace.

"Bless you! bless you, my child!" he cried. "If Randulph proves worthy of you, he shall have you."

Hilda averted her head, and there was silence between them for a brief space.

"You wished to have some communication with my poor father before his death," she said, at length. "I hope it was not of importance."

"Only to himself," replied Abel, with a deep sigh. "I wished to forgive him for prevailing upon me, under the garb of friendship, to introduce him to your mother and her family. I wished to forgive him for the arts he used to wean her affections from me; for his misrepresentations of my circumstances and character; and for the prolonged anguish he occasioned me, and to which death would have been preferable. I wished to say thus much to him,—to hear from his own lips an avowal of his regret,—and to be at peace with him for ever!"

"You are at peace with him now, sir, I trust?" said Hilda.

"As far as I, myself, am concerned, I am so," replied Abel; "but for you—"

"Oh, do not think of me!" cried Hilda. "I forgive him from the bottom of my heart. He has been the dupe of others."

"Say, rather, he has been the bond-slave of Mammon," replied Abel, sternly, "who has destroyed him, as he destroys all his worshippers. But I will not pain you by any harsh reflections. Be assured nothing shall be neglected to repair the injury he has done you. And now farewell, my dear child, since you decide upon remaining here. I will see you again in the latter part of the day, and meantime you stand in need of some repose."

And folding her once more in his arms, he took his leave.

## CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

PHILIP FREWIN IS DANGEROUSLY WOUNDED BY RANDULPH.—HIS LAST VINDICTIVE EFFORT.

RANDULPH'S feelings on awaking, and finding himself in the watch-house, were at first humiliating and full of self-reproach. But

by degrees these milder sentiments speedily gave way to anger against Philip Frewin; and so indignant did he become, on reflection, at the conduct of the latter, that he resolved that his first business on obtaining his freedom, should be to seek him out, and call him to a strict account. His wrath had by no means abated, as Mr. Foggo entered the chamber, a little before eight o'clock, to call up him and his companions.

"I hope you rested well, gen'l'men," said the constable, with a somewhat malicious grin. "Will you please to have breakfast?"

"Not here, Mr. Foggo," replied Trussell, yawning. "I think you said, last night,—or else I dreamed it,—that it wouldn't be necessary to go before a magistrate."

"I think it may be managed, sir," said the constable, "provided—ahem!"

"Provided we come down, eh, Mr. Foggo?" rejoined Trussell.

"Exactly, sir," replied the other.

"Do not bribe him, uncle!" cried Randulph, indignantly. "We have been most unjustifiably detained, and I wish to be taken before a magistrate, that I may have an opportunity of complaining of the shameful treatment we have experienced, as well as of preferring a charge against Philip Frewin."

"Be advised by me, my dear boy, and make no further disturbance about the matter," replied Trussell. "You'll get no redress."

"But, uncle—"

"Between ourselves," interrupted Trussell, "I would rather the affair didn't come to the ears of my brother Abel, which if we're publicly examined, will unquestionably be the case."

"That's why I recommend you not to go before his worship," observed the cunning constable; "it may be disagreeable in its consequences."

"To be sure it may," replied Trussell, slipping a guinea into his hand. "Let us out as fast as you can."

"I shall not move," said Randulph.

"Oh! it's quite optional," said Mr. Foggo, evidently disconcerted.

"I shall go, at all events," said Trussell.

"And so shall I," said Jacob. "I shall get back to my poor master as fast as I can. Lord knows what may have happened in my absence!"

"Well, if you're both going, I must perforce accompany you," said Randulph; "but I protest against the step."

Mr. Foggo attended them to the door of the watchhouse, and made them a most polite bow as he let them out. Taking a hasty leave of the others, Jacob set off to the Little Sanctuary, where, it is needless to say, a painful surprise awaited him.

As they walked along, Trussell proposed that they should breakfast at a coffee-house, and put their toilette a little in

order before going home; and Randulph, recollecting that Jacob had mentioned the Crown Inn, in Ox Yard, as a place frequented by Philip Frewin, suggested that they should go there. Trussell being perfectly agreeable to the arrangement, they bent their steps in that direction.

On arriving at the Crown, and inquiring for Philip, they learnt that he had rooms in the house, but had been out the greater part of the night, and was absent at the time. He was, however, momentarily expected, and the waiter promised to let them know when he returned.

Trussell then ordered a good breakfast, to which, after making their toilettes, they both did ample justice. At the expiration of an hour, Randulph renewed his inquiries about Philip. Still, he had not returned.

"Well, if you like to wait here for him," said Trussell, "I will go home, and make some excuse for you, and will return and tell you what I have done."

The desire of avenging himself on Philip Frewin being now paramount in Randulph's breast, he readily assented to this plan, and Trussell departed. Having feed the waiter to ensure the accomplishment of his object, Randulph flung himself into a seat, and was musing over the events of the previous night, by way of keeping up his choler against Philip, when the door suddenly opened, and a man stepping into the chamber, was about to withdraw, with an apology for his intrusion, when a cry from Randulph, who recognised him as Cordwell Firebras, checked him.

"What! is it you, Randulph?" cried Firebras, holding out his hand. "I came here to meet another person, but you are the man of all others I most wished to see. What the deuce are you doing here?"

"I am waiting to see Philip Frewin," replied Randulph. "He served me a scurvy trick last night, and got me shut up in the watch-house, and I mean to chastise him."

"I shan't hinder your laudable design," replied Firebras, laughing. "But," he added, closing the door, "I was about to send to you on a matter of the utmost importance. I have a proposal to make to you that affects your nearest and dearest interests. Come to me at the Chequers Inn, Millbank, a little before midnight, and I will give you proof that I hold your fortune in my hands."

"To be obtained on the same terms as heretofore?" demanded Randulph.

"Hear what I have got to propose, and then inquire the conditions," rejoined Firebras.

"Well, I will come," replied Randulph.

As he said this, the waiter entered the room, and made a sign to him that his man had arrived.

Randulph's eyes sparkled, and without saying a word, he

beckoned Firebras to follow him, and, directed by the waiter, proceeded to Philip's room, which immediately adjoined his own.

Philip was not alone. He was attended by Captain Culpepper, and was laughingly counting out a sum of money for him. But his glee died away on beholding Randulph's stern looks, and he would have beaten a retreat, if Firebras had not closed the door, and planted his bulky person before it.

"What do you want here, sir?" he cried, in as fierce a tone as he could command, to Randulph. "This is my room—you have no business in it. Ring the bell, Captain Culpepper!"

"If the captain stirs, I will cut his throat!" cried Firebras.

"If I treat you as a gentleman, scoundrel! it is more than you deserve," said Randulph, fiercely; "but I demand instant satisfaction for your conduct last night."

"I can't fight to day, Mr. Crew," said Philip. "I'm engaged on particular business, as this gentleman knows. To-morrow, at any hour you please."

"This is a pitiful evasion, coward!" cried Randulph; "but it shall not avail you."

And he struck him with the flat of his sword.

"'Sblood! sir, hold your hand!" cried Captain Culpepper, whipping out his blade, and interposing. "Leave off this game, or, by my troth, I'll slit your weasand for you."

"No, you wont, Captain," said Cordwell Firebras, stepping forward. "Let them settle the matter themselves. If Mr. Frewin *is* a gentleman, he will give Mr. Crew satisfaction; and if he is *not*, you must agree with me, as a man of honour, that no punishment can be too degrading for him."

"I must confess there is reason in what you say, sir," replied Culpepper. "Fight him, sir—fight him!" he whispered to Philip—"I'll help you, if you require it."

"Hold your hand, ruffian!" cried Philip, exasperated by the treatment he had experienced, "and look to yourself."

And drawing his sword, he attacked Randulph with the utmost fury. It was evident, from his style of fencing, that Philip did not want skill; but his passion robbed him of judgment, and he frequently exposed himself to his antagonist, who fought with great coolness, evidently meaning to disarm him, or at most slightly wound him.

Desirous, at length, of putting an end to the conflict, Randulph assailed his adversary more vigorously, and was driving him towards the wall, when footsteps were heard hurrying along the passage. Firebras turned to lock the door to prevent interruption, and while he was thus engaged, Culpepper made a thrust at Randulph, which, fortunately, the latter was able to avoid by a sudden spring backwards.

Exasperated by this treachery, Randulph dexterously parried a thrust in carte from Philip, and instantly returning the pass, his point plunged deeply into the other's breast. Philip stag-

gered, and would have fallen, if Culpepper had not caught him.

"Don't mind me!" cried the wounded man, "attack him!—attack him! I'll give you a thousand pounds if you kill him."

"I can't do it now, sir," whispered Culpepper. "I fear you're seriously hurt."

"Yes, it's all over," groaned Philip. "Curse him! the luck's always on his side."

Meanwhile, Cordwell Firebras had rushed up to Randulph, who looked stupified at the result of the encounter.

"Get off as fast as you can," he cried; "it wont do to be taken just now. The window in that closet is open, and you are young and active, and can easily reach the ground. Repair to the Chequers at once, and keep close all day. I'll be with you before midnight."

Throwing one look of compassion at the wounded man, Randulph darted into the closet, and, peeping out of the window, perceived that it looked upon the roof of a shed. Dropping upon this building, he gained a narrow alley, which led him into King Street.

As soon as Randulph had made good his retreat, Firebras opened the door, and gave admittance to the landlord and some half-dozen attendants.

A surgeon was instantly sent for, and Philip placed in a chair, while Cordwell Firebras assisted in bandaging up the wound. It bled internally, and Firebras's experience told him it was highly dangerous.

"What do you think of my hurt?" asked Philip, whose aspect had already become ghastly and cadaverous.

"I'll not deceive you," replied Firebras; "you're a dead man."

"But my murderer will be hanged for it, wont he?" cried Philip, with an indignant look.

"You were fairly hit," replied Firebras. "If anybody deserves hanging, it's Captain Culpepper. I saw the foul blow he aimed at Randulph."

At this moment, Diggs entered the room, and was horror-stricken at beholding the condition of Philip Frewin.

"Why, what dreadful mischance is this!" he cried, gazing at him. "I hope you're not seriously hurt?"

"They tell me I am mortally wounded," replied Philip, with a groan; "and I believe they're right. I have only been made my uncle's heir to mock me!"

"What, is Mr. Scarve dead?" cried Firebras, in surprise.

"He died last night," replied the attorney, "and Mr. Frewin, as he has just told you, is his heir—provided Hilda refuses to marry him.

"The devil!" exclaimed Firebras; "this has been a lucky blow for Randulph. I'm glad he was not aware of the fact, or the thing might have looked like premeditation."

"Get me a chair, Diggs, instantly!" cried Philip, "and take me to the Little Sanctuary. I will see Hilda before I die—and if she refuses to marry me, I'll make my will at once. I have strength to sign it."

"What madness is this?" cried Firebras.

"It's no madness," replied the other. "Get me a chair—quick—quick!"

Thus exhorted, Diggs gave the necessary instructions, and shortly afterwards a chair was brought into the room by two porters, and the wounded man placed in it. Attended by Firebras, Diggs, Culpepper, and Mr. Molson, who chanced to be the nearest surgeon, and who had just arrived,—he was transported to the miser's dwelling.

On arriving there, Cordwell Firebras hastily explained to Jacob, who answered the knock at the door, the object of their coming, and bade him urge his young mistress to see the wounded man. As soon as he had satisfied himself of the truth of the statement, which was so extraordinary that he could scarcely credit it, Jacob directed the chairmen to bring their burthen along the passage into the parlour, and Philip Frewin was got out and placed in the miser's old seat.

The chairmen then withdrew, and Jacob ran up stairs to tell Hilda what had occurred, while Mr. Molson said to Philip—

"If you have any instructions to give, sir, you must not lose time, for you have not many minutes to call your own."

"Where is Hilda?" cried the wounded man. "Get pen, ink, and paper, Diggs—sit down—and write what I tell you. Is she come yet?"

"Yes, she is here," replied Firebras, as Hilda entered the room. "Miss Scarve," he added, stepping up to her, "your cousin has been desperately wounded in a duel with Randulph Crew. He has not many minutes to live. Accede to what he proposes to you," he added, in a low tone.

"Hilda," said Philip, in a faint voice, "I have sent for you to ask you, in the presence of these witnesses, whether you consent to marry me?"

"You are not in a state to ask the question," she replied, with a look of mingled commiseration and abhorrence. "Think of reconciling yourself with Heaven."

"Do you refuse?" cried Philip, trying to raise himself.

"If you exert yourself in this way, you will only accelerate your end," said the surgeon.

"I *will* have an answer," replied Philip—"yes or no."

"Consent," whispered Firebras to Hilda. "It can matter nothing."

"I cannot bring my lips to utter the word," she replied.

"I require an answer, Miss Scarve," said Diggs, "as it may affect Mr. Frewin's interest in the property, and your own."

"Then I answer, no!" she replied, firmly.

Cordwell Firebras bit his lips.

"Take down that answer, Diggs," said Philip.

The attorney complied, and when done, requested Culpepper and the surgeon to witness it, which they did.

"Now, Mr. Frewin, you are in possession of your uncle's property," said Diggs.

"Then, write out a bequest of it all," said Philip,—"of all, mind—to—to—to—"

"To whom, sir?" asked Diggs, writing with the greatest rapidity, for he saw that he had not a moment to spare.

"To yourself," faintly replied the dying man.

In a few seconds, without looking up, or exhibiting any sign of satisfaction, the attorney completed his task.

"It is done—sign it, sir," he added, placing the paper before Philip, and giving him the pen, which the latter could scarcely grasp.

It was a moment of breathless interest to all; and even Hilda bent forward.

"Where is it?" groaned Philip, trying to fix his glazing eyes on the paper.

"Here, sir—here," said Diggs, putting his finger on the place where the signature should be affixed.

But it was too late. The pen fell from Philip's grasp, and falling with his face on the table, he expired.

"Another moment, and I had been master of this property!" cried Diggs, snatching up the unsigned paper.

"You could not have kept it," said Cordwell Firebras.

"Long enough to have answered my purpose," rejoined the attorney, putting on his hat, and quitting the house. He was followed in his retreat by Captain Culpepper.

"You are now undisputed mistress of your inheritance, Hilda," said Cordwell Firebras.

"Heaven be praised for it!" exclaimed Jacob. "I knew such wrongful acts would never prosper."

"To me the event is most fortunate," said Hilda; "but I wish it could have been purchased at a less price than the life of my unfortunate cousin."

"I confess I cannot pity him," said Firebras. "But you must now think of yourself. You look very pale."

"This last strange trick of fortune is almost too much for me," she rejoined.

"I would recommend you to seek an asylum with some friend, while the last mournful duties to your father are performed," said Firebras. "Why not go to Mr. Beechcroft's?—Randulph's mother is there."

"I think I will follow your advice," replied Hilda; "for I cannot remain here after the shocking event that has just occurred."

"Mrs. Clinton and I will take care of the house and pro-

perty," said Jacob. "I'll go and fetch a coach directly, if you're going to Mr. Beechcroft's."

And he set out on the errand, while Hilda went up stairs to her room, to make a few hasty preparations for her departure.

This done, she entered the room in which her father's remains were laid, and kneeling beside the bed, prayed fervently. She then gazed for a few moments on his wan emaciated features, now rendered yet sharper by death, and pressing her lips upon them, quitted the room. Cordwell Firebras led her in silence to the coach, in which Jacob put the few things she took with her.

"Where is Mr. Randulph?" asked the latter, as he was about to mount the box.

"Do you know a summer-house on the banks of the river, near the mill in Millbank?" asked Firebras.

"What, belongin' to the Chequers Inn?" rejoined Jacob. "I *should* know it, seein' as how I've passed many a pleasant hour in it."

"Well, be in a boat off it, at midnight," rejoined Firebras, "and you'll hear something of Randulph."

"I wont fail," replied Jacob, springing on the box, and ordering the coachman to drive to Lambeth, while Firebras returned to the house to give some directions to Mrs. Clinton.

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## CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

MR. CRIPPS'S ALTERED APPEARANCE.—HE MYSTIFIES THE FAIR THOMASINE ABOUT LADY SPINKE.— THE SEIZURE OF THE JACOBITE CLUB CONTRIVED.

On the same morning as the events previously related, while Peter Pokerich was powdering a barrister's wig, he was interrupted in his task, by the sudden and rather distracted entrance of the fair Thomasine.

"What's the matter, Tommy, dear?" he inquired, unintentionally puffing a great quantity of powder into her face. "Ten thousand pardons, but you quite startled me, and made me miss my aim."

"You've nearly blinded me, you careless thing," replied the fair Thomasine, rubbing her eyes; "besides spoiling my fly-cap and filling my hair with your nasty powder. But have you heard the dreadful—the distressing news?"

"No," replied Peter. "What is it?"

"Mr. Scarve has been found dead in his cellar," replied the fair Thomasine, in a sepulchral tone, suited to the nature of her information, "where he had digged his own grave, and tried to bury himself, to save funeral expenses."

"Lord bless us! you don't say so," exclaimed Peter.

"Yes, I do," rejoined the fair Thomasine; "but turn your powder-puff the other way, or you'll miss your aim again. I shouldn't have been sorry for anything that happened to him—but

what do you think?—he's disinherited his own daughter, and left all his property to his nephew."

"Oh, the horrid, unnatural old monster!" exclaimed Peter, capering about, and completely emptying the powder puff in his agitation.

"Be quiet do, and stand still," said the fair Thomasine, taking hold of his collar and keeping him down. "Poor Hilda's not to have a farthing, unless she marries that odious cousin of hers; and if I'm not greatly mistaken in her, she'll die sooner than consent."

"Of course she will!" cried Peter, still plying the exhausted powder-puff. "Oh she's a noble creature, and quite an example to her sex!"

"So I think," replied the fair Thomasine; "and till she marries Randulph Crew, I don't marry you—that's positive. Oh, gemini! if there isn't Mr. Cripps! How altered he is, to be sure!"

The latter exclamation was occasioned by the entrance of the ex-valet, who was indeed so much changed as scarcely to be recognisable. His coat was threadbare, out-at-elbows, and with the lace upon it tarnished; his waistcoat was in the same tattered condition; his nether garments were bepatched with cloths of various hues; his hose were no longer silk, but cotton very much darned; and steel buckles replaced the diamond appendages to his shoes. His dishevelled peruke stood sadly in need of the aid of Peter Pokerich; his hat was an old cocked one, with one of the sides broken and hanging loose; and a switch supplied the place of his clouded cane. He had no lace at his wrists or at his breast; indeed, it was rather questionable, from the manner in which he buttoned up his coat, whether he had a shirt at all. Fallen, however, as he was, Mr. Cripps was Mr. Cripps still. He wore his tattered apparel with as great an air as distinguished him when equipped in all his finery; flourished his switch as if it had been a magnificent baton; took snuff out of a pewter box with as much grace as when he manipulated one set with brilliants; and brushed away the powder with a ragged handkerchief as airily as when he boasted a perfumed and embroidered mouchoir.

"The fair Thomasine, as I live," he said, with a diving bow; "how charmingly you look, 'pon rep! I've just been to Sir Singleton Spinke's, to offer myself as his valet. But he has heard of my cussed adventure, and wont engage me."

"Did you see Lady Spinke?" asked the fair Thomasine.

"To be sure," replied Mr. Cripps, "and can report very favourable of her condition. Her old lord dotes on her. She has large monkeys, and little dogs, black pages, and white china, gold and silver dresses, diamonds, rubies, garnets, pearls, emeralds — everything, in short, that one of your sex can desire."

"Except a young husband," interposed Peter. "I wish my

powder-puff was full," he added, aside; "I'd empty it into his mischievous throat, and choke him."

"Young husband!—fiddlestick!" cried Mr. Cripps. "Lady Spinke is a great deal too good a judge for that. She would rather be an old man's darling than a young man's warling, as the proverb hath it. And she's right, i'faith. She twists her old lord round her fingers as easily as a glove."

"Just what I should like to do with my husband!" cried the fair Thomasine.

"You shall twist me round your fingers as easily as you please, my angel!" cried Peter, distractedly. "Plague take him! what can have brought the fellow here?"

"Her ladyship, I needn't say, has quitted the stage," pursued Mr. Cripps. "I heard them talking of going to Ranelagh to-night."

"Ranelagh!" sighed the fair Thomasine. "How delightful! And I've never been there since the masquerade, and I begin to fear I shall never go there again!"

"Delightful indeed!" if it only lasts," said Mr. Cripps, who had received a secret sign from the barber.

"Lasts! what do you mean?" cried the fair Thomasine.

"Why, between ourselves," replied Mr. Cripps, with a laugh, "Sir Singleton has had eleven wives already—eleven Lady Spinkes, by this light. The present lady is the twelfth. They were all married at the Fleet."

Oh, gemini! twelve wives!" exclaimed the fair Thomasine. "What a shocking old Turk!"

"You would say so, if you knew the history of the former Lady Spinkes as well as I do," replied Mr. Cripps. "There were actresses, singers, opera-dancers, mantua-makers, corset-makers, glove-makers, satin-shoemakers, embroiderers, and ladies of other vocations that I forget—but all young, and all very pretty. Ha! ha! Why, they all came in a body to call upon him, the day after his marriage, and it took half-a-dozen constables to get them out of the house."

"And if they had torn out his wicked old eyes, they would have served him right!" cried the fair Thomasine. "I've no patience with such doings. Twelve wives! Why, it's as bad as a seraglio!"

"Are you now satisfied that you're not one of them, my angel?" asked the little barber.

"That I am," she replied; "but I still adhere to my resolution of not marrying you till Hilda Scarve is united to Randulph. Good morning, Mr. Cripps."

The ex-valet made one of his best bows, and handed her to the door.

"Cudslid! you ought to thank me, Pokerich," he said, laughing; "the twelve wives did the business,—put her out of conceit with the old knight, eh?"

"You did it capitally," replied Peter; "and now, what can I do for you in return?"

"A great deal," replied Mr. Cripps. "In the first place, you can dress my peruke, which, as you perceive, is cussedly out of order; in the second, you can perfume me; and in the third, you can lend me five guineas, for I haven't a rap to bless myself withal."

"As to dressing your wig, that I'll do with pleasure," replied the barber; "and I'll perfume you into the bargain. But I haven't five pounds to spare—I haven't, 'pon rep!"

"Don't steal my adjurations, at all events," cried Mr. Cripps; "they're the only part of my former self I have left. Devil knows what will become of me! My master wont give me a character. I've lost the twenty guineas lent me by my uncle at the gaming table, and I can't even borrow a pistol and a prad to help me to take a purse."

A person entering the shop at this moment, Mr. Cripps walked aside while the barber, offering his customer a chair, went into the back-room in search of a full-bottomed black wig. On more narrowly examining the new comer, Mr. Cripps recognised the Jesuit priest, Father Verselyn, and it instantly occurred to him that he could turn the discovery to account. Accordingly, he stepped quickly up to him, and said in a low tone—

"Glad to see you, Father Verselyn—pray sit still, sir. How gets on the good cause, eh?"

"You are mistaken in me, friend," replied the priest, uneasily.

"I will soon prove the contrary, sir," rejoined Mr. Cripps, assuming a different tone. "Unless you tell me where the club now meets, I'll make you my prisoner."

The priest trembled violently.

"Answer me directly," cried Mr. Cripps, "or I call the barber to my assistance."

"At the Chequers, in Millbank," replied the priest.

"I'll have better assurance than your word," replied Mr. Cripps. "When is the next meeting?"

"To-night," replied the priest.

"Now, I tell you what, father," said Mr. Cripps, "I can get three hundred pounds for their capture. You shall share it with me. No buts! A Jesuit never hesitated to betray his friends when it answered his purpose. Choose between a good reward and a prison. But here comes the barber. Do you consent?"

The Jesuit nodded.

Having settled his affairs with the barber, Father Verselyn quitted the shop, while Mr. Cripps, making a sign to Peter that he had business on hand, instantly followed him, and soon found that there was no indisposition on the priest's part to join in the scheme, provided he could do so with safety to himself.

Discussing their project, they proceeded towards Millbank, and

it was arranged, on the suggestion of Verselyn, that the landlord of the Chequers, who was no other than the former host of the Rose and Crown, should be included in their design, and receive a third of the reward.

## CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

THE SUMMER-HOUSE AT THE CHEQUERS. — THE OLD MILL. — RANDULPH OVERHEARS THE PLOT.—DISPERSION OF THE JACOBITE CLUB, AND FATE OF CORDWELL FIREBRAS.

As Randulph passed through the Little Sanctuary, on his way to Millbank, he paused for a moment before the dwelling of the unfortunate miser. Ignorant of the catastrophe that had occurred there during the night, he could not help thinking that the house had a drearier look than usual; but attributing the notion to his own gloomy thoughts, he attached little importance to it, and passed on.

On gaining Millbank, he speedily discovered the Chequers, and entering the house, recognised his old acquaintance, the former landlord of the Rose and Crown. The latter, however, did not recollect him, but eyed him rather suspiciously, till Randulph told him he came recommended by Mr. Cordwell Firebras.

"Hush!" exclaimed the host. "He's only known as Captain Vizard here. My right name is Tom Wiles, but I'm now called Dick Chinnock. I fancy I've seen you before, sir."

"I was introduced to the club when it met at your house in Gardiner's Street, Petty France," replied Randulph, "on the night when the members were pursued by the guard."

"And an unlucky night it was!" exclaimed Chinnock. "We've never prospered since. I remember you now. I hope you wont bring the same ill-luck again. How soon will the captain be here, sir?"

"Not before midnight, I believe," replied Randulph, "and as I'm a good deal fatigued, I should like to go to bed for a few hours. I wish to be as private as possible."

"I'll get a room ready for you directly, sir," replied the host; "and in the meantime, perhaps you'll step this way."

And passing through a back door, he crossed a little garden, at the lower end of which stood a little square summer-house, with a pointed, tiled roof, surmounted by a vane. It overlooked the river, and on this side there was a platform, protected by a railing, with steps descending to the water's edge. On the left stood an old mill—a tall, picturesque, wooden structure. Between the summer-house and the mill flowed a small brook, which turned a large water-wheel, connected with the latter building. At the back of the mill, over a dense mass of habitations, could be distinguished the towers of Westminster Abbey.

Having shewn Randulph into the summer-house, the landlord promised to let him know as soon as his bed was ready, and left him. The little chamber was furnished with a small deal table painted green, and a couple of chairs. Its internal decorations were much injured by damp and neglect. The gay paintings on the walls and ceilings were nearly effaced; the gilding had turned black; and the looking-glasses were so dim that they scarcely reflected an object. As Randulph, after taking a momentary survey of the room, was about to seat himself, he noticed a ring in the floor, concealed by a bit of carpet, which he removed, and perceived that it covered a trap-door. Impelled by curiosity, he lifted the latter by means of the ring, and discovered a lower chamber, accessible by a ladder, placed against the stout pile supporting the floor. There appeared to be nothing in it; and satisfied with the discovery he had made, Randulph closed the trap-door, and restored the carpet to its original position.

Drawing his chair to a little window on the left, he threw it open, and amused himself by examining the old mill. A small vessel was moored in front of it, apparently filled with sacks of corn and straw, which some of the crew were unloading.

While watching their proceedings, Randulph could not help suspecting (though he scarcely knew why,) that some underhand business was going forward. The sacks were teagled to the upper story of the mill, and one of them chancing to fall, proved by its sound that its contents were not what they seemed. The trusses of straw, too, seemed oddly shaped, and Randulph persuaded himself that muskets and other arms were concealed within them.

If he had not felt quite certain that these proceedings had some connexion with the Jacobite cause, a circumstance that occurred almost immediately afterwards would have satisfied him of the fact. One of the crew in the little vessel observing him at the window of the summer-house made various signs to him, which, though he could not precisely interpret, he understood to bear relation to the articles they were landing, as well as to their object.

Soon after this, Mr. Chinnock presented himself, and apologizing for his delay, said—

"The only bed-room I have is engaged by an invalid, but I've made you up a nice bed on a sofa in a snug little closet, where no one will disturb you."

Following the host into the house, Randulph was shewn into a closet opening from a larger room, where, as had been stated, a sofa bed was prepared. He threw himself upon it, without undressing, and presently fell asleep. How long he remained in this state he knew not, but he was awakened by the sound of muttered voices in the next apartment, and became an involuntary listener to their discourse.

"They will all be here at midnight," said a voice, "and you may capture them without difficulty."

"If we do, sir," replied another, "your reward is certain, though you are a Jesuit priest. I shall bring a strong party of men with me."

"And I'll take care to admit them," said a third, whose voice Randulph recognised as that of the landlord, "provided you promise me a third of the reward, and undertake that I shall not be implicated in the matter."

"I give you my word, as an officer in his majesty's grenadier guards, that it shall be so," rejoined the previous speaker, "and that is better than the written engagement of any Jacobite."

"The reward is three hundred pounds," said a sharp, conceited voice. "That's one hundred to Mr. Chinnock, another hundred to Father Verselyn, and a third to me. Is that distinctly understood?"

"Distinctly, Mr. Cripps," replied the officer—"provided I take them."

"Yes, of course," said the landlord; "but you can't fail to do so, if you follow my instructions. I'll put them into your hands."

"Can't you come down with something beforehand, captain?" asked Mr. Cripps.

"Not with a crown," replied the officer. "I have already pledged my word that you shall receive the reward, and that must content you. It is as much as traitors can expect," he added, with a contemptuous laugh."

"You'll take care I am not injured?" said the Jesuit.

"I'll do my best," replied the officer; "but you must look to yourself. And now to arrange our plans. As soon as it gets dark, I'll place half-a-dozen of my grenadiers, under the care of Tom Pratt, (Long Tom, as the men call him) in the summer-house near the river. They'll cut off their retreat, if any should be attempted, by that way."

"Long Tom and his men must hide themselves in the lower room of the summer-house, till Captain Vizard—I mean Cordwell Firebras—has made his search," said Chinnock. "He's sure to be here the first, and if he's seized too soon, you may lose the others."

"I must have the whole pack, or you don't get the reward," said the officer.

"There's a young man asleep in that closet, sent by the captain, said the landlord—"I'm not quite sure that he's a Jacobite. What shall we do with him?"

"Detain him," replied the officer. "I hold you responsible for his safe custody."

"But he's a stout, resolute fellow," said Chinnock, "and may get off in spite of me."

"I'll leave you a couple of my grenadiers," replied the officer;

—" they'll remain in the bar, like chance customers. Call them, if you require assistance."

After a little further conversation, which Randulph could not catch, they separated, and he began to reflect upon the new posture of affairs. He was now involved in a fresh difficulty, from which he did not see how he could escape. Though anxious to warn Cordwell Firebras and the other Jacobites of their danger, he felt it would be almost impracticable. Any attempt at flight from the house must be attended with great risk, after the precautions taken by the others to prevent it, and he finally resolved to let things take their course, and to be guided in his plan of action by circumstances.

Determined, however, to ascertain whether his movements were watched, he walked forth, and proceeded towards the summer-house. The host was instantly by his side, and he caught a glimpse of Mr. Cripps in the door-way, and behind him the two grenadiers. Taking no sort of notice of these hostile preparations, he talked indifferently to the landlord, and presently returned with him to the house, and ordered some refreshment.

Evening at length arrived, and as it grew dusk, Randulph gazed into the garden, and perceived the figures of the grenadiers, headed by Long Tom, steal off towards the summer-house. He also fancied he saw others station themselves at the side of the brook running between the inn garden and the mill yard, and he had no doubt the street-door was guarded in a similar manner. The trap was thus completely set, and he trembled to think what might be the fate of those for whom, however he differed with them in political opinions, he still entertained a strong friendship.

Slowly as the hours had hitherto passed, the interval between this time and that appointed for the arrival of Cordwell Firebras appeared yet more tedious. Twelve o'clock came—half-past—and yet none of the club had arrived; and Randulph began to hope that they had received some intimation of the plot against them. The same idea apparently occurred to the landlord, for he became very fidgety, and kept coming constantly into Randulph's room, asking whether he knew what could be the cause of Captain Vizard's being so late.

" I'm afraid something must have happened to him and the other gentlemen," he said; " the Captain is punctuality itself—and so indeed are they all. I wonder what can have occurred."

" Perhaps they may have been betrayed," said Randulph.

" I hope not!" cried the landlord—" if so, I should lose—— my best friends," he added, correcting himself hastily.

" Do you expect Sir Norfolk Salusbury to-night?" asked Randulph.

" I did, sir," replied the landlord, " but I don't know what to think now."

"And Sir Bulkeley Price and Father Verselyn?"

"Both, sir," was the reply.

"Any others?" inquired Randulph.

"Several, I believe," returned the landlord. "A very full meeting of the club was expected. What *can* have kept them away?—Ah! as I live! that's the captain's voice. All's right now."

So saying, he rushed out, and presently afterwards returned, ushering in Cordwell Firebras. The latter looked greatly exhausted.

"Give me a cup of wine, landlord," he said—"I feel faint. I've had some hard work to do."

The host instantly flew to a cupboard, and produced a flask and a large glass. Filling the latter, he presented it to Firebras, who emptied it at a draught.

"You are late, to-night, Captain," said the landlord; "I had almost given you up. Will the rest of the gentlemen be here?"

"I expect so," replied Firebras. "I thought they would have been here before me. Have you looked into the garden and the summer-house?"

"I have," replied the landlord.

"I'll go there myself," said the other, taking a brace of pistols from his pocket. "Stay where you are," he added, to Randulph, who was about to follow him.

Accompanied by the host, who carried a lantern, Firebras crossed the garden, but though he glanced around, he perceived nothing, and marched direct to the summer-house.

On approaching it, Chinnock ran forward, and pretending to try the door, drew out the key, crying, so as to be heard by those inside—"Dear me! it's locked—wait a minute, sir, and I'll fetch the key."

Without pausing for a reply, he darted off to the house. In a couple of minutes he returned, apologizing to Firebras—whom he found impatiently pacing the platform in front of the summer-house, and gazing at the darkling tide flowing past him—for his delay; and unlocked the door.

The summer-house was empty; the grenadiers had taken the hint, and descended to the lower chamber. A glance satisfied Firebras that all was right, and he returned slowly to the house, the landlord stamping upon the floor as he quitted the building, as a signal to the grenadiers that they might now come forth from their concealment.

On reaching the house, Firebras dismissed the landlord, and going up to Randulph, clapped him on the shoulder, and said—

"I have rare news for you."

"And I have news for you," replied the other.

"Hear mine first," cried Firebras. "What if I tell you I am come to offer you your estates and the hand of Hilda, if you join the Jacobite party?"

"There would be no use in joining you now," returned Randulph.

"You think I am trifling with you," cried Firebras, producing a packet; "but this will speak to the contrary. Here is the assignment of your estates to Isaac Isaacs. A receipt in full of all claims is attached to it. The deed is yours, provided you join us."

"You amaze me!" cried Randulph, gazing at the packet; "that is unquestionably the deed I executed."

"Most certainly it is," replied Firebras. "It is too long a story to tell you how I became possessed of it," he added, replacing it in his pocket, "but I have other intelligence for you. Mr. Scarve is dead!"

Randulph uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"He died last night," pursued Firebras, "and left his property to Philip Frewin, in case of Hilda's refusal to marry him."

"But Philip may not live to claim the fulfilment of the condition," cried Randulph.

"Philip, also, is dead," replied Firebras. And smiling at Randulph's astonishment, he added, "Now you see that all is in your grasp. Fate has given you the lady of your love. I offer you your fortune. Can you refuse to join us?"

"Mr. Firebras," said Randulph, composing himself, "this is not a time to put such a question to me."

"Pardon me," cried Firebras, sternly, "I must have an answer now—at this moment—or you lose your estates and Hilda for ever. Do not suppose I threaten lightly. I can, and will make good my words."

"You mistake me altogether," rejoined Randulph. "I mean to say that it would be useless in me to assent. You are betrayed!"

"Betrayed!" exclaimed Firebras, in a voice of thunder, "How! by whom? But this is a mere assertion made to turn me from my purpose."

"You will find it too true," replied Randulph. "The house is environed on all sides by grenadiers."

"I have just visited the summer-house," said Firebras. "There was no one there."

"The men were concealed in the lower chamber," said Randulph.

"It may be so," cried Firebras, with a terrible imprecation. "But they shall not take me easily. My pistols! ha! they have been removed! The landlord, then, is our betrayer."

"He is," replied Randulph. "Your only chance of escape is apparent unconsciousness of the design. You might, perhaps, make good your own retreat—but the others——"

"I will never desert them," said Firebras. "There is a boat at hand, for I ordered Jacob Post to be in waiting for you off the summer-house for another purpose, and I caught a glimpse of him just now. Ha! here come our friends."

Dispersion of the Jacobite Club, and death of Cordwell Firebras.

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And as he spoke, Sir Norfolk Salusbury, Sir Bulkeley Price, Father Verselyn, Mr. Travers, and four or five other gentlemen, entered the room.

"Leave us, landlord," said Firebras; "we will call you when we want you."

And the order being obeyed, he bolted the door.

"We are betrayed, gentlemen," said Firebras, in a low tone; "the house is surrounded by guards, and our retreat is cut off by the river."

As the words were uttered, the door was tried by some persons without, who finding it fastened, proceeded to burst it open.

"To the garden! to the garden!" cried Firebras.

And the party made for the window. Before, however, the whole of them could pass through it, the officer and a party of grenadiers burst open the door, and endeavoured to seize them. Firebras and the others, with the exception of Randulph, drew their swords, and the next instant, an encounter took place. But as all was buried in darkness, little mischief was done.

In spite of the efforts of the soldiers to prevent them, five or six of the Jacobites contrived to get across the ditch, and gaining the mill, took shelter within it. They were followed by a party of grenadiers, who fired a few shots at them. Whether the circumstance was the result of accident or design is immaterial, but a few minutes afterwards, the mill was found to be on fire. Flames burst from the upper windows, throwing a fierce glare on the groups below, and brightly illumining the towers of Westminster Abbey.

Repeated loud explosions were next heard, threatening each moment to shake the mill to pieces, while some of the unfortunate Jacobites were seen springing from a side window upon the water-wheel, and trying to descend by it. Two others, at the risk of breaking their necks, dropped from a window facing the river, and endeavoured to gain the vessel moored beside it.

The fugitives on the water-wheel were held in check by a party of grenadiers, who, having thrown a couple of planks over the little stream, were enabled to reach them.

Meanwhile, favoured by the previous darkness, for all was now bright as day, Firebras, Salusbury, and the rest of the Jacobites, had made good their retreat as far as the summer-house; some of them even managed to force their way to the platform. Here a desperate struggle took place, in which Sir Norfolk was severely wounded in the side by a bayonet.

By this time, the fire had broken out in the mill, and its glare shewed Jacob at a little distance in a skiff. Notwithstanding the menaces of the soldiers, who pointed their guns at him, and threatened to fire, if he approached nearer, Jacob pushed resolutely towards the summer-house. He was now close under the platform, and made signs to Randulph to descend; but the latter would not desert Sir Norfolk, who had been seized by a couple

of grenadiers. He threw himself upon the old baronet's captors, and, in the struggle that ensued, the railing gave way, precipitating Sir Bulkeley Price, the Jesuit, and the grenadiers into the tide. Before the other soldiers had recovered from their surprise at this occurrence, Randulph had lowered Sir Norfolk into the skiff, and sprung in after him.

Jacob's efforts to push off were impeded by Sir Bulkeley Price, who clung to the stern of the skiff, earnestly imploring them to take him in. Father Verselyn caught hold of the steps, and apprehensive of some further disaster, crept along the side of the summer-house, and took refuge in a small sewer, in the slime of which it is supposed he perished, for he was never heard of more.

Meanwhile, Cordwell Firebras, engaged hand to hand with the officer, who, having vainly summoned him to surrender, attacked him in person, had reached the platform. Seeing escape impossible, Firebras, while defending himself against the officer, called to Randulph, whom he descried below, and held out the packet to him. The latter ordered Jacob to keep the skiff steady, and to bring it as near the combatants as possible.

While Jacob obeyed the injunction, a successful thrust from Firebras stretched his adversary upon the platform, but the next moment he received his own death wound from Long Tom, who stepped forward, as his officer fell, and discharged his musket into his breast.

With a dying effort, Firebras stretched his hand over the rail, and consigning the packet to Randulph, fell backwards into the water.

Possessed of the packet, Randulph turned to the aid of Sir Bulkeley Price, and pulling him into the skiff, Jacob instantly pushed off. Assisted by the stream, which ran very strong, they soon got under the sides of the vessel near the mill, and were sheltered from the fire of the soldiery.

Meanwhile, the conflagration raged fast and furiously, and before the skiff containing the fugitives had got half way to Westminster bridge, a tremendous explosion took place, scattering the blazing fragments of the old mill far and wide into the river.

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## CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

### IN WHICH THE WEDDING-DAY IS FIXED.

About three months after the events detailed in the preceding chapter, a family party were assembled in the dining-room of the house at Lambeth, consisting of Abel Trussell, Mrs. Crew, and Hilda. The latter was dressed in deep mourning, and had a shade of melancholy on her countenance, which rather added to her beauty than detracted from it. She sat near Abel Beechcroft, who regarded her with paternal affection, and whose

features, having lost their somewhat cynical and saturnine cast, now expressed only benevolence and kindliness. Always placid and composed, Mrs. Crew looked more cheerful than before; Trussell, who, indeed, was rarely out of humour, appeared in tip-top spirits. In short, a happier party never met together. Nor did their attendant, Mr. Jukes, appear a whit less contented.

"Well, my dear niece," said Trussell,—"for so I shall make bold to call you, in anticipation of our intended relationship—we shall certainly have Randulph back to day."

"This morning, do you think?" she rejoined.

"Why, no, possibly not till evening," said Trussell. "Ah, sir!" he added, to Abel, "how different our nephew's present journey from Cheshire is from the last. Then he came with very little money in his pocket, and very little prospect of getting any—deprived of his inheritance, and with no apparent prospect of its restitution. Now he arrives a wealthy man, with a prospect of such happiness before him as a king might envy!"

"It's a story to write in a book," said Mr. Jukes, rubbing his eyes.

"I fear the two months during which Randulph has been absent, must have passed very slowly over your head, Hilda?" observed Abel. "I may ask you the question now that we shall so soon have him with us again."

"To say that I have not felt his absence, and wished for his return, would not be to speak the truth, sir," she replied; "but it would be equally untrue to say that I have not been happier during the period you mention than I ever was in my life. How, indeed, could it be otherwise, when I have experienced so much attention from you, from your brother, and from Mrs. Crew?"

"I'm sure there is nothing we wouldn't do to make you happy," said Mrs. Crew.

"Nothing!" cried Mr. Jukes, emphatically—"nothing *we* wouldn't do."

"I beg pardon, Mr. Jukes," said Hilda; "I ought to have included you in the list of my kind friends."

"You make me proud to hear you say so," replied Mr. Jukes. "I told my master, long before things came to this, that nothing would make me so happy as to see you in this house, married to Mr. Randulph. And I told him also that we would have one of the upper rooms turned into a nursery, and that he should sit in an easy chair, nursing a little Randulph, or a little Abel, as the case may be, with a Miss Hilda, or a Miss Sophia playing beside him. Didn't I tell you that, sir?"

"You did—you did," replied Abel, hastily.

"Get me some usquebaugh, Mr. Jukes," said Trussell, who almost choked himself with laughing at the butler's speech, while Hilda was covered with blushes, and Mrs. Crew looked a little confused.

The order was promptly obeyed, and Trussell, as he raised the glass to his lips, said—"May I live to see the realization of Mr. Jukes's wish!"

"I must drink that toast myself," said the butler, retiring to the sideboard.

"By the bye, Hilda," said Trussell, laughing, "I haven't told you what has become of your disconsolate suitor, Beau Villiers, who wouldn't be content till you had refused him half a dozen times? Disappointed in his hope of obtaining you, or rather your fortune, he laid siege to Lady Spinke, and has eloped with her to Paris."

"A proper consummation to his folly," observed Abel.

"But the best is to come," pursued Trussell. "Sir Singleton's marriage, as you know, took place at the Fleet, and not having the fear of courts of law before his eyes, nor thinking it necessary to get a divorce, the old beau is actually going to marry again. And this time his choice has fallen upon—whom do you think?—Lady Brabazon!"

"I'm glad that odious woman's got rid of, in any way," said Mrs. Crew. "I never could endure her."

"By the bye, Mr. Jukes," said Trussell, laughing to himself at his sister's vivacity; "I never heard what became of your nephew, Mr. Cripps?"

"I'm happy to say he's a reformed character, sir," replied the butler. "He was mixed up in some way or other, I don't know how,—with that Jacobite disturbance, where Mr. Cordwell Firebras met his death, and received a very awkward wound, which put him in danger of his life. Since then, he has become quite an altered person, and neither drinks, games, nor dresses, as he used to do. He's at present living with a very quiet family in Abingdon-street; and, as far as I can learn, is doing his duty."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Abel; "and since that is the case, I'll take care you shan't lose the twenty guineas you were foolish enough to lend him."

Mr. Jukes made a suitable acknowledgment.

The breakfast things were taken away, but the party were still chatting over the table, when the door suddenly opened, and Randulph rushed into the room. He was in his travelling attire, and though somewhat embrowned, looked handsomer, Hilda thought, than she had ever seen him—except on the occasion of his first visit to her father's house. He was followed by Jacob Post, who had attended him in his journey, and who shook hands heartily with Mr. Jukes.

Hilda who had risen at Randulph's approach, was instantly locked in his embrace. The tears started to Abel's eyes as he regarded the meeting of the young couple; Mrs. Crew gazed at them with fond delight; but Trussell, who was not quite so much interested in lovers' meetings, availed himself of the opportunity of taking a pinch of snuff.

"Well, you're looking vastly well, Randulph, I must say," observed Trussell, after his nephew's affectionate greetings had gone all round. "I don't think the country has disagreed with you."

"It is the quiet life he has led there, brother, and the early hours he has kept, that have agreed with him," observed Abel.

"You are right, uncle," replied Randulph, "and I am now quite convinced, from the experiment I have just made, that a quiet life is more to my taste than a gay one."

"I am glad to hear you say so!" cried Abel.

Trussell made no remark, but he slightly shrugged his shoulders, and took an inordinate pinch of snuff.

"You don't believe me, I see, uncle," said Randulph, laughing. "But I assure you it is the case. And I have no doubt I shall bring you to my opinion, when I get you down to Cheshire."

"When you *do* get me there, I've no doubt you will," replied Trussell, somewhat drily. "Town agrees with me perfectly. Every one to his taste."

"And your tenants were glad to see you, Randulph, I am sure?" said his mother, taking his hand.

"They were indeed," replied Randulph; "and I never experienced greater gratification than when they were collected in the old hall, and I told them I was once more their landlord. Their shouts made the rafters ring again. They all wish to see their mistress that is to be," he continued, gazing tenderly at Hilda.

"And I see not why their satisfaction should be delayed," replied Abel. "The considerations of decorum that apply to others do not apply to Hilda. So much of her life has been passed in self-sacrifice and trouble, that the sooner she is recompensed for it, the better."

"The best thing we can do is to leave the young people alone together to fix the day," said Trussell. "Make it as early as you can, Randulph; and notwithstanding the objections I raised to the country just now, I shall be happy to spend a month or two with you at Crew Hall, whenever you choose to invite me!"

"The house will always be your home, my dear uncle," said Randulph. "No one will be more welcome."

Acting upon Trussell's hint, the others then withdrew. Though Randulph had a thousand things to say to Hilda, he could recollect none of them; but perhaps the expressions of rapturous devotion he was able to utter were fully as agreeable to his listener's ear as any other kind of discourse he might have adopted.

Thus more than half an hour passed away, so swiftly, so delightfully, that the lovers did not know they had been alone many minutes, when they were interrupted by a discreet tap at the door.

"Come in," said Randulph.

"Beg pardon," said Mr. Jukes, cautiously obeying the summons; "but Miss Thomasine Deacle is without, and wishes to speak to Miss Scarve."

"With me?" exclaimed Hilda, in surprise.

"I told her you were engaged with Mr. Randulph—particularly engaged," replied the butler; "but she said she didn't mind that. She wants to see you on a matter material to her happiness."

"She is a strange creature," said Hilda, smiling at the recollection of her former interview with her. "I dare say she wants to tell me something about Peter Pokerich."

"Very likely," said the butler, "for he is with her."

"Well, let them come in," replied Hilda.

And the next moment, the fair Thomasine and the little barber were ushered into the room.

"I trust you will excuse this intrusion, Miss Scarve," said the fair Thomasine; who was a little disposed to be in heroics—"but I have a favour to beg of you. You are aware of the admiration I have always entertained for you—of the devotion I have felt towards you——"

"I am quite sensible of both," interrupted Hilda, smiling—"but the favour?"

"After all, my heart fails me—I cannot ask it," said the fair Thomasine, turning away in confusion.

"I'll tell you what it is," interposed Peter; "she declares she'll never have me, unless we're married on the same day as you and Mr. Randulph."

"On the same day, and at the same church," said the fair Thomasine, exhibiting a face like a blush rose. "The favour I wished to ask you was your consent to this arrangement. Peter met Mr. Randulph and Jacob crossing Westminster Bridge on their return from Cheshire this morning, and we thought we had better lose no time in making the request."

"My consent was scarcely required," said Hilda; "but as soon as the day is fixed, you shall know it."

"I hope it will be soon!" cried Peter; "I'm tired of being put off so often."

"It would ill become me to exhibit any impatience," said the fair Thomasine, casting down her eyes.

"I sympathize with their situation, Hilda," said Randulph, taking her hand. "Can we not give them an answer now? To-day is Thursday. Let it be Monday next."

"Oh, yes, Monday, by all means!" cried Peter, jumping into the air, and clapping his hands.

"I dare not urge Miss Scarve to greater expedition," said the fair Thomasine, still looking down; "but——"

"Your answer!" cried Peter, throwing himself on his knees before Hilda.

"Yes, your answer!" cried the fair Thomasine, kneeling down beside Peter.

"You cannot resist these entreaties, Hilda?" said Randulph, smiling.

"I cannot, indeed," she replied. "Be it as you propose."

"Our marriage will take place on Monday," said Randulph, and we shall be united at the parish church at Lambeth."

"How charming!" cried Peter, rising, and assisting the fair Thomasine to her feet. "We can go there in a boat—wont that be delightful?"

"I shall never forget this obligation, Miss Scarve," said the fair Thomasine, taking Hilda's hand, and pressing it to her lips; "and may the day you have fixed be productive of happiness to both of us! We deserve to be rewarded for the troubles we have experienced."

And dropping a low courtesy to Randulph, she took her departure with Peter, who skipped out of the room, scarcely able to contain himself for joy.

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## CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

### DETAILING AN EVENT WHICH MAY POSSIBLY HAVE BEEN ANTICIPATED FROM THE PRECEDING CHAPTER.

HURRYING over the intervening period as rapidly as the lovers themselves would have desired to hurry it over, we shall proceed at once to the wished-for day.

A little before nine o'clock on this eventful morning, Randulph, who had taken up his quarters with Sir Bulkeley Price in Saint James's Square, entered the breakfast room, arrayed in his bridal attire, which had been prepared for him by the skilful hands of Desmartins. He found Sir Bulkeley Price and Sir Norfolk Salusbury at the table—the latter having come up from Wales, whither he had retired to recruit himself after his wound, expressly to attend the ceremony. After receiving their congratulations, Randulph sat down with them, but as he could only swallow a cup of chocolate, he underwent much rallying on his want of appetite.

Breakfast over, the party drove to Whitehall Stairs, where a six-oared barge was in readiness to convey them across the river. Jacob Post was appointed coxswain of this barge, and he wore a waterman's coat of scarlet cloth, and velvet jockey-shaped cap of the same colour. The six rowers were attired in the same livery, and presented a very gay appearance.

The morning was bright and beautiful, and everything seemed to Randulph to participate in his happiness. Each boat that passed them, seeing the purpose on which they were bent, cheered them cordially, and Jacob, who was greatly elated, returned their greetings lustily.

As they passed through Westminster Bridge, and shaped their rapid course to Lambeth, they passed a boat containing a couple in bridal attire, and rowed by watermen with favours in their caps. These were Mr. Rathbone and Mrs. Nettleship, who, having made a composition with their creditors, had come to the conclusion that the best thing they could do would be to fulfil their original agreement; and having heard that Randulph and Hilda were to be united at Lambeth, they determined, like Peter Pokerich and the fair Thomasine, to be married at the same time, and at the same church. The boats cheered each other as they passed.

Shortly after this, they came up with a four-oared cutter, in which was a still more gaily dressed bridal party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Deacle, the fair Thomasine and Peter Pokerich, The sunny tresses, bright eyes, and dimpling cheeks of the bride, attracted Sir Bulkeley's admiration; and he called out to Peter that he ought to consider himself a very happy man,—to which the little barber replied "that he was the happiest man in the world,—Mr. Crew excepted."

Another cheering passed between the rowers, and Randulph's barge swept over the sparkling waters to the stairs near Lambeth Palace, where he and his companions disembarked.

As Abel Beechcroft was extremely well known, and highly respected in the neighbourhood, great preparations were made to lend éclat to his nephew's wedding. A band of music was stationed on a lighter moored near the stairs; and the lighter itself was hung all over with flags and streamers. The band was playing, the bells ringing, and as Randulph leapt ashore, a loud shout from the crowd collected to see him land, welcomed him, while many flattering comments, in no very low key, were made upon his handsome appearance by the female part of the assemblage. In passing towards his uncle's residence, Randulph noticed with interest a troop of pretty little girls with wreaths round their heads, and baskets of flowers in their hands, standing in the path leading to the church.

The party were admitted by Mr. Jukes, whose portly figure was well displayed in an expansive snowy waistcoat, a brown coat, spick and span new for the occasion, and a well-powdered bob-wig. The worthy butler gave Randulph a hearty welcome, and wished him many years of happiness, and having ushered him and the others into the parlour, returned to the hall to Jacob, to give him wedding favours for himself and the watermen, which the other hastened to distribute.

The meeting between the young bride and bridegroom was full of agitated delight. Abel looked perfectly happy, but thoughtful, as did Mrs. Crew, whose emotion found relief in an occasional sigh—not the sigh of misgiving, but the relief of a joy-oppressed heart. Trussell was, as usual, in very high spirits. He shook Randulph heartily by the hand, wished him all sorts

of happiness, and then cordially greeted the Welsh baronets. Besides Mrs. Clinton, there was another young lady present, the daughter of an old friend of Mrs. Crew's, a Miss Wilbraham, who acted as bridesmaid to Hilda.

Soon afterwards, all being declared in readiness, the bride prepared to set forth under the care of Abel Beechcroft, who, before they quitted the house, in an earnest tone, invoked a blessing on her head, and on that of his nephew;—and both felt that the blessing of so good a man would not be thrown away.

Cheered by the good wishes and smiling countenances of the groups through which they passed, and enlivened by the sunshine, the party entered the church. Peter Pokerich and the fair Thomasine, with Mr. Rathbone and Mrs. Nettleship, were already standing beside the altar. The young couple advanced, and took the central place, and the church was instantly crowded with spectators.

The service was admirably performed by a venerable clergyman—an old and valued friend of Abel's; and at its close the concourse issued from the church, dividing into two lines, so as to allow a passage for the wedding train. As soon as the happy couple were seen issuing hand in hand from the Gothic portal of the old church, a loud and joyous shout was raised by the assemblage, a couple of guns were fired on board the lighter, and the church bells rang forth a joyous peal.

It was a heart-cheering sight; and many a breast throbbed,—and many an eye grew moist at beholding it. And plenty of spectators there were. The whole of the area before the church was filled, and the windows and towers of the old archiepiscopal palace were studded with faces. The little flower-girls now stepped forward, and strewed their fragrant offerings in the path of the happy pair, who walked on amid the continued cheers of the bystanders.

A little behind Randulph, on the right, walked Trussell, who, excited by the general enthusiasm, had placed his hat on his cane, and waved it to the crowd. Near him came Abel and Miss Wilbraham, the former with a glowing smile on his countenance, such as Mr. Jukes himself never remembered to have witnessed. After them walked Sir Norfolk Salusbury and Mrs. Crew.

Next in order came Mr. and Mrs. Pokerich, the latter of whom thought it decorous to turn aside her pretty face from the ardent gaze of her enamoured little lord. Lastly came Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone, whose appearance did not seem greatly to interest the spectators. Sir Bulkeley Price had posted himself on the left of the church door, to watch the wedding train pass by, and to wait the coming forth of the clergyman.

As Randulph advanced through the crowd, Jacob Post stepped

forward, and holding out his rough, honest hand to him, said in a voice the sincerity of which could not be doubted,—

"God bless you, sir, and your lovely bride, and may you know years of uninterrupted happiness!"

"And take my blessing too," said Mr. Jukes, likewise extending his hand. "An old man's good wishes, though he be but a dependant, can do no harm."

"I thank you both!" cried Randulph, in a voice of emotion; "and my wife thanks you too."

"I do,—I do," she replied; "nor do I doubt the fulfilment of your wishes."

And as she uttered these words, loud and deafening cheers rent the air, and another discharge of guns took place.

In this way, they proceeded to the house, where they were followed by the rest of the party, and presently afterwards by the clergyman and Sir Bulkeley. They all then sat down to an excellent repast.

By desire of his hospitable master, Mr. Jukes invited the other couples and their friends to take refreshments at his house, which, as they delightedly availed themselves of the offer, were served to them in the summer-house overlooking the river; where, while enjoying themselves, they did not forget to drink long life and happiness to Randulph and his bride.

The honeymoon—all the rest of their life was a honeymoon—was passed by the happy couple in good old-fashioned style, at Lambeth. They then proceeded to Cheshire, accompanied by Trussell and Mrs. Crew, and were soon afterwards followed by Abel, who passed the winter with them.

In due time the prognostications of Mr. Jukes were fulfilled, and Abel displayed no objection to the endearments of two great-nieces and a great-nephew.

Appointed Randulph's head-gamekeeper, Jacob Post passed the remainder of his days in the service of his new master.

Of the two brothers Beechcroft, Abel was the first to pay the debt of nature, Trussell surviving him two or three years, during which he was a great martyr to gout. He never, however, lost his temper, except when young Master Randulph accidentally trod on his toe, and then he would swear a round oath, to frighten him, and try to hit at him with his stick, as testy old gentlemen are wont to do in plays.

Randulph and Hilda almost touched the verge of the present century; and from the anecdotes of one of their descendants, in the third generation, the materials of the present Tale have been collected.

END OF "THE MISER'S DAUGHTER."

The Marriage of Randulph and Hilda.

London, Published by Cunningham & Mortimer 1842

# THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

"Joyousest of once embodied spirits!" — CHARLES LAMB.

## I.

HAD a mere statement of theatrical transactions in England from about the commencement of the present century, with a biographical notice of some leading comedian of the period, been the entire object of this publication, we might long have hesitated in carrying it into effect. The ground has been trodden by more than one diligent inquirer, and the productions examined by those whose taste and erudition would impart fresh interest to the subject, and whose accuracy in narrative entitle them to public confidence. The record of one of the most charming artists and valuable companions, Mr. John Bannister, has been handed to us from a source which would at once secure to it universal attention; while those whose fancy might induce them to travel into detail, have had ample opportunity for the excursion, in the four formidable volumes of Mr. Mathews' Memoirs. The autobiography, also, of Mr. Frederick Reynolds and Mr. Thomas Dibdin, have contributed much to the theatrical information relative to this time, while innumerable minor publications, all illustrative of the same facts, would indeed have withheld us from taking up an older story than a twice told tale, had we not some new and untried matter to unfold, some unguessed-at secrets to unravel, some useful or pleasant *divertissements* to offer, which have been long reserved the property of the papers now before us.

Still will it be necessary to take a review of much theatrical matter with which the world has been made already acquainted, for the biography of our present subject is essentially interwoven with it; and to recapitulate many events, the common property of cotemporary actors. Like *Mr. Hardcastle*, we must have affection with old houses, old furniture, old books, and not unfrequently, we can assure our readers, with old wine; but it will be with the view of broaching new fancies, and catching at some of those laughing spirits of recorded time, which till now may have eluded our vigilance.

It is well to be armed with three reasons for an undertaking. A kind of prescriptive claim attaches to the number; and three reasons are here principally suggested in defence of the following pages:—

1. The versatile and desultory pursuits, apart from an active professional career, followed from time to time by the subject of our present memoir.

2. The quality and extent of documents we have to deal with, in the composition of this history.

3. The constitution and natural temperament of the man himself.

In respect of the first—like a dealer in a country town, who is a cheesemonger on one side of his glazed door, and a haberdasher on the other, having a back parlour, in which he carries on the more solemn mystery of a bank, so verily, at more than one period of his life, have been the complications of the omnivalent Robert William Elliston, with this difference only, that in the place of the bank was the play-

house treasury, a place, unprofitably for him, too frequently so represented.

The memoirs of actors are generally but the history of the theatre, and of the drama only so far as they themselves might have had business with any particular play; but the range of Robert William was of a far wider extent. Diversified in his employments, sudden in his operations, we find him flying off indeed at a "Tangent," to become the centre of some circulating library, or the vertex of some Imperial Hotel. By the turn of his magic ring he will transport himself from place to place at the suggestion of a moment, and with the wand of harlequin erect ball-rooms, fill shops with merchandise, and string playhouses together like beads upon a thread.

But in all this whirl of matter, Elliston still followed his profession with ardour, and courted it with the sincerest attachment. His spiritual barometer rose with the pressure of his atmosphere, and it was "set fair" health with him, which would have parched up the green fields of ordinary fortitude. Such was the heyday of his life—a season which might still have been protracted, would men but cultivate wisdom as they force wit, or take half the pains to retain that they have exerted to acquire.

2. Respecting the quality and extent of the documents &c., we feel with some confidence we can approach our readers. These consist, for the most part, of original letters addressed to Mr. Elliston, and extending over nearly the whole course of his life. They are numerous; several of them curious; and proceeding, as many of them do, from characters greatly eminent in their day, will so far constitute a feature in this work of unusual interest, and recommend the subject considerably beyond any labour of our own on its inquiry. No letter will find publication, of which we have not the original in our possession. They have been collected from time to time, by a gentleman connected, during many years, with Mr. Elliston himself, which, with many additional documents that passed into the hands of his executors, form so united a chain of biographic material, that we have chosen them as the designation of the work in progress—namely, "THE ELLISTON PAPERS."

3. The temperament of the man—

> "That heart of pleasure, and that soul of whim."

Research has certainly not yet disclosed to us that corner of the earth, nor have those simple elements of society been yet pointed out, which could have contained Robert William Elliston in a state of obscurity! Wherever his presiding star might have thrown him, there most assuredly a "star" himself would he have been. A wild, charming, restless eccentric, whose elastic nature kept him with difficulty on the ground of order, and who from the data of rule took the project of his own erratic course; a material well fitted to the loom of dramatic machinery, but for the sake of substantial respectability, a quality rather to be locked up with the embroidered suit, till the setting sun announced the hour of the rising of the mimic scene. Elliston was never in repose—his lamp perpetually exhausting, though no illumination was necessary; the fire of his imagination was constantly under the blowpipe, though no immediate work was passing through the furnace.

The manners of an actor can as little endure the light of day as the canvas of the playhouse itself, but Elliston ever mingled the conven-

tions of the stage with the sober demands of real life. This second nature, which he had so fondly contracted, was a sublime abstraction of the mock heroic! His features dressed in a humorous solemnity, and a measured comicality pervading all his movements. To a natural love of eccentricity, the trick of his trade was ever clinging, so that in a great measure we might apply to him the sketch of Garrick himself—

> "On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
> 'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting;
> With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
> He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day."

"He carried with him," says the delightful Charles Lamb, "pit, boxes, and gallery, and set up his portable playhouse at the corner of streets." Elliston's theatrical life was displayed as vividly in the high roads, shops, and drawing-rooms, as on the scene itself; he had learnt, indeed, all the world was a stage, and he seemed resolved that no less should be his. He was, in fact, a perpetual showman of artificial manners, which with his perception of the humorous, and love of adventure, constituted him a feature in the giddy round of life, whilst others were moving with less splendour, but more steadily, in the orbit decorum.

Strange as it may appear, with all this masquerading, Elliston was still of a frank and open spirit. True, he delighted as much in carrying the actor, and even plots of plays, into the privacy of life, as in portraying the simplicity of nature on the stage, but he still desired it should be known and received as disguise. The quaint external he wished to be looked on as it really was—not as *himself*. His study was to draw attention by a perpetual impersonation of the grotesque, without sacrificing any claim he might have on society on the score of a generous and kind disposition.

Having had occasion, in these preliminary remarks, to say thus much respecting the constitution of Elliston's temperament, we are unavoidably led to some notice of him, which would have been otherwise premature, in the capacity of an actor. To the mere mention of general results we shall confine such observation, as the special notice of his public appearances will belong to the instances as they may arise in the course of these memoirs.

It has sometimes been objected, says Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, in his review of Cibber's Apology, that the actor merely repeats the language and embodies the conceptions of the poet; but the allegation, though specious, is unfounded. The poet has, in fact, but little share in the highest triumphs of the performer, for these arise from his own genius. They are accomplished by the magic of the eye, of the tone, of the action, and by those means which belong exclusively to the actor; and in corroboration of the learned critic, as cited, Cibber himself mentions an instance in respect of Dryden. "I have heard him," observes he, "give his first reading to the actors of his own play, in which, though it is true he delivered the plain sense, yet the whole was in so cold, so flat, and unaffecting a manner, that I am afraid of not being believed when I affirm it."

And unfortunately all this essence must vanish, as the actor himself passes to the grave, and because it is *essential*. It is the spirit of the moment, which with the moment expires. Still less can it exist in form or substance, on canvas or in marble, that posterity may prove by their own senses the truth of what they have been taught respecting

him, by having the identical evidence before them. If this essential quality cannot be so condensed, as little can it be represented by language. It cannot be told to-morrow, like deeds of valour or of arms, by him who has witnessed it to-day. It exists but *at* the moment, and *for* the individual attester. He who writes, therefore, concerning any actor, should have encountered the man and his art, face to face. The triumphs he achieves can pass through no medium; they must be made over the very feelings which record them. The means, therefore, are comparatively limited, and those imperfect, for acquiring a just conception of the fine and delicate executions of a first-rate actor.

> " The actor only shrinks from time's award;
> Feeble tradition is his mem'ry's guard;
> By whose faint meed his merit must abide,
> Unvouch'd by *proof*, to *substance* unallied;
> All perishable—like th' electric fire,
> But strike the frame, and, as they strike, expire!"

In person, Mr. Elliston was of the middle size, and elegantly proportioned; and whatever success he may have acquired as a tragedian, we may at once declare was in defiance of his face, which was the very mirror of comedy. His countenance was round and open, his features small, yet highly expressive; laughter lay cradled in his eye, and there was a muscular play of lip, so pregnant of meaning, as frequently to leave the words that followed but little to explain. His tones were strong, harmonious, and varied, and a tremulous earnestness, on occasions which did not call for the impassioned, irresistibly impressive. He displayed the art of tenderness and soft persuasion more strikingly than any actor of his time, and of appropriating others' woe in accents of sympathy, that left the feelings of his auditors no choice but bondage.

The actor on record to whom in style and quality of art he appears more nearly to have approached than any other, was Monford, a cotemporary of Cibber. The vigour and spirit which he threw into the dialogue of comedy, his rich, oily empressement of manner, the pith with which he impregnated the business of the scene, and the earnestness he imparted to each syllable of point, correspond nearly with the description given by Cibber of him just mentioned; of whose accents, also, he declares,

> ——" Like flakes of feather'd snow,
> They melted as they fell."

In his very successful efforts, and many they were, Elliston attained that rare elevation of captivating equally, and at the identical moment, the ear, the eye, and the understanding.

Elliston was a distinguished performer of tragedy, comedy, farce, operetta, pantomime, and burlesque; and though not equal to himself in all, and inferior to the topping great, who in their own particular vein were transcendent, yet few ever accomplished with unequivocal applause efforts so variously combined.* We find about him the mantle of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*, for repeated years. Of *Octavian* and *Sir Edward Mortimer* we shall have to make special notice hereafter. In *Sheva* and the *Three Singles*, we shall find him in success-

* Foremost of the few, we must except him who could play *Abel Drugger* as well as *Lear*, *Bays* as *Macbeth*, *Hamlet* as the *Schoolboy*, and *Lord Chalkstone* as *Lusignan*.

ful competition with the favoured and original John Bannister. In *Vapid* and *Rover*, contending with Lewis; in *Wilding*, surpassing Palmer; and with the wide boundary of leading comedy his undisputed estate.

## II.

Robert William Elliston was born on the 7th of April, 1774, in Orange Street, Bloomsbury, where his father, Robert Elliston, resided and carried on the mystery of a watchmaker.

Robert was the youngest son of a respectable farmer of Gedgrave, near Orford, on the Suffolk coast.

His *eldest* brother, William, was a member of St. John's College, Cambridge; he received his degree in 1754, with the distinction of fourth wrangler, and was elected master of Sidney College, in 1760.

His *elder* brother was in the navy, and had attained the rank of commander when he died. He shared, we are informed, in the glory of the action of August, 1759, at that time a lieutenant, when Admiral Boscawen defeated the French fleet off Gibraltar.

His sister (aunt to the subject of these memoirs) was married to the Rev. Thomas Martyn, also of Sidney College, who succeeded the Rev. John Martyn to the professor's chair of botany, in 1761.

Professor Martyn was a man of great literary acquirements, whose labours and researches in the particular science he professed, justly won for him a high reputation.

Both these individuals, the master and professor, eminent by academic rewards, were men of kind, unaffected manners, and attached with parental regard to their nephew, whose honour and welfare was a subject in which they equally participated.

It may not be uninteresting to notice another very venerable member of the family stock, Robert Elliston, of Monk Illeigh, or Ely, in the county of Suffolk, and great-uncle to our subject. He had resided his whole life, like Edward Ballard, the last of the booksellers of Little Britain, in the same house in which he was born—namely, eighty-six years; a fine, hale, hearty old gentleman, whose death was at last the result of melancholy accident, a severe fall. This event was rendered the more remarkable, as he had been in the habit of saying that accidental death alone would balk him of a century. He left a widow, to whom he had been united for sixty years.

Robert, the watchmaker, appears to have been the least interesting personage in the whole group of which we have any knowledge, except, indeed, in being the sire of our future hero. But he was, moreover, a man of indolent habits and low pursuits, so that whatever skill he might at any time have acquired in the management of clocks, he sadly wanted a regulator to his own conduct. From extravagance he passed to niggardness, that *sera in fundo parsimonia*, displacing one vice by another. An early propensity to sottishness had rendered him morose and intractable, the fruits of which fell principally to the portion of his wife, as his son Robert was soon transferred under far better auspices.

Dr. Elliston having for some time noticed with much anxiety the state of affairs in Orange Street, and remarked on various occasions early indications of quickness and intelligence in the youth, his nephew, whose manners and address were likewise greatly prepossessing, determined to take his education altogether into his own hands, an offer

which it is not to be supposed met with any opposition on the part of the father, and certainly with much gratitude by the boy himself.

In pursuance of this arrangement, young Elliston was in a short time entered at St. Paul's School, and his father removing about the same period to Charles Street, Covent Garden, where he had taken a house on a handsomer scale than that in Orange Street, afforded his son more suitable means of domestic comfort; for during the school months he still lodged with his parents, his good uncle being on no account desirous of alienating any portion of filial respect from the breast of his pupil, and more particularly as his mother was an amiable and well-conditioned woman.

The holidays, however, the young gentleman passed with either his uncle Elliston or Martyn—generally the former; in winter at Cambridge, and during the summer in his company on any excursion he might be making in the long vacation. He thus became so great a favourite at Sidney Lodge, that the master never parted with him on his return to St. Paul's without a secret wish he might be too late for the coach.

It was the intention of the Doctor to enter his nephew a member of his own college, with a view that he might take ultimately to the church. He perceived him daily to give further demonstrations of ability and intelligence, and amongst his humbler accomplishments, that of reading impressively and with discrimination, especially charmed his relative. On many occasions, but invariably on the Sunday evening, the Doctor would assemble his household to hear his nephew read some moral discourse of his selection, and the consciousness of excelling in this particular, was perhaps not the least delight the young man experienced in these spiritual exercises.

It is a custom at our public schools, sanctioned, at best, perhaps, by time, to observe certain anniversaries by speeches delivered by the upper boys before their assembled friends. At Westminster the plays of Terence are acted, and though objections have been raised as to the moral question of unveiling to youth the deformities of the social body, which, however late discovered, are yet too early, the young men do certainly enter into the spirit of their undertaking; but in most other public schools, this "speech day" is but a dull, monotonous, antiquated piece of business. Some classic oration, committed laboriously to memory, mistily understood, and mechanically recited, is the *coup d'essai* of the eventful year, and the intellectual reward to some three or four hundred well-dressed persons for a long and dusty journey.

Should a youth of better courage than his fellows attempt to violate the old convention of action or delivery on these occasions, or give any evidence of being really touched with the fancy of the poet, or the fire of the orator, the dangerous innovator is visited with ready correction; or, like poor Roderick Random, his fingers are tied up with a pulley, lest he should learn to write too good a hand. This rigid precaution we have heard defended on the plea of guarding against theatrical habits, but it is scarcely a question whether total abolition of so imperfect an affair would not be the better expedient.

It is, however beyond all doubt, that the first time our young friend became animated with a sense of his own powers, on oratorical grounds, was on one of these anniversaries, when, to the confusion of the presiding master, Dr. Roberts, but the involuntary assent of the surrounding company, he dared to win some genuine tokens of applause,

by mixing a little of the theatrical ingredient. In 1790, being then the fourth boy in the school, he delivered an original oration—thesis, "*Nemo confidat nimium secundis*"—with so much energy and novelty of style, that his good uncle, completely losing sight of the venerable claims of dust and antiquity, and shaking the boy cordially by the hand, declared his nephew had not given him so much pleasure since he had first placed him at school.

It would be scarcely fair to visit upon this little incident the sin of that great change which soon passed over the spirit of the schoolboy's dream, but it was not long from this event that our young declaimer was first seized with a thirst for theatrical pursuits—a disease which is seldom taken mildly, but when once contracted, has no remedy but to run its course.

In the upper part of a pastry-cook's house, in the Strand, near Bedford Street, resided a Madame Cotterille, who conducted an evening academy on the first floor—a lady standing still higher in the respect of numerous mothers of St. Martin's and St. Anne's. It was here young Elliston passed many of his half-holidays, receiving Madame's instruction in the French language, an accomplishment which in those days was deemed below the dignity of public schools, which appeared to consider all knowledge under the sun centered in the rules of prosody. It was here also he first met the inimitable Charles Mathews, son of a bookseller of that neighbourhood, who had doubtless discovered equal satisfaction in attending the instruction of Madame Cotterille; a coincidence which eventually turned out greatly to their mutual congratulation, for, independently of their emulation in the tongue of Wanostrocht's grammar, far more extensive parts of speech were now opened to their ambition, under the same patronage.

Madame Cotterille, by way of improving her scholars in the French language, allowed them, once or twice in the year, to enact English plays,—a compromise very quietly assented to by her auditors, who were composed of the aunts, guardians, and sundry family obsoletes of her pupils. Young Elliston was here invaluable. Generously did he liquidate his debt to Wanostrocht by the funds of Otway; nor did he hesitate paying a still severer penalty by undergoing a frequent flogging at St. Paul's, for a protracted rehearsal in the Strand.

In December of the same year, he and his co-disciple Mathews made their first appearance before a delighted audience over the pastry-cook's shop. The play was the "Distressed Mother"—Elliston sustaining the part of *Pyrrhus*—Mathews, *Phœnix;* and we are bound to confess, "by the kind permission of Mr. Mathews" himself, that the hero of our memoir was the undeniable hero of that night—a report which might otherwise have been deemed a *puff*, recollecting the place whence it proceeded. But such, indeed, was the result; the evening passing off with satisfaction unbounded as the applause, in which ices, jellies, queen-cakes, and raspberry tarts, by no means played an inconsiderable part.

Notwithstanding the delight which Dr. Elliston had expressed at his nephew's display on the "speech day" at St. Paul's, Robert was too conscious how deeply displeased he would have been had he been aware of the proceedings near the corner of Bedford Street. He warily, therefore, kept him in total ignorance even of his admiration of the drama, making his mother his only confidante, whose affection was like

that of most mothers, seeing nothing in the whole world half so much entitled to admiration as her own child's frailties.

After some months, another *jam* took place at the pastrycook's, when the tragedy of the "Orphan" was represented to fresh raptures of the old party. Elliston on this occasion played *Chamont*, and his friend Mathews the part of the *Chaplain*. Robert William was now twice a hero, reaping in the contest "whole fields of laurel." Caressed by the elderly, and in special favour with the young, particularly of the other sex, this *enfant gaté* abandoned himself entirely to the flattering bondage he had so closely courted. All other pursuits were neglected, and nearly all other ties forgotten, in the vortex of this omnivorous passion. With the enraptured *Nell* he exclaimed, "I dreamt last night I went to heaven, and this is it!"

He was now in the nightly habit of attending theatres, witnessing the best efforts of acting, and seldom missed an opportunity of making an appearance himself. His ambition by this time had grown too bulky for the first floor of the pastrycook's; and though he ever recollected with gratitude the scenic favours he had there participated, and the softer dalliance he had perhaps wholly engrossed, yet was he naturally desirous of shewing his quality before a more enlightened auditory than the rusty relatives of Madame Cotterille's scholars.

He consequently took part in sundry private representations at the Lyceum Theatre, where he at once became the leading tragedian—the selections, the management, the first parts being conceded his equitable claim. *Young Norval* and *Pierre*, characters which he frequently repeated before some of the leading wits of the town, placed him at the head of all unprofessional aspirants.

Our youthful adventurer now began to stand in awe of the very fame he had been so sedulously acquiring. These proceedings could not be long concealed from the Master of St. Paul's or the Master of Sidney, who fondly anticipated a far different part had been the object of his constant study, and academic applause the only approbation he had coveted.

We will here beg indulgence for anticipating a trifling anecdote, which, in its chronologic order, might have still less interest. Upwards of forty years from the above events, (in 1830,) William, eldest son of our present inquiry, in writing from Hobart Town, whither he had proceeded some time before, with the view of settling as an agriculturist, observed, he had fallen in with an old acquaintance of his father, a Captain M——, celebrated in his day as a member of the Four-in-hand Club, and as one of the choice spirits of London's gay metropolis. Captain M——'s visit to this hemisphere had not been quite so voluntary as that of our correspondent, having originally been transported thither for the offence of bigamy; but fourteen years and change of diet having purged away all corruption, and both his wives being dead, he might really be said to have began the world anew in New South Wales; and this he did by what he called "*single* blessedness"—namely, marrying a third wife, but *one* only at a time. He was, in fact, at this period filling a highly responsible office, and on far better terms with his own conscience than when he boasted the fellowship of the notorious Sir John Lade. "Well I recollect," said he to William Elliston, "the many happy days your father and myself passed together when boys. He was at St. Paul's—I, at Westminster. How fond we were of acting,

and what hair-breadth 'scapes we had in the project of our private theatricals! We used to quarrel tremendously about the 'leading business' until we settled it this way—I was to have the handsomest dress, whatever the character might be, and your father the choice of parts. We were in the habit, too, of reciting graver matter at Professor Martyn's, in Park Terrace. I remember distinctly your father—'Summum, Brute, nefas,' &c.," continued he, attempting an imitation of his old friend; "but my speech was from Milton—

> 'Must I then leave thee, Paradise—thus leave
> Thee, native soil—where I had hoped to spend
> Quiet?'—

a quotation which doubtless did not strike him at the time, so ludicrously apt to his own fortunes—and deserts."

But to return. The resolution which he had now positively taken of adopting the stage as a profession was not unattended by much mental distress. He thought on the cruel disappointment he was laying up for his two best friends, his relatives at Cambridge, and the sense of ingratitude stung him to the quick. In his uncle, the Master of Sidney, he had enjoyed both the love and protection of a parent, without the natural claim. His debt was heavier than even a long course of diligence could expect wholly to satisfy, and yet he was about to repay him with the base coin of ingratitude.

At other moments, somewhat after the style of *Harry Dornton*, would he reason. "Is not classic lore my very object? Æschylus, Sophocles, Shakspeare, Jonson—they are a noble study—none but a scholar can have intercourse with these mighty spirits, none but a scholar and a gentleman can hope to embody their creations. The stage—'tis a niche for literature's stateliest form; the drama—'tis a mighty branch of knowledge—of ethics, too. Now, would my uncle indeed think so sternly of my motive?"

In fond, fleeting sophistry, half sad, half joyous, thus would he cheer on his purpose, and feel something like reconciliation; but sober judgment never failing to resume its place, brought him invariably to his senses with shame and all the first bitterness of self-reproach.

His conduct now became like that of most persons under similar impressions. The holidays were anticipated with less anxiety and delight; his letters to Cambridge were brief and vague, and might have become equally rare, but his constant demands for money altogether prevented their falling under that imputation.

Circumstances now arrived at that dizzy pitch which demanded him to *act* in right earnest. As in "misfortunes" we have heard of, concealment was no longer possible, and the first bold step of our hero was finally resolved on.

As it is pretty generally admitted that dramatic interest is best secured by basing it in some charming act of indiscretion, and guarding the early steps of its scenic children from falling into tame respectability, lest, for instance, like *Miss Languish*, there might be danger of marriage with the dull consent of guardians at last; and as it is necessary that all your heroes who would recommend themselves hereafter should run away in the first instance, and commence vagabond that they may finish better with the gentleman, we are so far happy that truth warrants us in confessing, that no sooner had Master Robert deter-

mined one point than he resolved on the other, which was to quit his home clandestinely, and throw himself on a far wider theatre than it had hitherto been his fortune to encounter.

He was not long in planning the direction of his flight. A boon acquaintance, who had boasted the distinction of frequently acting under the management of our adventurer at the Lyceum, and in whom Elliston had before found it convenient to repose some little matters of confidence, was at this time living at Bath, and was a friend, moreover, of Mr. Dimond, the theatrical manager in that city. Bath being also at a respectable distance from his two objects of terror, London and Cambridge, or, in other words, Dr. Roberts and Dr. Elliston, he thought he could not do better than fix on it, both as his place of present refuge and future expectation.

It was in pursuance of this that on a black, chilly morning, in the very early part of spring, 1791, light in baggage as the *Hon. Mr. Dowlas* himself, with but little in his pocket and still less in his stomach, Robert William slipped from the street-door of his father's house, punctually at half-past four by the paternal chronometer, and made the best of his way to the coach-office in Piccadilly.

In the year 1791, the English stage-coach wore as different an aspect to the vehicle of 1841, as the gold-laced hat and silver shoe buckles differ from the costume on the identical pavement at the present hour. There was "*the heavy Falmouth*," the weighty York "Highflyer," and the lengthy Bristol; and a journey of a hundred miles was an undertaking of time, privation, and endurance.

We trust our hero will not forfeit any claim to such distinction while we confess that a review of his resources, or perhaps the weather, not a little *damped* his spirit; and fain would he have retraced his steps, on finding at his reaching the coach-office the long body completely full, and every person so occupied on his own affairs as to afford him no information under his dilemma; but the alarum was by this time sounded in the watchmaker's warehouse, and his absence discovered, so that he had no alternative but to proceed at all hazard. In the course of his further inquiry, he learnt that the two-horse "Bath Invalid Coach" would start from a neighbouring office within an hour, but that no other conveyance for that city would leave London before the mail, in which every place had been secured.

Perplexed, and by this time somewhat alarmed, he readily seized the only chance left for him, and paying part of his fare, was booked forthwith in a feigned name. Being now more at ease, he had opportunity for contemplating the probabilities of his incarceration in this rotary lazaretto. The "Invalid" professedly travelled slowly for the benefit of its ailing inmates, taking them only part of the journey on the first day, and concluding it late enough on the second, so that it was a coach which really performed what it professed to do—namely, "*slept* on the road."

Evidently waiting the arrival of the said "Bath Invalid," a hackney vehicle was drawn up to the office, containing an elderly gentleman, who, as it transpired, had taken one place for his body and another for his legs, which were swaddled in flannel, as he sat at that moment writhing under a severe paroxysm of gout. With a sigh did our young friend gaze upon a face in which was the mingled expression of pain arising from disease and fury the result of pain. "My penance

is likely to go hand in hand with my offence," mentally ejaculated he, as he contemplated two long days in all the horrors of this "middle passage!" The "Bath pair-horse Invalid" now drew up as solemnly for the elderly gentleman as that still gloomier vehicle which, in all probability, would be the next and last in his mortal service. The operation of transferring him from one body to the other was in progress, which, to the *adagio* of a volley of curses, was at length accomplished. Rewarding his attendants with a look of renewed fury, he pulled up the glasses with all the violence he could master, and was heard no more—for the present.

It was now within ten minutes of the professed time of starting, and as poor Elliston was speculating on the next character he might be introduced to in this drama of "*The Bath Road*," the coach-door was again opened to the approach, "with lingering steps and slow," of a tall female, labouring under a sharp attack of inflamed eyes, and conducted by a footboy, who was beguiling his tortoise pace by licking what still adhered to the paper wrapper of some baked treacle. The ceremony of conveying this sufferer to the interior of the coach was nearly as tedious, but a far more grateful task, than the former; and though our young runaway had still less and less reason to congratulate himself on his fortune of the morning, he could not help feeling some sympathy with the *unsightly* lady, as she timidly took her place to the serenade of the only language the rabid gentleman seemed to have retained the slightest recollection of.

Faithful on the pavement to the very last, though he had heard twenty times the coach was then starting, Elliston, the third patient, entered the narrow ward of this migrating hospital. Placing himself next to the swaddled feet of the raving martyr, and opposite to two faces, one the largest he had ever gazed on out of a masquerade shop, and the other the longest he had ever seen out of the convex of a silver spoon, he was conveyed by degrees from the rugged pavement of Piccadilly to travel one hundred and ten miles at the same rate of enjoyment.

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## THE PERSIAN POET'S TOMB.

BY CATHERINE PARR.

"The object of greatest interest at Shiraz, however, is the spot where repose the mortal remains of the poet Hafiz. His mausoleum is at the heart of the fountain, so celebrated in his poems by the name of Roknabad," &c.—*Tomb of Hafiz the Persian Poet. By W. F. Ainsworth.* Ainsworth's Magazine, *Oct.* 1842.

'Twas a sweet thought to make his grave
Beside the limpid fountain's spring,
The fountain of whose sparkling wave,
He loved so well to sing.

'Twas a sweet thought: than that bright stream
No fitter epitaph could be,—
Well did its wild sweet waters seem
To paint his destiny.

At morn, when on its native bank
Its freshness to the air it gave,
The flowers of *Shiraz* only drank
The sweetness of its wave;

But when enhaled by mid-day sun,
It fell on earth in freshening showers,
Far other lands it rained upon,
And freshen'd other flowers.

The poet's lot! the Persian maids
Breathed the *first* sweetness of his lay;
But when from Shiraz' pleasant shades
His spirit pass'd away,

His song of love, and flower, and bird,
To distant nations softly came,
Till scarce a land that hath not heard
The Persian Poet's name!

# THE LION'S RIDE.*

*(From the German of Freiligrath.)*

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

KING of deserts is the lion; will he through his kingdom fly—
Straight to the lagune he sallies, in the lofty reeds to lie:
There he cow'rs where the gazelles and giraffes come their thirst to slake,
While the sycamore's light branches trembling o'er the proud one shake.

When at evening, in the negro's kraal the fire is glowing bright,—
When the tow'ring table-mountain gives no more the varied light
From its signal;—when the Kafir lonely stalks through the karroo,†
In the hedge, the antelope is slumb'ring—by the stream, the gnu;

Mark the giraffe, through the desert how she nobly strides along,
With the waters of the dull lagune to ease her burning tongue,
Which is hanging from her mouth;‡ she, gasping through the desert, hastes,
Kneeling down, and bending her long neck, the troubled pool she tastes.

Suddenly, the reeds are stirring. On her neck, with mighty spring,
Darts the lion!—What a courser!—In the stable of a king
When were ever seen more gorgeous trappings than the spotted hide
Of the gallant steed the monarch of the brutes has deigned to ride?

Greedily his teeth he fixes in the muscles of her neck;
See the rider's shaggy mane the shoulders of his courser deck.
Up she starts, and, with a stifled cry of pain, begins her flight.
How the camel's swiftness and the leopard's spotted hide unite!

See, with nimble feet she beats the plain, on which the moonlight gleams;
Now her eyes are starting from the sockets; now, in languid streams,
Fall the blacken'd drops of gore, which on her spotted neck appear—
All the desert round the rapid beatings of her heart may hear.

Like the cloud, which, with its brightness, Israel's race through Yemen guided,
Which an airy, yellow phantom, like a desert-spirit glided,—
Mark, a column, formed of sand, is following where'er they flee—
'Tis a sandy water-spout,§ arising from a sandy sea.

Now their track the rav'nous panther follows—the Cape herdsman's dread;
Now, too, follows the hyena—foul despoiler of the dead;
After them, the shrieking vulture, whirling through the air, has flown—
By the marks of blood and sweat, their monarch's fearful path is shewn.

Now they see their king, who trembling on his living throne appears;
While, with pointed claw, the spotted cushion of his seat he tears;
The giraffe must bear him, without resting, till her strength is gone—
Vain it is to struggle with a rider like that mighty one!

By the desert's edge she falls—her throat is rattling—life has ceased—
Cover'd with the dust and foam, the horse becomes the rider's feast—
Over Madagascar, in the east, already gleams the light;—
Thus, the king of beasts is wont to hurry through his realms at night.

* Of all the poems of Freiligrath, this is the most celebrated; being generally chosen as peculiarly characteristic, in selections from the modern poets.—J. O.

† "Karroo" is a Hottentot word for a broad sandy plain. The rhyme of "Karroo" and "Gnu" occurs in the original; and is one of those instances of Freiligrath's delight in a barbarous termination to his verses, which have caused the praise of his admirers, and the animadversions of severe critics.—J. O.

‡ This continuation of the sentence from one line into another, which appears harsh and prosaic here, is much less so than in the original, where the adjective "schlaffe" ends one line, and the substantive, "Zunge," begins the next. These peculiarities are not the result of carelessness, but of the desire of Freiligrath to produce new effects with his metre.—J.O.

§ This "sandy water-spout" is an awkward expression, which, it seems to me, is impossible to avoid in English. Freiligrath, to escape it, has used the French word, "Trombe" in the original.—J. O.

# A LEAF OUT OF THE "GESTA ROMANORUM."

BY ROBERT BELL.

[The erudite reader need not trouble himself with this preludious note, which is simply intended to inform the younger branches of country families that the "Gesta Romanorum" is a collection of apologues and moralized fables belonging to the thirteenth century. It seems that the method of teaching wholesome truths by way of example was recognised and practised in the early ages of the Christian church —the way having been first shewn by the Divine author of the Parables. The "Speculum Historiale" and the "Gesta Romanorum" are amongst the most ancient specimens extant of this curious species of lore; and it is well authenticated by Erasmus, Schelhorn, and others, that they were frequently quoted in the pulpit—a matter which is not very surprising, perhaps, considering that Petrarch and Boccaccio were amongst the most popular authorities quoted and referred to in a later age by Italian preachers. It is not known who wrote the "Gesta Romanorum." Warton ascribes the authorship to Peter Bercheur, prior of the convent of St. Eloy, in Paris. Douce assigns several reasons why it could not have been written by Bercheur, and thinks it must have been the work of a German. It is not at all improbable, however, that instead of being the production of a single hand, it was a compilation from a variety of sources. In addition to the original "Gesta Romanorum," of which a great number of editions have been printed in Germany, France, and the Low Countries, there is another "Gesta Romanorum," which has never been printed, several MS. copies of which exist in the public libraries of England, and which seems to have been written in imitation of the former. Mr. Douce gives a full account of this production. Mr. Tyrwhitt appears to have mistaken it for the "Gesta Romanorum" analyzed by Warton, from which, however, it is different, although it embraces, in new shapes, some of the most striking fables contained in that work. It is of English origin, apparently; but, like its predecessor, it is written in Latin. Mr. Douce suspects that the monks used to "recreate their minds" with these productions, as well as make use of them in their sermons. Being written in Latin, they were inaccessible to the bulk of the laity; but that was no obstacle to the monks, to whom Latin was a sort of mother-tongue. "They might even have indulged in this kind of recreation," says Mr. Douce, "during their continuance in the refectory after meals. For this purpose one of the fraternity, more eminently qualified than the rest, might entertain them with the recital of matters that would admit of some moral application to be made by the reader, or which was already attached to the subject." It is only necessary to have a little faith in this supposition of the ingenious illustrator of Shakspeare, in order to realize a characteristic monkish *tableau* with the help of the following legend. Imagine some half dozen rosy fathers recreating themselves in the refectory over sundry flasks of Rhenish, while one, more eminently qualified than the rest, reads aloud this chapter out of the "Gesta Romanorum" for the edification of his hearers. The "moral application" must be supplied according to circumstances. R. B.]

## Love laughs at Monarchs.

I.

The court of the Emperor Polentius was renowned for the beauty of the ladies by whose presence it was graced, and for the courage and gallantry of the knights who waited upon them. But of all the lustrous damsels who thronged the saloons of the palace, the Princess Aglaë, daughter of the emperor, was the most lovely. The minstrels exhausted all known similes in the hope of being enabled to express adequately in their songs the extraordinary beauty of her eyes, her mouth, her forehead, and her hair;—but in vain. Oriental imagery broke down under the effort, and the princess was, of necessity, pronounced *per se*. Loadstars, odours out of Paradise, snow from the sunless depths of the Sahund, and the ripe, radiant tresses of naiads were cited and sung in vain. The beauties of the Princess Aglaë transcended them all, and left Poetry in despair.

Of all the knights whose achievements rendered the chivalry of the court of Polentius famous over the world, Sir Hildebrand was the most distinguished. Others were immortalized by single feats of wonderful valour: one had slain a pestiferous dragon; another had fought his way through a cordon of wild beasts, and rescued a beautiful lady from the hands of a wicked enchanter; and a third had maintained an unequal conflict with a giant. But Sir Hildebrand was renowned for the incalculable number and variety of his performances. His strength was prodigious; his eye was sure; and he was said to have killed more knights in single combat, than would have furnished retinues for all the emperors in Christendom. The merits of Sir Hildebrand were themes of universal admiration. There was not a noble lady at the court who would not have gladly exchanged places with his page. But the Princess Aglaë had already engaged his affections in secret; and, even while the fairest and loftiest amongst them were contending for the possession of his heart, the prize was appropriated by the princess.

Never was love more perfect or more pure. The lustre of heroic deeds and the wealth of kingdoms were as dust in the balance compared with the value they placed upon each other's devotion; and Hildebrand would rather have called to life again all the knights he had slain, and the princess would rather have forfeited her father's throne, than surrender that sweet dream of their youth. But alas! and well-a-day! dreams do not hold out in the face of the sun, who wakens up the sleeper out of his region of fantasies, and calls him into the palpable world of action. The trumpet had sent forth its echoes through the Christian nations of the earth, requiring all true and loyal knights to arm for the Holy Land. The click of rivets might be heard from pole to pole; heroes were everywhere to be seen trying on new suits of armour, or inspecting the repairs of old; and the forges of Europe were in flame and commotion day and night. It was not a time for Sir Hildebrand to dally in the twilight bowers of love. While an infidel foot-print marked the sands of Palestine, it would have been treason to think of Aglaë. In this strait, he took the vow of seven years' dedication to the crusades. For seven long years he vowed to do battle for the Cross. And in this agony, the princess, looking at him through her tears, and placing her slender fingers upon his mailed shoulder, exclaimed—"Go, my Hildebrand, annihilate the pagans; return, and claim me. I swear, for thy sake, to remain unwed for seven long years!"

The princess strains her eyes, almost blind with weeping, to catch a last glimpse of her lover from the battlements. He and his train have already passed over the drawbridge, and are seen winding along the plain below. At last the cavalcade pierce the forest, and, one by one, they disappear amongst the trees. A single horseman remains behind, mounted on a silver-grey charger; he raises his plumed cap, from whence depends an azure ribbon starred over with crosses.—It is Hildebrand! He looks upwards for a brief moment; then, turning slowly towards the wood, he is lost in the gloom. Gentle and loving Aglaë, what a seven years' misery lies before thee!

II.

"Daughter, daughter, it is not well in thee to hold this discourteous silence towards my well-trusted friend and ally. I tell thee, the King

of Hungary—a right gracious king!—seeks thy hand in marriage. He has broad lands and waters, mountains that scale the skies, and rivers that search the caverns of the earth. He will make thee a queen, daughter, and when I die thou shalt inherit my crown, and make thy lord an emperor."

"Father, father, it is not well in thee to hold this cunning language towards thy daughter. I tell thee I am betrothed, and cannot give my hand in marriage to the King of Hungary. Broad lands may be laid waste, and waters may be ploughed by hostile ships; mountains may roll from their base, and rivers may inundate the valleys; but true love never can fail. I would rather serve him I love, than be Queen of Hungary. As to my lord's inheritance, he who is rich in love has no need of any other empire."

"For four heavy years the King of Hungary has wooed thee; yet never could he get an answer. He hath sent vessels to my harbours laden with presents, yet not one of them wouldst thou receive. This must have an end."

"All things end, but love, which is immortal. The gracious king is answered in my silence."

"I cannot accept this idle speech. Thou art betrothed—well, thy betrothed cometh not—thou art free."

"When my vow expires, I am released. And then, father, I place myself at thy disposal, to do with me what thou wilt. My heart is evermore in the grave."

"My fair daughter, thy vow shall be respected. How long have we yet to wait?"

"A twelvemonth and three days. If within that time my true lord should not come, you shall make answer for me to the king."

The banquet rings in the imperial hall, and Hungary drinks to the health of Polentius, wishing every grain of sand in the hourglass had a pair of wings, to give speed to the coming twelvemonth; and Polentius talks thickly of partitions, and treaties, and territorial lines, until the moaning flames lick the sockets of the lamps, and a deep, multitudinous snore, rising up both from below and above the salt, steeps the clamorous revellers in unanimous slumber.

Throughout the whole of that night the Princess Aglaë was alone in her oratory, on her knees before a crucifix, praying for Hildebrand!

III.

A THOUSAND lances are ranged before the gates of the castle. The court-yard is crowded with heads, gathered on a sudden, out of curiosity or joy. Some have a heedless kerchief thrown over them, others are wrapped in hoods, and not a few in any odd garment that happened to come first to hand. The sun has just risen, and the grey light, struggling out of a cold fringe of clouds, is barely caught by the points of the lances, and reflected back sluggishly upon the masses that heave and fret in the intermediate space. There are groups of watchers in every window, and on the summits of every tower. Wherever a foot can find room to perch, there some perilous climber has ascended at the risk of his neck, and even the columns of the façade are wreathed with tenacious limbs.

At last the trumpets fill the air with music, and swords flash out in the sun. The crowds give way on both sides, and down the open space

the King of Hungary advances. His horse, richly caparisoned, awaits him. He leaps into the saddle. The trumpets stun the welkin with a burst of thunder, the multitude increase the deafening clamour with their shouts, and the procession begins to move out into the open country.

From east, west, north, and south, strange faces come to gaze upon this gorgeous progress. As the king moves onward through marsh and through meadow, through plains and through cities, eyes gather upon his path like stars, and brighten the way he goes. Never was bridal march like this. The echoes of the popular delight fall ever upon his ears like blessings welling up out of the general heart, and he goes along like a conquering bridegroom, exulting in the glory of his course.

He has ridden for many days, he and his thousand lances, and he is now within twelve hours' journey of the court of Polentius. A twelve month and two days have expired, and no tidings have been heard of Hildebrand. The princess will be free on the morrow, and his royalty comes right royally to make the beautiful Aglaë his bride. His heart swells high, and the wind that dances in his crest is not more gay than the King of Hungary.

As he rode on a-head of his thousand lances, thinking of anniversaries lying far off on the map of time, he overtook a knight, mounted on a horse covered with foam, and riding apparently in the same direction. The knight had a soiled and anxious look, but was so courteous and gallant that the king soon fell into conversation with him. In the midst of their wayside talk, there came on a violent fall of rain. If the sky had been thrown open from side to side, and all the water it contains let down in a single flood, the deluge could not have been more overwhelming than it was while this unlucky shower lasted. All the king's fine embroidery was ruined; silk and velvet, gold and silver, and all the rest of his wedding bravery, was completely destroyed. His majesty's consternation was unspeakable.

"You should have brought your house with you," observed the strange knight, drily.

The king thought this was a very singular admonition; but as the knight could not possibly know why the king was so much disturbed at the having his clothes spoiled, he made no reply.

Soon afterwards they came to a rapid stream of water, and the king, to shew his train that he was recovering his spirits, plunged in gaily with his horse. But the water was deeper than he supposed, and he was nearly drowned.

"You should have brought your bridge with you," said the strange knight.

This observation seemed more singular to the king than the former; but still he made no reply. It was now advancing towards evening, and the king inquired what time of day it was; when his mysterious companion promptly responded that it was time to eat, handing his majesty a cake, which the king accepted.

"You have acted unwisely," said the strange knight, "in omitting to bring your father and mother with you."

"My father and mother!" thought the king; "they are dead. What does he mean?"

They were now within a short distance of the emperor's palace, when

the strange knight, reining up his steed, begged permission to take leave of the king, as he was desirous, for private reasons, to take another road. This curious request excited the king's wonder to such a pitch, that he earnestly requested the knight to tell him what road he intended to take.

"Well, then," answered the knight, "since you press me so hard, I will tell you the truth. On this day seven years, I spread a net in a certain place, and to that place I am now going. If I find the net broken, I shall leave it where I find it; if whole, I shall take it away with me."

Having uttered these words, the knight struck his spurs into his horse's flanks, and was out of sight before the king could thoroughly comprehend what he had said.

IV.

THERE is high festival in the court of Polentius. The King of Hungary and his thousand lances have arrived, and the toils and accidents of the journey are drowned in sparkling goblets. The last night of the vow is come and nearly run out, and the tables groan with good cheer, and welcomes and congratulations smite the roof on all sides. In the midst of the universal delight, the King of Hungary relates the adventures he encountered on his progress, and above all, the curious quips of the strange knight; and a merry jest it is for the roystering company. They are fit to crack their sides with laughter, and everybody has a fling at the unknown chevalier. Polentius, nevertheless, thinks there is some purpose in the knight's words, and undertakes to interpret them for the amusement of his guests.

"The knight is a wise man," said the emperor; "and it is plain enough that when he said the king should bring his house with him, he meant nothing more than his cloak; that the bridge he talked of, signified merely that the king should have sent his attendants before him, to ascertain the depth of the water; and that by the king's father and mother, he indicated the bread and wine with which he should have provided himself for his journey."

This explanation is received with plaudits by the whole company—(for when was there found in a palace a courtier to doubt the wisdom of a monarch?)—but the king, not being quite satisfied with it, asked the emperor what interpretation he puts upon that part of the knight's speech which related to the net.

Polentius is evidently perplexed. He knits his brows, and resting his chin on one outspread palm, he looks thoughtfully into a still pool of wine that had gradually formed itself on the board before him, reflecting his head and beard, foreshortened, on its shining surface. A dead silence sets in upon the assembly. The emperor is thinking!

Short time suffices to suggest to the imperial brain the suspicion that now takes possession of it. "This night seven years!" exclaims Polentius, and springing out of his throne, he shrieks aloud to the astonished company, "My daughter!"

It is the work of but a few minutes to plant sentries upon every avenue communicating with the princess's apartments, to ascend the stairs, and penetrate to her chamber. It is too late. The rooms are empty. Hildebrand has taken the shortest road, and been there before them!

# THREE SONGS.

BY EDWARD KENEALY, ESQ.

## A SERENADE.

"La creatura bella
Bianco vestita, e nella faccia quale
Par tremolando matutina stella."—DANTE, *Purg.* C. xii.

THE waters are sleeping—the heavens are shining
In light,
And a planet-wrought crown the fair head is entwining
Of Night.
The winds murmur music—and lo, from the roses
A breath,
Like the fragrance that hangs round a saint who reposes
In death.
On her hinds snowy-white the sweet Dian now flieth
Through air,
And than thee and thy bosom of light nought espieth
More fair.
My light boat is waiting, and longs to convey thee
Afar;
Descend, then, and hence with thy lover, I pray thee,
My star!

I have twined, as thou seest, a garland of flowers,
Rose-bright,
Round my boat's silken awning, where pass shall our hours
Of flight.
I have brought thee a lute, too, which, waked by thy finger,
Shall pour
A music like that which made mariners linger
Of yore.
With ruin those syren strains, flung o'er the water,
Were wreathed;
In *thine*, love, life, beauty, sweet Italy's daughter,
Are breathed.
But than music or garland more valued one present
Shall be,
*'Tis my heart*, which is fill'd with devotion incessant
To thee.

Oh! canst thou those sweet days of sunshine and dances
Forget,
When our souls, passion-fraught, sparkled forth in our glances,
And met?
Or hast thou forgotten that moment of heaven,
Mine own,
When thou said'st that to me was thy virgin soul given
Alone?
Oh, no!—by those smilings that mine thou'rt for ever
I know,
And our current of love pure and bright as this river
Shall flow.
Then fly to me, dearest, ere Eös in splendour
Appear;
Thou art come—O bright Venus, the lover's befriender,
Be near!

## Hymn.

AD DIVAM VIRGINEM.

Candida Virgo
Ut rosa vernans,
Lucida cœli
Porta sereni;
Sidus amicum er-
-Rantis opaca
Per freta nocte,
Defer ad aures
Diva Tonantis
Hæc pia vota
Corde profecta.
Ipse petita
Matris amatæ
Audiet æqua
Aure benignus.
Fac Dea justam
Mitiget iram,
Promptaque ponat
Fulmina clemens.
Inserat illam
Quam dedit illam
(Dum petit astra,)
Pectore pacem
Quam neque turbant
Prælia mundi
Nec ferus hostis
Insidiator
Eripit audax.
Sacra libido
Et sitis auri
Exsulet a me;
Sit mihi candor
Mentis et omnis
Invidia absit,
Et Venus in me
Frigeat ardens:
Nec meus error
(Plurimus error)
Illius umquam
Provocet iram.

TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Virgin, like a summer rose,
Heaven's portal fair and bright,
Starry friend and guide to those
Tempest-tost at sea in night,
To the great Creator bear,
O Benignant, this my prayer!

He will listen unto thee,
Virgin holy, Virgin dear,—
Can a mother's offerings be
Aught but blessed to his ear?
Like pure waters from a spring,
From my soul my prayers wing.

May His mercy, Mother, fall
Like a heaven-refreshing dew
On the wearied hearts of all,
And our souls with love imbue!
Love to Him and love to Thee,
Unto whom we bend the knee.

May He freely on us shower
Peace divine and love to man!
This he left—a heavenly dower—
Ere his radiant reign began.
Peace whose base not worlds could shake,
Nor a world could give or take.

From the miser's golden thirst
May my soul be purified!—
Never near that drought accursed
Truth or holy thought abide.
Snow-white may my spirit shine,
Worthy gentle prayers of thine!

May unruly passions sleep,
Nor with sin pollute my breast;
O'er them Grace her watch may keep,
Happy in her bright behest.
May my errors be forgiven,
Nor draw down the wrath of Heaven!

Mary, Mother, Virgin bear,
O Benignant! this my prayer.

## TO ********* *****.

I PLACE not my heart in pomp or power,
In palace of marble or pillar'd hall,—
Such pleasures as these are the toys of an hour;
But treasures more exquisite far than all
Shall be ours, if thou wilt be mine, love.

A rustic garden of roses fair,
A silver stream that glasses the sky,
The music of birds in the sunny air,
And bosoms that beat to their minstrelsy,
Shall be ours, if thou wilt be mine, love.

And the murmur'd music of crystal floods,
And hillocks of verdure and valleys sweet,
And bowers of jasmine and shady woods,
Whose echoes thy songs of love repeat,
Shall be ours, if thou wilt be mine, love.

And hopes and thoughts of most pure delight,
And the smile divine that beams in those eyes,
And the fragrant dawn and star-robed night,
And bliss like a picture of Paradise,
Shall be ours, if thou wilt be mine, love.

# THE CHOLERA IN IRELAND.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

PART THE FIRST.

The appearance of pestilential cholera at each successive stage of its dark and mournful progress was marked by fear and wonder, disbelief and outrage. The silent sadness under which the oriental fatalists met the scourge, contrasted, however, strongly with the indecent scepticism and brutal opposition offered by many Christian people. The ignorant among the churches, where the intellect is shackled by superstition, manifested the evil propensities to the greatest extent. Spain, Italy, and Ireland, where the same scenes of violence were enacted, and strange to say the same forms of erroneous credulity exhibited, furnish us with the examples. But the enlightened worshippers of Mammon, whose interests were interfered with, did not fail also wilfully to deny the existence of the malady, till they succumbed under its terrible influence. When the cholera broke out at Sunderland, in this country, the local authorities for a long time disowned the visitation; while at Newcastle, toasts were drank to its progress at the neighbouring port, the temporary constraint put upon which gave additional impulse to trade upon the Tyne. Sunderland paid the tribute of its temerity—persons who should have known better, fell victims in the act of even cursing the pestilence; and Newcastle and Gateshead were soon the scene of an inhumanity fearfully chastised.

The memory of my connexion with this cruel malady—a connexion which commenced at Sunderland, and continued till it disappeared from our isles—has always been a prolific and painful source of reflection on the folly and frailty of mankind. I am not, however, going to dwell upon the many dark and eventful pages which this history presents. The cholera battling with genius, perverted by the grossest superstitions, among the generous but misguided Irish, is my present theme.

My first *debût* in that country was in the beautiful little town of Westport, whither I was sent by the Marquis of Sligo. Embosomed among undulating hills, shaded by woods and groves, washed by a running stream, opening upon the bay of three hundred islands, and o'ertopped by the lofty mountain of Croagh Patrick, the situation is at once healthy and inviting. Its streets are wide, its houses cleanly, and its inhabitants, thanks to a liberal and resident landlord, of a generally superior order. Report had preceded me here: the priests, as was commonly stated, had denounced me from the pulpit; the press had even repeated the most absurd calumnies—calumnies which time, to a certain degree, rectified, but with which some minds were so imbued, that they may, for what I know to the contrary, be current even to the present day. The chief of these charges, as far as I could gather, were that I held communication with Satan, and that I poisoned the springs; the poison was carried in my snuff-box, and the proof of my connexion with the prince of darkness lay in my cloven feet. The existence of these unenviable claims to a reproachful distinction had been frequently mentioned to me in an indirect manner; but I did not attach any importance to them, as I thought that they

were of such a nature as only to be entertained by a few, and those belonging to a class which it was scarcely worth while, had I ever known how, to disabuse upon the subject, till a circumstance occurred which undeceived me in a painful manner on this account.

On my first arrival at Westport, the cholera was not very severe in the neighbourhood. There were most cases in the small town of Ballinrobe, about sixteen miles distance, and where the military surgeon belonging to the detachment had been carried off, at the onset. I was consequently in the habit of driving there every other day. The road lay over a wild country, chiefly bog or moorland, backed by bleak hills ; and half-way, there was a little inn, where was a young woman long sick, and dying of consumption. The mother wished me, when I first stopped to breathe my horse at this lonely place, to see her. I did so, and her mild manners and patient resignation made me feel much interested in her case. She was naturally very beautiful, and had that additional clear, bright tint, which belongs to the fatal disorder under which she was sinking. From that time, I never passed the house without seeing her, and taking her some little medicine to assuage her more urgent distress. My home at this time, at Westport, was in the hotel, which was a large and commodious building, and well kept. One day I was sitting in my room, when the daughters of my landlord, one of whom was a married woman, came to beg my assistance for a calf that was strangling. I joined the party in the yard, and found the poor animal struggling in convulsions, from a potato having stuck in the œsophagus. I forced it upwards, by dint of squeezing, but at the moment of passing the glottis, the animal made a violent plunge, which threw a heavy weight from some adjacent scales on my foot. I did not feel much pain, yet the blow momentarily sickened me, and made me turn pale. Nothing, in consequence, would satisfy the ladies but that my foot was hurt, and must be bathed. The next day was my turn to Ballinrobe. On arriving at the little inn, the old woman came out as usual to meet me, but with unaccustomed smiles. "My daughter," she said, "will be so glad to see you." I walked into the back room, when the young girl, half-raising herself in her bed, stretched out her hands towards me, saying, "Oh, I am so glad to hear that you have not cloven feet. I never could believe it myself." The whole history of the events of the day before, and the rapidity with which the report had travelled came upon me quicker than they could be narrated, and I need not say that I pursued my journey, my thoughts as dreary as the moorland that lay before me.

Shortly after this, the pestilence manifested itself in a more formidable manner at Ballinrobe, and perturbation supplanted hostility. I had now to take up my residence at that place. The barracks were closed, the shops shut up, the streets deserted. I walked to my duty, as if in a town void of inhabitants. Nor did I know where the disease existed, till a door or window was tremulously opened, to call me in. Sometimes a peasant from the country would stroll across the street; if he was half a mile off, he would take off his hat, and not put it on till he was out of sight ; sometimes he would kneel a short time and pray. This temporary dread, attendant merely upon a first acquaintance with the pestilence, soon wore off, and affairs assumed in a day or two a less lugubrious aspect. The clergyman residing in the town

was a young man of talent and energy—indeed, well known in the theological polemics of the sister island. The priests, of whom there were several, were proportionally in the background. A ridiculous circumstance occurred in illustration of this. I was one morning in company with the clergyman, who frequently went my rounds with me, when we came to a patient who refused all succour, and all medicine. "Stop a moment," said the Rev. Mr.——, "I will get him to take it;" and issuing forth, he bent his steps to where a knot of priests were grouped in desultory conversation, and taking one of them by the collar, he led him to the cottage, to insist on the patient taking the medicine that was ordered for him. There were some difficulties in the service of the hospital at Ballinrobe: men could not be found to bury the dead, but still everything went on pretty favourably; the mortality was not great; the force of the malady was soon spent on a small population; a strict quarantine kept the barracks free from sickness; and after receiving a snuff-box from the local Board of Health for my labours, I returned to Westport, where my services were now more in request.

As the disease was here widely spread over the town and neighbourhood, and there were only two medical men—the resident practitioner and myself—to do the whole of the duty, the necessity of concentration in the hospital became imminent, the more so as the danger of propagation was thereby diminished, and the rapid progress of the malady demanded assiduous and constant attention. Things were in one respect in Westport the opposite of what they were in Ballinrobe—the priests lent me a willing assistance, visited the hospital frequently, informed me where there were sick people, and even accompanied me to their houses. They were surprised that I should pay the same attentions to a Roman Catholic as to a Protestant—as if suffering humanity knew a distinction. The resident clergyman neither visited the hospital nor his suffering flock, but contented himself with expressing his surprise that I should associate with such people! Still the houses of many were shut to assistance. On these occasions, I had to take a party of constabulary, to enforce the orders of the Board of Health; but unauthorized to interfere, and with that dread of the violence of the peasantry which is always paramount with that otherwise most efficient body, they often left me to obtain a contested entrance almost unassisted. On one occasion I went for a patient, whose friends had refused to allow of his being taken to the hospital, and yet did not themselves dare to wait upon him, attended only by a cart and horse. I carried him in my arms down to the cart, and he happily recovered in the hospital.

Some curious cases of illness from fear occurred during the panic. Many families had retreated from the town, and also from the interior, to the pleasant villages around Westport. One evening I was sent for in a hurry, to visit a gentleman from Castlebar, who had been suddenly taken ill. I galloped to the village, and was introduced to the bedside of a stout gentleman, whose scarlet face and bloodshot eyes indicated great excitement. After satisfying his mind and that of his friends, that there was no cholera, I bled him freely, to relieve the febrile agitation, and took my departure. I met him the next morning, as he was taking a place by the Castlebar coach, in good health, but not sufficiently recovered to recognise his doctor, who, he thought, might

ask him for a fee. Some persons went quite mad during the panic, and I had to undergo some unpleasant scenes when called to visit such, while under temporary constraint at the station-house.

A case of a far more melancholy character occurred at a village on the shores of the bay. A party, among whom was a young lady and her betrothed, had been out boating, and the tide having gone out, they had to gain the shore by wading a long distance, ankle deep in water. The same afternoon, the young lady was seized with severe illness, and I was sent for. It was evidently a case of acute inflammation, and not of cholera, and was treated accordingly. The young man could scarcely believe my statement that it was not cholera, his mind was so much, but so erroneously, relieved by the statement. The progress of the disorder was so violent, that the remedial measures pursued were not equal to staying it. In the evening, I was sent for again, and the bleeding and blistering were carried as far as it could be done without danger, but without diminishing the intensity of the malady; the diagnosis was now of the worst kind, and I communicated to her lover the small chances of a favourable crisis. They sent for me again at midnight, and I cantered, I scarcely know how, through groves and narrow lanes, dark as pitch. From that time till morning, when death relieved her of her sufferings, I did not quit the poor girl, when, after writing a letter of condolence to her father at Castlebar, I returned to my hospital duties.

The priests, as I before said, had assumed a friendly relation; the virulence of the disease had begun somewhat to abate; few cases in the hospital were ever fatal; the most cheering reports were daily transmitted to the Marquis of Sligo, (whose interest in the neighbourhood was so great, that he wished even for the names of every sufferer,) and Providence smiled on our exertions, when a sad disaster befel us. I had returned one night fatigued to my bed at the hotel, when a servant came rushing into my room, exclaiming that the hospital was on fire; and already, indeed, a broad sheet of flame was to be seen from my window enveloping the edifice. It was about two hours before daybreak in midsummer. Hurrying to the scene of conflagration, some spectators had already gathered there, but none offered assistance, where they fancied it could only be given at the risk of infection, even if spared by the flames. The fire had originated in the staircase, which was only a temporary one, and not boarded between the steps, while beneath was a store of hay kept for renewing the mattresses. The nurses had in my absence lighted themselves up and down, by sticking a candle on the wall, which had fallen into the hay; and thus, at the onset, the communication with the upper wards, which were full of sick, was cut off. Happily a ladder was procured, and placed against one of the windows. The smoke was, however, already so dense, that there was no proceeding except with the body nearly level with the floor. By great exertions, every patient was safely handed out of the window, and successively deposited in a neighbouring garden. Only one nurse broke her leg by jumping through a trap-door. The building was also saved, and only required a slight repair.

After this accident, I went and slept at the hospital. At this time there were also two assistants: one of them was a person who, being acquainted with the minor surgical operations, practised without licence

or diploma, among the poor of the neighbourhood; the other, was a student of medicine, and we had a room prepared for us to sleep in, taking it by turns to keep watch all night. The second night of these arrangements, I and the elder assistant were in bed. The latter had had some evil forebodings during the day, and said that he thought he should be sick. I had endeavoured to cheer him up. About one in the morning, the younger assistant came down, and said he was unwell. I rose and tendered him assistance, and put him to bed. Scarcely had this been accomplished, when the other arose in his bed, and was immediately sick. His countenance was pale and anxious; the dark areola was round his eye. I comforted the two invalids, by promising not to quit the room till they were better, or it was all over. The youth rallied from his violent sickness. In about an hour or two I had restored the right functions of the assimilatory organs; not so the elder, who survived, but only after a long and lingering illness, and he left the hospital an altered man; nor did he ever, I believe, resume those duties which his conscience did not appear to approve of in sickness.

From Westport, I went to Claremont, where the disease had not then broken out. The story of poisoning springs was rife here, and the prejudices against me very strong. To counteract these as much as possible, Mr. B——, one of the largest proprietors in the neighbourhood, and a magistrate, came out with his lady and family to meet me on my arrival, and I drove with them through the town, which did not, however, allay all expressions of feeling, and several stones were thrown at the carriage. When I proceeded to my duties in the town, assistance was refused with closed doors, and not a sufferer would go to the hospital. It was impossible, under these circumstances, to save a single case. After trying in vain every persuasive means, Mr. B—— resolved upon going with me, attended by six constables, all that the town afforded, to visit one of the dirtiest and most crowded streets. This was in the evening, and every door was shut and a crowd assembled outside. The constables pointed out where there were sick people; but our entrance was opposed by barred doors within, and showers of stones from without. Mr. B—— was unfortunately in light clothes, and after night came on, was the most frequently struck. In vain he read the riot act, the populace seemed bent on driving us away. They made a rush at the constables, and one of them was thrown on a heap of stones close behind me. I was obliged to clear the space with his own carbine before he could be released. We were now hemmed in on both sides, our force was very inconsiderable, the aspect of the crowd momentarily more threatening, and the missiles more numerous and dangerous. Mr. B—— was obliged at length to have recourse to arms, and a few shots happily cleared the streets without injuring any one; but the crowd retired behind the houses, and kept up a continual shower of stones upon us. We were determined, however, to keep our station, and at midnight sent off a mounted policeman to Castlebar, for military aid. Early in the morning, a detachment of troops arrived, and peace was restored to the town. The same day a meeting of the inhabitants was summoned at the town hall. It was attended by the magistrates, the major commanding the detachment, the rector and priests, besides myself, on the bench; the building itself was as crowded as it could be. I then addressed the meeting at consider-

able length—detailing the history and nature of pestilential cholera; its progress, and the best means of assuaging it. This part of my address was listened to with mingled groans and derision. I proceeded, however, to advert to what had occurred under my own observation, in England and in their own country. I narrated some very striking cases, where opposition to the decrees of Providence had entailed punishment on the offenders; and I then began to touch the right key—to appeal to their common sense through the only approachable point—their superstitions. There was now perfect silence and attention; taking advantage of this, I challenged them for their unmanly hostility towards those who had no wish but for their welfare—for the harm which they did to their friends and relatives, by their ill-judged and ignorant warfare, and the danger that they exposed themselves to by impeding the steps that might be taken to prevent the spread of the disease, or to diminish its virulence. Then turning to the priests and the rector, I called upon them to second my efforts, and to assist me in pointing out the delusion under which the crowd were labouring, in accumulating upon an individual the just decrees of Providence, and the total absence of all proper religious feeling, which such a line of conduct manifested. These worthy gentlemen followed me by a few words to the desired purport. The meeting broke up in silent regret and shame for what had occurred; and from that time, although the troops left the same day, I experienced no further hostilities at Claremont.

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## THE CHURCH OF ST. VALERY.

A LEGEND OF VARENGEVILLE.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

When warm July bids tourists hie
The Channel to pass over,
Oft where to cross they're at a loss,
From London or from Dover.

While some would fain go up the Seine,
A pleasant journey, you'll own,
Ten-shilling fares (bewitching snares!)
Tempt multitudes to Boulogne.

The shortest way (so handbills say,
The wanderers to enlighten)
And best, "'pon rep!" is by Dieppe,
Some eighty miles from Brighton.

By rail from town you travel down
In three short hours with ease, man;
Then catch the "Dart" just on the start,
And sail with Captain Cheeseman.

When you arrive, you'll ride or drive,
Of course, as England's scions
Are wont to do, to Arques and Eu,
To stare and see the lions.

Still there's a spot which you may not
Find out, though there you can go—
A farm-house now, but once, I vow,
The residence of Ango.

Full long 'tis since the merchant prince,
In fortune's prosp'rous hour,
There ruled with pride, and kings defied
With more than kingly power;

Since gallant knight and damsel bright
Held soft and am'rous parley—
In those gay halls, now cattle stalls,
Or fill'd with wheat and barley.

A league or more from this *manoir*,
Proud wreck of Ango's glory,
Thick woods conceal fair Varengeville,
The *locale* of my story.

Now France, I wot, boasts many a spot
More famed for crops and tillage;
I'll wager, though, she cannot shew
A more romantic village.

Its streets are glades whose arching
shades
Each cottage home embower,
The summer air breathes odours rare
From many a hidden flower.

Beyond the village, on a hill,
You plainly may discover,
Like bird on perch, an odd-shaped church
The seashore jutting over.

It seems as if the narrow cliff,
The building's sole foundation,
Were suited best for eagle's nest,
An *eyrie* situation.

You cross a rill, then mount until
You pause to rest, and wonder
How could the architect so far
Church and church-goers sunder?

So thought of old, if truth we're told,
And here I am no sceptic,
Its Curé stout, and plagued with gout,
And rather apoplectic.

He grudged the time it took to climb
The hill so steep and stony;
Vow'd 'twas too bad—no horse he had,
No donkey, mule, or pony.

He grumbled so, that high and low
Together soon were leaguing;
All Varengeville began to feel
The journey too fatiguing.

The roads so rough, 'tis work enough,
Thought they, to mount there one day,
Then, *sacristie!* what must it be
To climb up *every* Sunday!

They hit upon a plan *nem. con.*
At last, to let some man go,
Or two, perhaps, cool, cautious chaps,
To ask advice from Ango.

So off they went with wise intent,
And each display'd his best coat,
Smart yellow hose, and two long rows
Of buttons on his waistcoat.

Lord Ango at a table sat,
His morning meal enjoying,
On many a dish of flesh and fish
His appetite employing.

He wash'd down chine with draughts of wine
As only *gourmands* can do,
And relished much some oysters, such
As ne'er were seen by Dando.

Pasties, and sweets, and potted meats,
Snipe, partridge, hare, and pigeon,
Stew'd, boil'd, and fried, lay side by side,
With wild-duck, teal, and widgeon.

From plate and cup he ne'er look'd up,
Nor heard the envoys speaking,
Who bowing were beside his chair,
Like mandarins from Pekin.

He ne'er turn'd round until a sound
More loud, perhaps, than pleasing,
Told plain enough that too much snuff
Had set good Pierre sneezing.

"What want ye here?" in tone severe,
The angry noble shouted;
"What do ye seek, you blockheads?—speak,
And don't be long about it!"

"*Monseigneur*, we are come, you see,"
Snuffled out Pierre (for he
Could scarce with ease find time to sneeze,
And time to tell his story),

"To lay our case before your grace,
For (hem!) *whose* judgment's clearer?
Our houses are from church too far,
We want the church brought nearer."

"Then pull it down, you stupid clown—
It *can* be pull'd down, can't it?
Take all the bricks, and stones, and sticks,
And build it where you want it."

Full of the plan, away they ran
To where, in consultation
And silence deep, sat, half asleep,
The village population.

Their tale soon told, both young and old
With cheers and bravos plenty,
As if inspired, the scheme admired
*Nullo dissentiente.*

With zealous haste, no time to waste,
From cottage, hut, and hovel,
To church next day all bent their way,
With pickaxe, spade, and shovel.

The sunbeams broil'd them as they toil'd,
But yet such was their ardour
To pull it down, though scorch'd and brown,
They only work'd the harder.

In course of time, with help of lime,
Stone, slate, and bricks, and mortar,
The new church stood within the wood,
Beside a pool of water.

With what an air they loved to stare,
Their handiwork admiring,
And vow'd no more they'd scramble o'er
That hill so steep and tiring.

But they forgot the Saint might not
Think with his congregation,
And tamely choose, unask'd, to lose
His seaside situation.

The breezes there blew fresh and fair,
The sky was clear and sunny,
That hilly range he wouldn't change—
No, not for any money.

So one dark night, in rapid flight,
Than Icarus far bolder,
Back to its perch he moved the church,
Like Atlas, on his shoulder.

'Twere hard to say with what dismay
All Varengeville was teeming—
With what surprise men rubb'd their eyes,
And fancied they were dreaming—

After long search, to find the church
They'd vainly tried to sever
From the steep hill, o'ertop it still,
As firm and fast as ever.

Convinced that they must now give way,
The awe-struck congregation
Vow'd they would ne'er henceforward dare
To change its situation.

Since then no word was ever heard
Of the rough path complaining;
Expert they grew, and nimble too,
By dint of weekly training.

Still to this time the hill they climb,
Both toil and trouble scorning
(As those who doubt may soon find out),
*Sans faute*, each Sunday morning.

And, reader, still, if sail you will
From Brighton 'stead of Dover,
St. Valéry's old church you'll see
The seashore jutting over.

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## THE GUERILLAS OF LEON.

BY CHARLES W. BROOKS.

"The spur has lanced his charger's sides,
Away! away! for life he rides."
THE GIAOUR.

"This leap through flame into the future."
SARDANAPALUS.

THE regiment of French Hussars to which Eugene Daverny was attached was pursuing its march far from the spot where its brief halt had taken place, when that young officer emerged, alone, from the forest forming the boundary of the principal road from the north of the province of Leon to Valladolid. It was towards the close of a magnificent day, early in the eventful year which witnessed the liberation of the Peninsula from the sway of France, and at the time when Marmont was making the most desperate efforts to collect a force sufficient to save Ciudad Rodrigo from the grasp of Wellington, whose iron hand was wrenching fortress after fortress from the possession of King Joseph. Daverny's regiment had been suddenly ordered southwards, and so hasty was its progress, that although the relaxed discipline of the French armies permitted, and frequently sanctioned the straggling of parties of marauders along the line of march, for the purpose of plunder, few upon the present occasion dared to avail themselves of their liberty, so far as to risk, for the chances of pillage, the probability of being abandoned by their comrades to the terrible vengeance of the Guerillas, who hung upon the traces of the column, and found oft-recurring opportunities of avenging upon a Frenchman the outrages and atrocities perpetrated upon Spain by the soldiery of France. The disappearance of Eugene Daverny, which took place when the troops halted for their brief refreshment, had therefore excited as much surprise as regret; and although the peremptory orders under which the regiment was hurrying on, precluded all delay, often through the remainder of the day did his comrades turn in their saddles and strain their eyes along the winding road, or gaze into the thick woods around it, in the hope of discovering the young officer on his return. But it was not until night had nearly fallen that Eugene Daverny dashed into the remembered road, though unfortunately several leagues behind his regiment.

"*Mon Dieu!*" was his exclamation; "I am again at the place

where we halted, and I thought myself miles further. A curse on these forest paths for their strong family likeness! *Eh bien*, we will see whether my spurs prove more serviceable than my eyes."

And suiting the action to the word, he struck the rowels deep, and galloped off at full speed in the traces of his comrades.

"Now have I played the fool once more," soliloquized he; "and have, with great dexterity and neatness, involved myself in a net out of which I very much doubt my getting. First, when I join the column, I shall be severely rebuked for loitering; next, I shall ruin my horse; and finally, my fear of which considerably alleviates my other apprehensions, I expect to be shot by some outlying guerilla before I can come up with the ranks at all. Three pleasant points for contemplation!"

He drew rein as he reached the foot of a steep hill, over which the road went, and up which he allowed his charger to pace slowly. Looking to the summit, the young Frenchman thought he discerned a figure crouching, but watching him. His first instinct was to draw and cock a pistol, and to spur forwards. The horse started at the stroke of the steel, and in all probability saved the rider's life by the motion, for a flash from the dark nook in which the figure was shrouded, followed by the report of a carbine, told Daverny that the guerillas were around him. He heard the erring bullet whistle behind him, and levelling his own weapon, he fired, apparently with effect, for as he dashed to the spot, a man was seen to stagger backwards among the forest trees, in the shade of which he was instantly lost. The Frenchman, aware that his safety was in flight, gave his horse the rein, and shot along the now descending road with headlong speed. A mile thus rapidly traversed, he began to hope he had distanced his enemies; but he continued to urge forward his charger at full gallop, until he came to a part of the road where it narrowed to the width of a few feet only. The animal seemed to hesitate at entering the pass; but the fiery rider, with spur, stroke, and voice, forced him on. With an angry neigh the charger bounded forward, as if to clear some unseen obstacle, and the next moment dropped upon earth, with the hideous cry a horse utters only in his extreme agony. As Daverny went down with his charger, he saw the fatal artifice by which the animal had been sacrificed. Two long and sharp scythe-blades had been fastened into the massive trunks of two opposite trees, in such a position as that the lower blade would come in contact with the legs of an advancing horse, and the higher one would transfix the rider. The noble animal on which Eugene rode had seen the former obstacle, and in leaping to avoid it, had a second time saved his master's life, at the expense of his own. He lay writhing in the death-struggle, with a wide and deep gash in his ample breast and glossy shoulder, from which the life blood was flowing in torrents.

As Eugene extricated himself from the fallen horse, he felt that his chance was now slight indeed. His heavy boots were not among the least obstacles to his effecting the long march which must intervene between him and his regiment, and bitterly did he curse the foolish impulse which had that day drawn him from its ranks. He felt, also, the painful conviction that every moment was increasing the distance between himself and his comrades, and must continue to increase it, let him add what speed he could to his steps. It was now dark, and the probability of his pressing into the service of France the horse of

some wandering peasant was diminished to hopelessness. But he was young and active, and his natural high spirits forbad his abandoning himself to despair.

"After all," he said, "the darkness is as much in my favour as in that of the enemy, and in the morning, fresh troops will be up. If I could conceal myself until then, I might manage. I hope I have killed that rascally brigand, in any event."

He stooped to take his pistols from the saddle of his slaughtered horse, which, exhausted with torture and loss of blood, was now motionless.

"Poor Pius!" he said, "when we rode on the great coronation day, and I afterwards christened you in a bumper to the health of your godfather the Pope, who came all the way from Rome to give a crown to Napoleon and a name to you, we did not think to part in this manner. But I will revenge you before long."

"Revenge your beast now, if you will, Frenchman!" said a loud and mocking voice, in tolerable French; and as Eugene looked up, he saw himself surrounded by at least a dozen guerillas. He now gave himself up for lost.

"I take you at your word," he said, levelling his undischarged pistol at the speaker, and firing, with one of those rapid aims which in other days had won him so much fame at his military school. The Spaniard fell instantly; the bullet had lodged in his brain, carrying away an eye in its course.

The Frenchman laughed scornfully, as he was seized and disarmed in the attempt to draw his sword. His captors bound his arms, and leaving their slain companion where he had fallen, hurried away Daverny into the forest. Reckless and audacious to the last, he repeatedly addressed them in alternate French and Spanish sentences, occasionally varied with heartfelt maledictions in both languages; but he could obtain no reply. As they proceeded, he was reduced to the necessity of monologue or of silence, and as he was a Frenchman, his selection was soon made.

"*Diable!* this is a night-rehearsal of Don Giovanni, with a slight exaggeration of the seizure by the demons; only that it is I who am unhorsed instead of the Commandant, and Donna Anna is no donna at all, but only a peasant girl."

As he spoke the last words, his eye fell upon the face of a young Spaniard, who was one of his guards, and Eugene's hardihood was almost staggered by the expression of deadly hate with which the guerilla was regarding him.

"That savage looks unhappy in his mind; is it possible that I can have——the thought is charming, my vengeance is not yet over. I am a petard sent by Providence for the express castigation of rebellious Spain—to-day I explode, killing one guerilla, as I hope, and another, as I am sure, and causing great uncomfortableness to a third respectable savage touching his mistress. *Vive la France!*"

The party had now reached a cottage, built, as it appeared to the Frenchman, in a cleared space in the very heart of the forest. Here they halted, and one of the guerillas knocked loudly. The door was opened, and a woman, bearing a light, by which some remains of great beauty could be discerned in her care-worn face, demanded their errand. The reply was given in a *patois* which baffled Eugene. He determined, however, to have a word.

"A woman!" he said—"nay, allow me to speak. Wherever I meet a woman, I am always fortunate. Besides—do not prevent me—I think I observe in her a relation—a distant one—an aunt—at least a great aunt, who disappeared from among us one Christmas, and whose loss plunged six families into tears and black; it is most distressing and unnatural that you will not allow me to embrace her. Figure to yourselves, if it should be she, what must be the state of our affectionate hearts, and do not deny us this consolation. *Diable!* these savages have no feeling," he added, as he found unavailing the energetic chatter, with which, as a last resource, he had, half in jest, sought to delay his captors. The woman retired, and presently reappeared with several torches, which she distributed among the party, and then lighted from her own lamp. The sudden glare falling upon the disordered but splendid uniform of the prisoner, the gaudy dresses of the Guerillas, and upon the dark green foliage around, contributed to render picturesque in the extreme a scene, none of the actors in which had then leisure to regard its effect. A few words passed between the female, and a powerful, thick-set man, who seemed to take the lead, and the eyes of the former settled upon the Frenchman, with an expression of pity, which he was not slow to notice.

"There!" he exclaimed, in his best Spanish, "the ties of nature had only stretched, not cracked, and a benign aunt or grandmother, whichever she may be, smiles upon an affectionate nephew, or grandson, and is about to clasp him to her bosom, and ask him to supper. Monsters, will you arrest such a consummation?"

The appeal was in vain; the woman, with a melancholy smile, closed the door of her cottage, and the party proceeded. It now occurred to Eugene that they might by possibility be near some road, or perhaps some place where French troops might have halted to bivouac. With this idea he at once began to shout loudly, and to uplift a variety of *chansons*, all tending to the great glory of France, and the extreme hoarseness of Eugene Daverny. His companions did not interfere, but allowed him to exhaust himself, from which circumstance the unfortunate officer concluded that he was far from all aid.

"Where in the world are we going?" was his next ejaculation.

Apparently he was understood, for the young Spaniard whom he had noticed as looking so revengefully upon him came up close to his side, and said, in good French—

"Are you well prepared to die?"

"I am better prepared to sup," was the reply.

"The clock of your life has run down," said the Spaniard.

"I should like to wind it up again," returned Eugene, "with the aid of some of your partridges and sherry, the former of which, I do not say it to flatter you, are best praised in being pronounced worthy of the latter."

"Nor will you find a soldier's tomb," continued the other, regardless of Daverny's jesting answers.

"I will not complain of the omission, if I find an officer's truckle-bed," replied Eugene.

"You laugh, Frenchman, but you are approaching your last home."

"A Frenchman generally thinks lightly of home," said the young officer, determined not to shew symptoms of fear."

"We believe it," said the Spaniard, fiercely, "by the calmness with which he violates the homes of others."

"You believe us without hearts, too?" demanded Eugene, endeavouring to sustain the dialogue.

"I am in doubt," said the guerilla; "but," he added, meaningly, as his hand fell upon his knife, "we shall presently settle *that* question."

Daverny shuddered, for the tales which were told in the French camps concerning the wild and horrible fury which the guerillas manifested towards their enemies, had gradually shaped themselves into an impression that the atrocities of the invaders had converted the children of the soil from mere foes into actual fiends. He made no answer, but waited till the Spaniard should speak. After a short pause, the latter said—

"You were well entertained this day, Frenchman?"

"What know you of my movements?" asked Eugene, in surprise.

"Last year," said the Spaniard, in a calmer voice than he had yet employed, "not far from this very spot, stood a cottage in which dwelt a mother and her daughter. The daughter was beautiful, and when the campaign was closing, a young Frenchman found means to tell her so, and much more. It was shame that a Spanish girl should listen even to the words of the foe; but her mother was old, and her brother—yes, I was away. The campaign ended, and the Frenchman bore to his quarters a lock of raven hair as a trophy of his victory. I think you wear it even now about you."

"You!" said Eugene;—"you the brother of Anna!"

"I *was* her brother this morning," said the guerilla, in the same quiet voice. "Listen. As soon as the shame you had wrought was known, my old mother died. Well, I returned when winter came, and I heard it all. I did not strangle my sister, for, kneeling at my feet, she uttered one word which gave me much comfort to struggle with my disgrace. She said that you would return."

"She trusted my vow, and I have kept it," said Eugene.

"Hear me," continued the guerilla. "She said you would return to part from her no more. This day you have kept a part of your promise; but it remains for you to fulfil the rest. The miserable girl——"

"She is an angel," interrupted Daverny.

"She is so, now," said the guerilla; "unless her guilt in listening to your vows have condemned her at the bar which she has this day sought."

"Wretch!" shouted Eugene, "what mean you? Am I speaking to the murderer of his sister?"

"At sunset," said the Spaniard, "your heart was pressed to hers as you parted. I watched you, and having accomplished all I wished in making your person known to me, why needed I spare her life longer? The next pressure to the false one's bosom was mine—was *this!*"

He drew his knife from its sheath, and exhibited it to the horrified gaze of the Frenchman. But there were no revolting evidences of the crime upon its glittering blade; on the contrary, it was bright and unsullied. The Spaniard understood the searching glance of Eugene, and added—

"You doubt, even now. Look around you."

Daverny obeyed, and instantly discovered that he had been led back by his captors to the very cottage, to visit which he had left his regi-

ment in the morning—the cottage of the beautiful Spaniard. His heart sank within him, as he recognised the window at which they had, a few hours before, exchanged their last embrace. The thatched cot itself stood upon a slight eminence, and, surrounded on three sides by the forest, it had its fourth open to the country, over which it could be seen for a considerable distance. The haste with which Eugene was conducted to the door prevented his observing that a number of peasants had collected around, and that looks of gratified hate were cast upon him by all present.

As Daverny was led to the door, the guerilla with whom he had spoken, drew his knife and severed the bonds which had confined the young Frenchman's arms. He then opened the door, and said—

"Enter, for the first time with the owner's will, and for the last time you will need a bidding."

Thrusting Eugene forwards into the house, the Spaniard closed the door, and the young officer was left in total darkness. He knew the cottage well, but in the agitation of the moment he missed his footing, stumbled, and fell. In desperation he exclaimed—

"For Heaven's sake, give me a light!"

The answer was given in the voice of the brother.

"Pardon, Frenchman!—the omission shall be speedily repaired."

The unfortunate Daverny listened as he knelt in the darkness, and heard heavy footsteps around the house, as of men bringing and depositing loads. This continued for some minutes, when he again heard the same voice, but apparently deadened by passing through some thick substance.

"Farewell, Eugene Daverny!" to which was added what sounded like a signal.

The horrible idea that he was incarcerated to be starved to death, flashed upon the mind of the young Frenchman, and he started to his feet, while drops of anguish stood upon his brow. But that idea was almost instantly dissipated. A sudden crackling rapidly increased around the cottage, and almost immediately became a roar. The atmosphere within grew more and more oppressive, and smoke found its way through the crevices. Eugene stood stupified, but recovering for a moment, rushed to the door. At first it resisted his agonized efforts, but giving way, a flood of red light burst upon him, and flames, the intensity of which drove him back, leaped into the apartment. As the wretched Eugene turned to avoid them, he saw, lying on a couch before him, a sight which added to the horrors of his doom. It was the corpse of the murdered Anna, who had died that day by the hand of her brother. By the glowing light which now broke in on all sides, as the fires mounted the cottage and revelled in the thatch of the roof, Eugene gazed for the last time upon the beautiful face and form, which, a few hours before, had rested in his arms in all the glow of life and love. He could gaze no longer, for the heat now became intolerable, and the ill-fated Daverny sank insensible upon the ground at the foot of the couch as the blazing roof fell in upon the living and upon the dead.

That funeral pyre was seen for miles, a wonder alike to peasant and invader, but the dreadful secret of its kindling was religiously preserved until long after the Great English Lord had driven the last French soldier from the soil of Spain.

## MILTON AND THE SWEDISH LORD.

BY THOMAS HUGHES.

When England's ancient sceptre great Cromwell's sway obey'd,
And the courts of Europe at his knee their adulation paid,
By chance a noble embassy from Sweden's monarch came,
With England's mighty ruler alliances to frame.

But when the council-chamber met, and the Swedish Lord was there,
No man in all the court was found those treaties to prepare:
For Milton on his sick bed lay; nor could any other man,
With equal grace, fill up the place of that blind old Puritan.

"That man," quoth Cromwell, "stands alone in England's brightest page,
The noblest pillar of my court, the honour of his age!
Though blind, in wisdom's darkest paths he clearly sees his way;
What to those who see is dark as night, to him is clear as day."

Much marvell'd then that Swedish Lord, when thus he heard him say,
And to the chamber of the sick he hurried him away:
In the chasten'd light of that silent room a solemn awe came o'er him,
As he look'd in reverence on the form of the godlike man before him.

He stood before that blind, sick man, who in solemn silence sate,
And he view'd that mind unbroken beyond the reach of fate;
And genius' light, which a halo bright round its votaries doth fling,
And the spirit's strength all unimpair'd by the body's suffering.

"And ah!" he said; "what pity 'tis, that such a man should know
The body's mortal sufferings, the pangs of human woe!
Thou hast learning, wisdom, poesy—all, all that knowledge can
She has given thee; thou hast lost thy sight, God's choicest gift to man."

"Pity me not," the blind man said—"I feel no loss of sight;
For the pleasures fair of memory fill up the blank of sight,
And the visions of futurity come brighter on my soul,
And the thoughts from earthly objects free, are freer of control.

"What though no more for me the sun darts forth his gladdening ray,
Though still my morns in darkness pass, in dreary night my day;
Though for me the fairest features of Nature's face divine
Are dead,—a higher blessing, a nobler boon is mine.

"The Lord, who gave the gift himself, that gift hath ta'en away—
And still, all righteous be his name! all holy is his way:
He hath ta'en an earthly blessing—his creature's outward sight—
He hath given to shine within the soul, a holier, clearer light."

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## DIX THE YOUNGER.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

"Yet a fine family is a fine thing,
Provided——" Byron.

Sorrow moves people in many ways. Young ladies have but a single resource, yet a most effectual one; it is always—that of running up stairs, shutting themselves in, and having a good cry. Man is more apt to take down his meerschaum, or fly to the cognac, or to his club.

Now, Mr. Dix the younger, when disturbed in his mind, adopts neither of these plans. He flies for relief to that magic agent, the pen. It is a feather that shews which way the wind of his sighs is blowing.

His tears trickle darkly like ink-drops, and he writes his "Confessions" to a sympathizing friend. How many of his blotted sheets are now lying before us—sheets gloomy as night—yet night when the heavens are starry, for they are sprinkled all over with * * * * *!

From the tangled threads of his fitful and desultory correspondence we weave the simple narrative of a Father's sorrows.

Dix the younger and his present biographer were schoolfellows; and when we parted outside the hall-door, at the close of our academic career, he looked just boy enough to go back and be taught his first alphabetic lesson. Such an excess of juvenility never before arrived unaltered at years of maturity. At twenty-two, you might have offered him half-a-crown to buy marbles, and packed him off with a raspberry-tart in his hand to eat as he went along. Five years later, you could not have seen him smoking a cigar without a feeling of disgust at the precocious taste for tobacco evinced by the rising generation.

Yet at that very time the youthful Dix was not only in full legal possession of a fine stag-eyed, stately wife, as large as life, but three full-length, domestic cherubim. This trio has since been doubled, and the age of our young friend is now thirty-nine. But his looks do not acknowledge even that small number. A mere boy in point of years (for thirty-nine are but three-dozen-and-three), his cheek has still the fresh glow, and his step the lively spring of twenty-five.

*Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* It seems that where nature bestows the appearance of youth, she plants the desire to retain the reputation of the reality. Dix—Juvenis Dix, as he is called by his acquaintances—has always entertained a horror of two things—first, of looking old; and next, of being old. Time, instead of making him pay as the tribute fell due, has given him long credit, and in return for such tenderness, he is, like some other debtors, reluctant to pay at all. His spirit pants that its moderate stock of flesh may flourish in immortal youth. He modestly desires that it may continue morning all the day through. He craves, for his own special enjoyment, perpetual spring; and could sit contentedly in the April sunshine, "piping as though he should never grow old." He is ambitious of eclipsing the renown of

"The Marvellous Boy who perished in his pride,"

simply by not perishing in the pride of marvellous boyhood. To lose youth is, to him, like losing all. He fancies that at Time's feast nothing comes after the soup. His idea of the half-way-house of life is that of a living tomb, next door to the actual sepulchre. He shudders at the thought of looking forward—it quite turns his head, the other way.

Tell him that the income-tax will be taken off in three years, and he feels no sensation of pleasure—but mentally ejaculates, with a deep sigh, "I shall then be forty-two!" To turn that terrible corner, forty, is, in his view of things, but to walk onward as chief mourner at the funeral of youth and happiness.

The dreary image which he most frequently conjures up presents a vision of himself, standing shivering upon the verge of the wide, blank, desolate level of Middle-Age, on which he must necessarily enter—walking by the side of Time, but on the wrong side—with the old Traveller's figure evermore between him and the sun, throwing its broad shadow over and around him. He sees himself clad in the livery of mid-life—brown locks, turned up with gray, a tinge of red upon the

nose, an enlargement of some inches in the waist, and an ominous stoop in the shoulders.

Dangers are terrible in proportion to their proximity; and as a chimney on fire next door is more alarming than a conflagration at a distance, the image of Middle-Age at noon-day is more appalling to him than the spectral figure of Second-Childishness in the deep midnight of time.

Indeed, of aught that may lie beyond the first fatal turn out of the paradise of youth he has little dread, or none. To be very old is scarcely so bad as to be elderly; and even the elderly period has less to daunt him than the intermediate season which forms the approach to it. He dreams of wigs, spectacles, and flannel; the crutch and the cushion; the uneasy chair and the deaf, self-willed nurse, with the "Whole Duty of Man," read aloud by a good charity-boy, in consideration of an annual guinea subscribed to the parish school;—yet he wakes up from the prophetic vision without affright. Not so, when, with eyes wide open, he surveys the thing into which he is *soon* to be transformed; and sees the laughing, buoyant, airy Juvenis Dix settling down into a solidity; the very eye-glass which was only ornamental yesterday being useful to-day; the waistcoat widening, the Hoby shrinking into a drab gaiter, the whisker exhibiting symptoms of the coming frost; and that hand, which the conscious kid, deserting its dam, might have exultingly approached, saying, "Skin me!" buried gloveless in the breeches-pocket, jingling a bunch of keys.

To avoid the most vague suspicion of his being within a good ten years of such a declension, and to vindicate his really youthful appearance, what desperate course was he to take? The first that occurred to him, seeing these breakers a-head, was to throw some of his domestic cargo overboard. With those six children grouped around him, all pretension to juvenility must be a joke. To affect the "young man" any longer, with that awful union of the ladies' boarding-school and Eton College at his heels, was clearly ridiculous. His great girls and boys were living witnesses of the hypocrisy of his young looks, and by the aid of such spectacles, everybody could see the lie in his face. He might as well carry his age, as a cabman his number, upon a badge suspended from his neck.

Nay, worse—much worse! Who would believe his number to be the true one? Who on earth would be so absurdly credulous as to take his word for thirty-nine *only?* It so happens, most unfortunately, that the flock of the Dixes is an uncommonly "fine" one. The girls are astonishingly tall of their age, and the boys are prodigiously big lads for their years. In fact, a progeny so truly Patagonian is seldom seen. Nobody could guess the father of the youngest to be much short of forty; and as for the eldest, that majestic and magnificent Juno of eighteen, who would dream of asking after her dear papa but with reference to "the old gentleman's health"—adding, that "at his years" these winds must be very trying! To look at her, you must say she was

"Married, charming, chaste, and *twenty-three.*"

How her father idolized her—when she was very *little!* How fondly he watched her dawning graces, and rejoiced when elderly ladies cried, "Why, she has grown since Tuesday last!" She was his fairest as well as his first—"her mother's image in her face;" but, alas! he little reflected how soon she was to emulate her mother's figure also.

As she grew, his paternal joy diminished; as she began to realize all his hopes, he began to be disappointed. He saw in her rising splendour his own sunset. He took vast pride in her—but felt that it was at his own expense. Still she grew apace, with the most undutiful consistency; still, without the smallest regard to her father's feelings, she shot up faster than the years could travel. People would now remark that she really began to make him look quite elderly. If anybody humanely observed that he seemed young to be the father of that fine-grown girl, somebody else would be sure to insinuate—"Yes, at this distance; but see him closer, he looks his age;—forty-five, if he's a day."

This was more than young flesh and blood could bear; and at last, since nothing could restore to that stately nymph the little-girlish appearance which would have charmed her sire, a whisper went forth—at least, it was allowed to be supposed in some quarters—that an elder brother of Dix's had died in India. Juvenis was, of course, the best fellow in the world, and had brought up his niece nobly—quite like one of his own. "And it's the more kind of him, for she's tall enough for two of them," urged a malignant friend, who was in the paternal secret. The eldest thus disposed of, not parentally, but, in a manner, parenthetically, Dix the younger turned with double fondness and joy to his second daughter. At thirteen she was a mere child, and his soul was wrapped up in her infantine simplicity. She, indeed, who was "ever fair" would be "ever young" also. That affectionate little thing was in no hurry to make her papa look prematurely middle-aged, not she; and he felt that had he as many daughters as Danaus, he could love them all passionately, so that they never grew any taller. But at length, to his consternation, the Patagonian principle began again to develop itself; and on his return after a six months' tour on the Continent, he found his diminutive darling lengthened into a gawky of the first class. In fact, Miss Regan Dix had acted as treacherously as Miss Goneril had done before her, and if there had been a Cordelia, she would have done the same. Forgetful of her fond father's wishes, his reasonings, his caresses, the second girl shot up as fast as she could; and people again began to say, in that considerate tone which is more exasperating than the depreciatory one—"Ah!—well!—he bears his years very tolerably, and might almost be taken for a young man—by candle-light!"

Of course, if an elder brother can be put to death in India, a middle-aged uncle can as readily be despatched in China; and it was not difficult, therefore, in quarters where people knew no better, to whisper off Miss Regan into a convenient cousinship in the background. But then—there were the boys!

Now, if the young ladies were resolute in their growth, the young gentlemen were still more obstinate;—grow they would; and each in turn, as he arrived at the term of fourteen years, elicited the same exclamation from every visitor,—"Well, I declare if Master Sampson hasn't grown quite a man!" So they rose, one above the other—incipient life-guardsmen, even in their round jackets. All that he could do, as a father, to check them in their unfilial design of superannuating him, failed. It was in vain that he offered them frequent sips of his evening toddy, in the superstitious hope that it might stop the growth of the young giants; they sipped, and flourished the more; he only hastened on the day when each six-feet of a son would ring the bell for another glass, and mix a tumbler for himself.

How often has he sat contemplating the phenomena of their daily growth ; sighing to observe the lamentable shortness of their trowsers, and the surprising length of their straps ; wondering as well as grieving at the rapidity with which the cuffs of their jackets continually crept up to their elbows. It was a hopeless case ; they were remorselessly bent on making a Methusaleh of him. Already had he been proclaimed, at a little party of young people, "quite the father of a family ;" and when he danced, a lady (turned fifty) was charmed to see him so agile—"it was hardly to be expected," she said, "at *our* time of life."

But what could he do ? Master Sampson, lighting his cigar at the lamp-post, might fairly pass for his brother at night ; but then poor Juvenis could not go on disowning all his children, providing for each in succession, in a distant part of the world, a deceased parent who never existed. Still, if any simple person chose to mistake them all for his sisters and nephews—or even if the supposition were hazarded that he had married a *widow* with a prodigiously fine family—he had not the heart to contradict it ! How happy he considered Partridge, in not being the real father of that strapping fellow, Tom Jones !

Even now when he looks at the boys, his heart sinks within him. He cannot help thinking that they have stolen a march upon him. He married so very early in life,—and they seem to have taken such an ungenerous advantage of it! To conspire against him at thirty-nine, and try, by a display of *physical force*, to make him out fifty-two ! Degenerate children !

Other curious considerations, moreover, arise out of the largeness of scale on which the youngsters spring up. They have grown too big for correction. He remembers various pleasing experiments of his, with cane and whip, which took place only the other day ; and now—he is left to meditate mournfully on the strange possibility of a man whipping his own boy, and getting the worst of it ! When he hears the grandmammas of society admiring his boys, crying,—"What splendid fellows !" he sighs to think that he shall cane them no more, and ejaculates,—"Who would be a father !"

Nor does he fail to shudder at the number of daring spirits—the kind of "young France"—he has been bringing about his domestic throne. There is such a want of the venerable in him, that he lacks due authority in his house. He foresees that, one by one, all his privileges will be snatched from him by the ferocious affection of his dutiful young tyrants ; who invite their friends, lend his books, ransack his writing-desk, carry off his snuff-box, and break his favourite mare's knees, one and all, just as it may suit their wayward pleasure. And he feels all the time, that if he were destined to mount spectacles tomorrow, no boy of his would shed a tear; that if he were doomed to wear a wig, not one of them would break his heart!

Thus have rolled away his recent years ; but the calendar never runs round without some half dozen days especially marked out in black-letter. *These are the birthdays.*

"The sky is overcast, the morning lowers,"

as often as a birthday may arrive. It tells him that the witnesses against him have come into court with stronger evidence than ever. It tells him that an archer has taken fresh aim at his peace, and that a festival must be held in celebration of the event. And then the reck-

less, the cruel boastings of the young carousers. "Well, I don't care now; I'm sixteen, and in 1847, I shall be twenty-one. Oh! wont I!" &c. None stop to consider how old their father will be at that dreary period! The young lady who was eighteen last week felicitates herself on being nineteen now; and the urchin whose birthday will not arrive until May, selfishly wishes it would come to-morrow. No, the consequences to the unfortunate and defenceless parent are never once thought of! As Master Walter in the play says in other words, so much for the instinct of filial love!

But a trouble deeper than all, or rather the concentration of all his troubles, now weighs upon the heart of the unhappy Dix the younger, and threatens to visit with at least one wrinkle his hitherto juvenile brow. Dix's daughter is deep in love, and the Honourable Mr. Phibb has sworn to adore her till death. Already has he demanded her in marriage, and already is Mr. Dix convicted of having no valid excuse for refusing. Good family, good character, good estate, crowned with a daughter's admitted and unalterable attachment! Dix the younger has none but the most inconsequential objections to urge when his daughter looks at him. "You are too young." "Mamma was younger!" "Phibb is not old enough." "He's older than you were, papa!" "But I don't want you to marry." "Phibb does."

Dix goes to bed upon the rack, and rises to walk over burning ploughshares. When his heart leaped at the news of a daughter born, he totally forgot that, by an unerring rule of nature, daughters come of daughters, and that as from the sublime to the ridiculous, so from the father to the grandfather, is but a step. Dix the younger knows instinctively, that although the word of consent be not yet spoken, spoken it must be; and he feels that the finishing blow to his youthful existence is already struck. The die is cast—it is all over with him. He sits down, and reads, for hours together, the "Young Man's best Companion," but finds no consolation. His thoughts are all Night-Thoughts—Young's.

There is, of course, a Dix the elder extant—the white-headed and unfidgetty parent of Dix the younger. *He* has been a grandfather long, and likes it. He is always rubbing one dry chip of a hand against the other, and saying to his son, as often as they meet, "Well, my boy, I'm seventy-one, and please God, next year I shall be seventy-two." He dates all recent events from the vicissitudes that have occurred to his grandchildren. "Ay, I remember—it was when poor Jasper had the cough;—You're wrong, I tell you—that happened while little Blue-eyes was knitting me my purse;—True, true, I recollect; why it was the very same day that Sampson, the jolly villain, smashed my cucumber-frame." He feels that it would be still more glorious to be a grandfather, if the objects of his pride were rather more numerous. He is quite happy with the few he has—quite; but secretly—for he never breathed this sentiment to a soul—he thinks six a rather shabby allowance. "If there were but eight more, now," is the speculation that sometimes glances across his mind. He likes to read in the newspapers the pleasant stories about "united ages," and how old Mr. Nevergo left behind him eleven children, thirty-eight grandchildren, and about seventy great-grand ones. "Happy dog!" he mutters; and orders the newsman to send him that paper daily for the next three months.

What his silly boy can mean by setting his face against the proposed

marriage is to Dix the elder the most incomprehensible of mysteries. His feelings would be in turn equally incomprehensible to Dix the younger, if that juvenile personage did not recollect that when a man has once become a grandfather, his self-existence is at an end, and he is living not for his own sake but for that of others. He cannot include grandfathers in the present generation of men—they are but links between the past and present—wearers of pigtails, by which succeeding races hold on to connect themselves with the times gone by—conveniences whereby Antiquity just contrives to retain a bird's eye view of Posterity. They are curiosities which, as he conceives, would be better preserved in the British Museum, with the other antediluvian remains. How they venture to walk about, perfectly well aware that everybody knows them to be sixty at the least, is to Juvenis Dix one of Time the Jester's riddle-me-rees.

That Juvenis should ever live to be a grandfather! The bare thought has given sharpness and action to his inherent abhorrence of everything "getting into years." He has taken, since the matter of the marriage was mooted, to drinking off, with unusual celerity, his stock of old port, merely to prevent it growing older. He has already had his collection of coins beautifully polished, and, the mould removed from their antique faces, they really look quite lively, fresh as new shillings from the Mint. He has had the celebrated ruins, which disfigured his place in Shropshire, entirely renovated and modernized; agreeing with Fielding's beau, who objects to the picturesque old buildings in Italy, "that they are so damnably out of repair." His time-worn pictures of the Destruction of the Armada, he has exchanged for the Battle of Navarino, by Mr. Huggins. Hitherto he has not flinched from acknowledging that he was born about the Trafalgar period, but he now entertains serious thoughts of altering the date to Waterloo. If his remorseless children will not allow him to take his stand at thirty-nine—at that advanced age, of which his face furnishes no certificate—he is resolved, in self-defence, to drop down to a quarter of a century. He intends, in a year or two, to retain but a vague remembrance of the Reform Bill struggle; and to fix, with a graceful loyalty, his first firm recollection upon the coronation of Victoria.

Meantime, the eventful marriage is an engagement all but signed and sealed, and Miss Dix will become, long before Christmas, the Honourable Mrs. Phibb. Only last night, the youngest of the six, little Harriet, whom her papa (she being but eleven years old) can well afford at present to designate "his own darling," jumped upon his knee, and whispered something about her new white sash.

"And you, too," he murmured to himself, looking in the innocent face fondly, but reproachfully, "you, too, will turn against me; you will join the rest; you will grow tall, and rejoice in my misfortunes. Obscuring the last ray of the sunshine of youth, you, the latest and least of the conspirators, will spring up by rapid degrees, and drive me from the garden into the desert of time; strip me of every claim to a junior standing, of every pretension to the early bloom of life which is upon me; offer me up, by your altitude alone, a sacrifice on the altar of Middle-Age; and bring—yes, bring your father's brown locks in sorrow to a wig! Girl, you will help to make me—what misery is in the word!—you will help to make your youthful parent—VENERABLE!"

## THE POET TO HIS WIFE.

BY J. PRICE.

Beloved one! for years the only blessing
Of home, and hope, and heart—whose fond caressing
Has won my thoughts from many a dream of ill;
When woes, like spectres, round my hearthstone swarm'd,
And hollow friendships burst as soon as form'd,
And every joy grew chill that once had warm'd
This desolate heart, I felt you loved me still!

And in that feeling had a priceless treasure,
An ever-springing well of tranquil pleasure,
That care, misfortune, misery, or want,
Might never mar; for thou couldst still restore me
To hope and love, and pass life's sorrows o'er me
Lightly, as if its currents only bore me,
Sunlighted ever, to bright pleasure's haunt!

How can I utter all the love I bear thee!
With what devotion can I tend and care thee!
Oh! can I e'er repay the sweet excess
Of thy life's love, since, young, and fair, and blushing,
Thy modest neck, thy cheek, thy brow, all flushing,
Yet joy's bright tear-drops from thy dark eyes gushing,
I folded thee in my first fond caress!

When Pain, with visage hideous and repelling,
And pallid Sickness came within my dwelling,
And Death crush'd all the roses on my path;
When long and weary were the leaden hours,
Shut from the fields, the stream, the breeze, the flowers,
The golden sunlight, and the dancing showers,
And all the glories that sweet spring-time hath!

Thou camest then in woman's blandest beauty,
A being form'd of tenderness and duty,
All hope, obedience, patience, trust, and truth;
An Angel o'er my couch at midnight bending,
Thine earnest prayers in solitude ascending,
Till Heaven bless'd thee for thy pious tending,
And baffled Death released his grasp of youth!

Can an existence bound in thee, love, wholly—
A heart reflecting thy dear image solely—
One deep, continuous feeling of affection,
That grows with my growth, fuller, truer, vaster,
That time, or change, or sorrow, or disaster,
Can never alter, lessen, or o'ermaster,
Repay this fond and generous protection?

Oh! though earth's darkest woes come crowding hither,
I have a garland, which they cannot wither,
Form'd of the deathless flowers of thy love!
Whose summer freshness winter will not mar,
Folded within my bosom as they are,
While Faith serenely, like a holy star,
Smiles bright approval from her throne above!

And when the bloom has vanish'd from our lives,
And feeble age with stealthy pace arrives,
And weary pilgrims upon earth we tarry,
As for the last dread change we both prepare,
Will we not lighten still each other's care,
And view without one feeling of despair
A single grave, our mutual sanctuary?

# PURCHASING A PROPERTY.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Towards the close of the last century, an elderly individual who had figured upon the Stock Exchange for upwards of thirty years, where he had been sufficiently successful to realize a comfortable little independence, resolved to retire from public life, and to enjoy, in dignified retirement, the fruits of his previous industry.

Mr. Launcelot Barham was a tall, thin, erect personage, of some sixty-five years of age. He wore a snuff-coloured coat, with plated buttons as large as half-crowns; a canary-coloured waistcoat, edged with silver twist; a very stiff and stainless white neckcloth; a cocked-hat, and a clouded cane, with a gold head, on which his family crest was conspicuously engraved. Be it said, also, *par parenthèse*, that Mr. Launcelot Barham was extremely proud of his connexions; his grandfather had been the younger brother of a baronet, and his own mother was sister to a sheriff of the city of London; and there was a conscious importance in the mien and manner of the ex-stockbroker, which convinced all his acquaintance that he never suffered himself to forget the exact amount of dignity which, as the last of his race, had centered in himself.

After this description of the man, it need scarcely be added that he was a bachelor; he had never had either time or inclination to play the Strephon; and when, occasionally, a qualm of regret stole over him, as he remembered that in his person the blood of the Coggleton Barhams would become extinct, he dismissed the unpleasant feeling with a shrug; and consoled himself with the reflexion that, as his successors could not do anything for him, so there was no necessity for him to sacrifice his personal comfort and independence to a probable generation, who would never be led to believe in the extent of their obligation. His establishment consisted of a housekeeper, as old, as stiff, and, if possible, as dignified as himself; and a boy, who was her grand-nephew, and the fourth of the family who had, in turn, been fortunate enough to act as miniature valet to Mr. Launcelot Barham, until he outgrew that gentleman's particular standard; who being remarkably proud of his own height, of which, owing to his scrupulously erect carriage, even time had failed to deprive him of an inch, never kept about his person any male domestic who reached above his own shoulder; and thus, as boys will grow in spite of all the prayers of their prudent relatives, who would rather see them dwarfed in stature than in circumstances, so three of the Master Snaggs had successively lost their places by increasing their inches; and Bobby, the last of the family, a little stunted lad, who bid fair to keep all his life within the prescribed bounds, had in his turn succeeded to the vacant clothes-brushes, at the eventful epoch of Mr. Launcelot Barham's secession from the anxieties and bustle of his profession.

His residence he had obtained through the medium of a public journal, wherein an advertisement set forth that "a gentleman of respectability could be accommodated with convenient and airy apartments in a pleasant situation within five minutes' walk of the Bank." He was at the time located at Hampstead; but as he suffered great annoyance from the dust of the road on his daily progress into town—

for then, be it remembered, that water-carts *were not*—he determined to reside absolutely in London, where he could reach the Exchange without being under the necessity, on his arrival, of dusting his cravat and gaiters, and then putting the sullied handkerchief into his coat pocket. The "convenient and airy apartments" consisted of a first floor over the shop of a portly widow, who kept a haberdasher's shop in Cheapside; and who, gradually growing old with her lodger, had been for so many years accustomed to take her tea with Mrs. Snaggs, and to supply her master with white neckcloths and doeskin gloves, that she was almost as much surprised, when the announcement of his quitting the Stock Exchange and her apartments was made to her, as though the Monument had walked up to her counter, and asked for six yards of black galloon to re-tie the pigtail of the mounted monarch at Charing Cross.

The fiat had gone forth, however, and without more delay Mr. Launcelot Barham proceeded to search for a fitting place of abode. The animation and companionship of the sounds and sights of Cheapside had lost their attraction; and as he would no longer be compelled to encounter either dust or mud when he should see it fitting to remain under his own roof, he determined finally to settle himself in some quiet spot, where he might see leaves and flowers, and be enabled to "babble of green fields" with precision and propriety, like one who understood his subject. Mrs. Snaggs, when consulted on the matter, had given it as her decided and deliberate opinion that the arrangement was a most judicious one, and the rest, *of course*, was easy.

Then commenced excursions in every direction round the metropolis, wherever public notice or private information led the stately old bachelor to believe, for the moment, that he had met with the very thing that would suit him; and every "snug box" on sale at Hampstead, Highgate, Notting-hill, Brixton, Streatham, and every other suburban village, was visited and inspected, in which a retired citizen may take his wine at an open window overlooking his own china-asters and hollyoaks, his own brass-plated gate and green paling, without losing altogether an occasional sniff of the peculiar atmosphere to which he has been for so many years accustomed.

All was in vain, however: go where he might, see what he would, there was always a drawback, either to the house itself, or to its situation. The water was bad, or the roofs were low, or the spot was damp, or the stairs were steep, or the kitchen was dark—or, in short, it had some defect of some description, and consequently, as the purchase of Mr. Launcelot Barham was to be perfection, they were all naturally out of the question.

Months wore on—months of perpetual worry and exertion, and still the ex-stockbroker, his housekeeper, and his boy Bobby, were domiciliated on the first floor of No. —, Cheapside, simply and solely because Mr. Launcelot Barham had failed to meet with an eligible purchase—when, on one occasion, during a morning saunter through the streets, he was overtaken by a sharp summer shower, which in two minutes made the pavement look like a succession of dingy mirrors, and drove every one under shelter, who was so fortunate as to be able to secure it. It is bad enough for lawyers' clerks, linen-drapers' apprentices, ginger-beer venders, and maids-of-all-work, to be drenched by one of these sudden down-pourings of an angry vapour; but for

Mr. Launcelot Barham, in cocked hat, white cravat, and drab-coloured gaiters, to be overtaken during an airing of pure pleasure, totally unconnected with business of any description, such a catastrophe was almost too much for human endurance. He looked right and left for some spot of refuge, and ere long found it, as if by a singularly happy chance, in the Auction Mart, where a sale was at the moment going forward, of estates and houses in and about the metropolis.

For a time Mr. Launcelot Barham remained perfectly uninterested by the proceedings of the Auctioneer, who disposed at different intervals of eligible dwelling-houses in Shoreditch, and pleasant retreats at Mile-end; and more than once he took pains to assure himself whether the rain still continued, being anxious to resume his homeward stroll, when suddenly his ear was attracted by the strain of elevated eloquence in which the bland and energetic functionary who occupied the commercial pulpit, was setting forth the advantages of "the next lot which he should have the honour to submit to public competition."

"I am instructed, gentlemen," said Mr. ——, "to dispose, without reserve, of an elegant and substantially-built stone residence, on the banks of the Thames, with right of fishing in the river, right of common on Runnymeade, and sundry other immunities, which will, after the sale has been effected, be explained to the purchaser. The river runs immediately behind the house, which has a small and well-arranged plot of ground, laid out in pleasure-garden, upon two of its sides. It is in so perfect a state of repair, that it will require no outlay of any description for the next ten years. The property is freehold, and the title unquestionable, and the premises, which are well suited to a small family, or a bachelor devoted to the pleasures of the angle, will be found highly convenient, being situate immediately contiguous to the pretty and interesting village of Staines, and within seven miles of the royal residence of Windsor Castle."

"Will you be answerable, Mr. —— ?" asked Mr. Launcelot Barham, with much sententiousness, "for the perfect accuracy of this description ?"

"I am happy to be enabled so to do, sir," was the reply. "I have not myself visited the property, but from the great respectability of the party to whom it belongs, I can have no hesitation in selling it according to my instructions. The actual size of the house I am not competent to specify, nor the extent of the garden in which it partially stands; but I can only repeat my instructions, that it is an elegant and substantially-built residence, and that certain privileges devolve upon its possessor—in complete repair, and with an excellent title. It is to be sold without reserve, gentlemen; and now I have only to request the favour of a bidding.—Thank you, sir," with a courteous bend to a well-known house-agent, who stood in the centre of the room—"anything will do for a beginning. One hundred and fifty pounds are bid for an elegant and substantially-built residence on the banks of the Thames, with right of fishing and common, freehold garden, and other privileges. Two hundred—two hundred pounds are bid, gentlemen."

"Two hundred and fifty," nodded Mr. Launcelot Barham.

"Two hundred and fifty!" declaimed the official echo.

"Three hundred," growled a little man, with a wide-brimmed hat and green spectacles.

"Three hundred. Consider the situation of the property, gentlemen. Staines is proverbially healthy; Windsor within an easy walk; the fishing at your very door, without let or hindrance."

"Three hundred and fifty," nodded Mr. Launcelot Barham, who had caught the eye of the auctioneer, and on whom the "right of river" had produced a great effect.

Three hundred and fifty. The property is freehold, with a right of common on Runnymeade; fine associations, gentlemen—King John, and Magna Charta, and the British Constitution. An elegant stone-built residence.—Shall I say four hundred for you, sir?"

The man in the green spectacles grunted an assent.

"Four hundred and fifty!" shouted a young lounger near the door, who had evidently been driven in by the rain, and did not even know for what he was bidding.

"Four hundred and fifty—thank you, sir. No finer fishing on the river—noble sport with the gudgeons——"

"Five hundred," winked Mr. Launcelot Barham, upon whom the attentive auctioneer scrupulously kept an eye.

"Gudgeons are not flat fish, I believe, Mr. —— ?" asked the young fashionable, with affected simplicity.

"They are not, sir," said the functionary. "I have caught a good many in my time, and they afford excellent sport. Five hundred—this elegant and substantially-built stone residence, with freehold garden, and right of river and common, going for——"

"Five hundred and fifty," followed up a corpulent old gentleman, with a large cotton umbrella, who was taking snuff out of his waistcoat pocket by handsfull—"five hundred and fifty, if the place is in good repair."

"Five hundred and fifty—I take the bidding. My instructions are explicit, that both the house and the garden fences are in the best state—fit for occupancy at a day's notice. Thank you, sir. Five hundred and fifty. Really, gentlemen, the property is going for a song."

Mr. Launcelot Barham began to gnaw the crest-laden head of his cane

"Six hundred!" shouted the fun-loving lounger.

"Seven hundred," said our bachelor, resolutely, who, long unaccustomed to opposition, had begun to lose his temper.

"Seven hundred. Thank you, sir—a noble bidding! Seven hundred pounds are offered for an elegant and substantially-built freehold stone residence on the banks of the Thames, with fenced-in garden, and valuable local privileges. Going for seven hundred pounds. Really, gentlemen, when you reflect upon the nature of the property which I have now the honour to submit to your notice—its interesting and important situation near a great high road, and on the borders of a lordly river—its fenced-in garden—its complete repair—and the fact that the tenement is entirely built of stone—you must at once admit that seven hundred pounds are no bidding—that is, no *ultimate* bidding for such a possession."

The earnest functionary looked round, with his ivory hammer suspended between his fore-finger and thumb, into the faces of all his previous bidders, but they gave him no encouragement. The fat gentleman was taking a huge pinch of snuff; the gruff man was

wiping his green spectacles; the lounger was in the act of leaving the room; while the house-agent, as he was well aware, had only "started the lot;" and he therefore suffered the hammer to fall. "Going!—really, upon my honour, I almost feel remorseful——"

Mr. Launcelot Barham felt, on his part, as though he could have annihilated him for a specimen of verbiage which involved the torture of so much unnecessary suspense.

Again Mr. —— looked right and left, with the same result; and then he uttered a little affected laugh of wondering astonishment. "Well, gentlemen! it *must* be as you think proper. Going—once—twice—this freehold house, stone-built, and fenced-in garden, local privileges, and undeniable situation, for seven hundred pounds. May I not say seven hundred and fifty for you, sir?"

"No, I thank you," growled the fat gentleman through his snuff. "I have gone as far as I think proper for 'a pig in a poke.' I'll have no more to do with it."

"In that case, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, with a sigh of regret, so deep that it was almost painful—"I have no alternative, and must do my duty. This capital, stone-built, freehold residence, going for seven hundred pounds. Going, positively and without reserve, for seven hundred pounds. Going, once—going, twice——" (a long and scrutinizing pause!)—"gone!! I congratulate you, sir," was the climax, as he bowed to the purchaser. "What name shall I have the honour to register?"

"Mr. Launcelot Barham," replied the bachelor, approaching the rostrum. "There is my card; send some one to my house to-morrow, at twelve, and I will be ready to pay down the purchase-money. Good day, sir." And away walked the cocked hat and the gold-headed cane.

Mr. Launcelot Barham was once more in the street. The rain had ceased, and the sun was shining blithely above his head. Everything looked bright and cheerful; his anxieties were at an end. The object of his pursuit was attained; he was at length the happy possessor of a freehold—the owner of a stone-built residence. He had a stake in the country! His step became unconsciously more firm than ever, and his body more erect; and after giving one brief thought to the extreme delight with which good Mrs. Snaggs would welcome the tidings which he should shortly bear to her, he determined to proceed forthwith to Furnival's Inn, in whose learned recesses dwelt the companion of his boyhood, and the friend of his riper years, Mr. Henry Hotham, an attorney in good practice, whom he had been in the constant habit of consulting in every little matter of doubt or difficulty throughout his professional career.

"Well, Harry, my boy!" he exclaimed, as he entered the presence of his learned friend; "here you are, up to your neck, as usual, in papers and parchments, making out titles for pigsties, and spoiling parchment, while I have contrived, without a single stroke of the pen, to become proprietor of a freehold estate, and the master of a stone-built residence on the banks of the Thames——"

"Ha, indeed!" said Mr. Hotham, somewhat startled by the unusual animation of his visitor; "a bequest, I suppose?"

"Fiddle, faddle! Who have I to bequeath me anything? No, Harry, my boy, a purchase."

"A purchase!—not a definitive one, I hope, unless it be under very

peculiar circumstances. However, you are the best judge, Barham, and you have been so cautious ever since you determined on buying a place, that I have no right to suspect you of rashness now. So let me hear all about it—where it is, and so forth."

"The locality is beyond all praise: close to Staines, and on the very bank of the river."

"Ha, indeed! pretty enough. Some years ago, you may remember that the bridge at Staines was one of the most elegant things in the neighbourhood of London; charming design! graceful, and all that—even the toll-house was considered ornamental, it was so well suited to its purpose. But the bridge turned out unsafe, and so was pulled down, and an iron one substituted, of a single arch, which also failed—strange fatality, to be sure; so, then, they built a third, a little higher up, or a little lower down—I'm sure I forget which—and were obliged to turn the road, which was a considerable expense. However, the present bridge answers; but in talking of what was, I am forgetting what is—so now, to your purchase."

"It consists," said the ex-stockbroker, somewhat consequentially, "of an elegant and substantially-built stone residence on the banks of the Thames—right of fishing, Harry, my boy! You shall come down, gudgeon-catching, whenever you can snatch a day from your parchments. The house partially surrounded by a fenced garden—right of common on Runnymeade—lawyer's land, ay, Harry,—can turn out your old cob there occasionally—the very thing I've been looking for ever since I left off business."

"And of what does the house consist?"

"Don't know yet—I'm just going off to see; but must be monstrous comfortable, you may take my word for it, for you know how particular I am—took care to ascertain that it was in thorough repair, warranted not to require a workman in it for ten years, barring accidents; river running past the back-door—no one to interfere—thought of you, Harry, my boy! Never mind Johnson—he was no angler, or he wouldn't have talked of a worm at one end and a fool at the other—didn't understand the sort of thing, or he'd have thought differently. Haven't I been lucky?"

"Why, indeed, I don't see my way yet, my good friend. Did I understand you to say that you were just going off to look at the place? Do you mean me to understand that you have purchased a place without knowing what it is?"

"Certainly not: I have been telling you for the last half hour what it is—an elegant and substantially-built——"

"Yes, yes, I have heard all that—but have you seen it?"

"Seen it! of course not—how could I? I only bought it a couple of hours ago, and heard of it quite by chance."

Mr. Henry Hotham looked up with an expression of countenance that was anything but encouraging, but he only uttered the question—"And may I ask *where* you heard of it?"

"At the Auction Mart. I went in accidentally for shelter during a shower, and this estate was put up. Nothing could be more lucky—the very thing I wanted."

"Suppose you were to order a chaise, and we were to run down and look at the property," said the lawyer, drily.

"The very thing I should like, and we can take a chop at Staines,

after we have walked over the place. By the bye, we may as well make an evening of it; so, just bring your fishing-rod with you."

"Not to-day," responded Mr. Henry Hotham; "my tackle is out of order, and it would detain us too long; besides," he added, with an attempt at facetiousness, "on this occasion we have other fish to fry. So, Jeremy!"—and as he called, a keen-looking, ferret-eyed lad entered the office. "Run as fast as you can to the ——, and order out a chaise and pair for Mr. Launcelot Barham, to come round immediately, and then go and inform Mrs. Snaggs that her master will dine from home to-day."—And having issued these orders, the worthy lawyer began carefully putting away sundry of the documents which were strewn over the table before him, and locking them away in his desk, while Mr. Launcelot Barham continued to expatiate on the peculiar excellences of the property of which he had become the fortunate possessor; until, at length, the arrival of the chaise broke up the *tête-à-tête;* and the friends were soon on their way to the land of promise. The drive was delightful. Mr. Launcelot Barham was in the highest spirits; he felt all the conscious responsibility and importance of a freeholder, and was half angry at the imperturbable gravity of his legal companion, who sat gnawing the finger of his right-hand glove, and ever and anon, as they neared Staines, looking anxiously right and left for the fishing villa. The auctioneer had stated, among its other admirable features, that it presented a very pleasing object from the bridge, and consequently the eager bachelor had instructed the post-boy to pull up midway of that interesting edifice, in order that he might then and thence feast his eyes with a first view of the house. He was obeyed; but the two friends looked in vain for a considerable time, until the lawyer bethought him of the post-boy, whose local information must at once set them right.

"Oh, ay, sir," said the knight of the whip and spur; "I knowed as it were to be sold, and a precious go it is for the gen'lman as has bought it. My stars, but they're deep 'uns! There's the property, sir." And as the four eyes within the vehicle followed the direction of his outstretched arm, each fell back aghast.

Mr. Launcelot Barham had purchased the abandoned *Toll-house at Staines Bridge!*

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## THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND RICHARD CŒUR DE LION

BY MRS. STONE,

AUTHORESS OF "WILLIAM LANGSHAWE, THE COTTON LORD."

THE present Warden of the Cinque Ports and Governor of Dover Castle is

"The great Alcides of the fight"—

the Duke of Wellington—or more succinctly and popularly, THE Duke. His actions are graven in such prominent and enduring characters on the records of his country, that we need hardly hesitate to refer to them freely.

The Duke of Wellington has proved that he had all the chivalric valour and military skill of the early Constable of Dover Castle, John

de Fiennes—the unflinching patriotism of its later one, Hubert de Burgh; moreover, he has emulated this great man in his honours and acquisitions, whilst he has steered clear of those rocks on which unlimited prosperity is apt to be shipwrecked, and on which the great De Burgh was shattered. The Duke has the dauntless bravery of Cœur de Lion, without his brutal valour; the chivalric and unvarying courtesy of Henry the Fifth, unsaddened by his early doom. By courtesy, we do not mean the sugared nothings of conventional form; for, if we be not mistaken, his Grace is somewhat chary of compliments, somewhat averse to honeyed words and flowing phrase,—we mean that courtesy of action, or rather that generous appreciation of others, his co-mates, opponents, or rivals, which proceeds from a good heart, and a cultivated and liberal mind.

But it were a very unnecessary display of ignorance to write a panegyric on our Duke; still as the acknowledged chief and honoured leader of our chivalry, the noble exemplar of Britain's valour now, a few words in illustration of the contrast between him and the lion-hearted Richard, the head and front of England's chivalry ages ago, will not be irrelevant here.

Parallel, perhaps, there can scarcely be any between heroes of times and seasons so very different; yet, by skilful hands an interesting parallel might be drawn, not so much contrasting the individual, as shewing the different temper and habitudes of the times of which those individuals were marked and illustrious types; and by the diverse influence of which, hearts, equal perhaps in original nobility, were moulded into such very different characters.

*We* venture not on this parallel; we pen a few examples merely to illustrate our meaning.

Richard was nurtured in a discordant home, by a mother who, however fond of him, was a licentious, if not an unfaithful wife; amid constant domestic dissensions, violent family disputes, in disobedience to his father, and in the bitterest animosities, from very childhood, with his brothers.

The Duke of Wellington, it has been always understood, was reared in an harmonious family, and under the influence of that holy spell which a virtuous and exemplary mother—and none other under Heaven—can shed over a domestic home.

That Richard was born with admirable dispositions, there can be no doubt; he was literally heart-broken when news of his father's death reached him, and wept bitter tears of unavailing contrition; he retained, on his accession, those servants of Henry who had been most distasteful to himself; he always behaved with honour and reverence to his mother; he pardoned his brother John his flagrant crime, with the utmost generosity; and he chivalrously dismissed, with presents and pardon, the man who gave him his death-blow. These were great acts, but they stood out alone and unsupported by the general tenour of his life.

Richard was great from rank, from physical strength, from animal impulse: he was moulded in a gigantic frame, fond of warfare, valiant almost beyond human daring, at a time when brute valour, when bodily prowess, was held in the utmost admiration; his towering pride, his impatience of rivalry, and his enormous bodily capabilities, combined to render him irresistible. Like the far-famed Hardyknute—

" Sae soon as e'er he strake a fae,
Sae soon his life he took."

The Duke, though well-born, amidst a myriad others with the same advantage, had to achieve the greatness which was Richard's inheritance. He had to achieve it, too, at a period when, had he been imbued with Richard's Herculean frame, the gift would have been of no avail. He might feel, perhaps, early, the materials of greatness within him, but he was also taught that patient study, active exertion, and unflinching perseverance, could alone assure him superiority in a nation advanced in military skill, and amid a host of rivalling countrymen. Thus we find, that from his early youth, those hours of intermission from military occupation which Richard would have wasted at table, or more elegantly beguiled with harp and song—for both which he had a decided talent—have been invariably devoted by the modern chieftain to study " in extending his information, both military and political"—" to professional studies and the perusal of history."

Though the aim of these two heroes might be similar, the means used to attain it were widely different. Richard, we are told, thrust his arm down the lion's throat and tore its heart out: Wellington, we know, has awakened the sleeping lion in the hearts of thousands of his countrymen.

They were both generals of the utmost skill: we have on record a march of Richard's through a hostile and Eastern country, with every possible disadvantage of climate and circumstance, and a harassing and light-flying enemy hovering all around them. The remark of a modern historian on this march, as described by an eyewitness, is—" Could even a WELLINGTON have conducted such an army, in such circumstances, with more judgment and success?"

At the battle of Jaffa (1191) Richard's enemies rushed on in such torrents that the air was darkened with their arrows, and crowds of English were falling, when the Knights Hospitallers, unable to bear the sight, demanded permission to charge. " Stand fast !—be patient"! thundered Richard. The Turks, encouraged by this seeming forbearance, rushed on. Richard still waited the critical moment, and then, charging headlong amongst them, in the hand-to-hand battle which ensued, the iron-armed chivalry of Europe were irresistible.

This patient waiting in inactivity, amid apparently adverse circumstances, has ever been considered the hardest test of mind, as the seizing the critical instant is, undoubtedly, a proof of scientific skill.

When at Waterloo, the Emperor, as almost a last resource, ordered his far-famed Imperial Guards to charge, Wellington calmly watched their advance across the plain; and not till they had partly ascended the eminence which the allied position occupied, did he suffer his troops to stir. As the critical instant came, he exclaimed—" Up, Guards, and at them!" and the discomfiture was complete.* Had this critical moment been anticipated, or a moment delayed, who can tell what would have been the success of assailants, who, we are told, " seldom charged an enemy in vain." But this intuitive knowledge of the right moment, this power of quick thought and instant action, have always been distinguishing characteristics of the Duke. Richard loved fighting as well—better, if possible, than he loved his dinner:

* Military Biography.

Wellington "never advised a war, entered upon a campaign, or fought a battle, which he did not conceive to be necessary and unavoidable."

Richard thought a victory the height and consummation of human glory: the Duke of Wellington is recorded to have said, that, "next to a defeat, it was the greatest misfortune that could befal a man."

Though the spirit of the age was gradually ameliorating, still it was not yet in opposition to that spirit that Richard's indomitable valour should merge into barbarism and cruelty; and that, with his mighty battle-axe, into the head of which twenty pounds of steel were wrought, he should delight in hewing down his enemies—"heads and arms flying in every direction"—and exult in the heaps of slain. His darling instrument of butchery is thus described in an old romance:—

> "King Richard, I understond,
> Or he went out of Englond,
> Let him make an axe for the nones,
> To break therewith the Sarasyns bones.
> The head was wrought right well,
> Therein was twenty pounds of steel;
> And when he came into Cyprus land,
> The axe he took in his hand.
> All that he hit he all to-frapped,
> The Griffons away fast rapped,
> *Natheless many he cleaved!*"

It is said that when THE Duke returned over the plain of Waterloo, when whitened with corpses, on the night of the battle, his emotions of grief and bitterness were irrepressible.

Saladin refusing to fulfil the conditions of a truce, Richard ordered two thousand seven hundred Turks, who had been left as hostages, to be brought out and deliberately killed. This was even then, in those days of immitigable warfare, considered as a damning blot on his fame.

Wellington has unfailingly observed all the "humanities" of warfare—in his care of the sick and wounded, in his constant exertions to prevent all outrage after victory, and in his earnest desire never unnecessarily to shed blood. "To this hour, the memory of all these services, and more particularly of those which he rendered to the terrified and desolate natives, in the moment of our triumph and their distress, is cherished by the aged inhabitants of Seringapatam with a grateful feeling, with which we are unwilling to disconnect the after-successes of Colonel Wellesley's life."* To him, after this storm, was assigned the delicate task of removing the family of the late Sultan. The people of Seringapatam, in their address to him, "implored the God of all castes and of all nations to hear their constant prayer, whenever greater affairs should call him from them, for his health, his glory, and his happiness;"† for

> "Ay, how he fought, *aft how he spared*,
> Shall latest ages read."

(Still—and it is humiliating to refer to the circumstance—Richard's wholesale massacre at Acre has its parallel at Jaffa, even in our own times.)

Richard seldom recognised any other law than his will: if he wanted a strong habitation, he seized a castle; and if he wanted supplies, he stormed a monastery. Nothing has been more remarkable in Welling-

* Sherer's "Military Memoirs." † "Quarterly Review."

ton's career than his uniform moderation; the example he has bequeathed of graceful acquiescence and patient endurance in very trying circumstances,* and his generous subsidence into an inferior station, after the battle of Vimiero.

Neither Richard nor Wellington ever have been, or ever could be, surpassed in their unselfish participation in the privations of their soldiers. Both, too, were earnest in the adoption and enforcement of such measures as were supposed to be conducive to subordination and the general regulation and well-doing of their armies. "I consider nothing (says Wellington, in a letter to Colonel Murray), I consider nothing in this country (India) *so valuable* as the *life and health* of a *British soldier*." Cœur de Lion, in his time, was equally earnest in his appreciation of his soldiers.

Richard, we are told, was "unshaken by adversity," and here our parallel must end. Strange to say—for perhaps history hardly records a similar circumstance—the Duke of Wellington has progressed from greatness to greatness, until he has achieved every honour that a devoted country could bestow, and has experienced no reverse.† Nor will he. Reverses have come in war, by its chances; in peace, they have most frequently been the result of that insatiable ambition which, as in the case of his great predecessor, Hubert de Burgh, did "grow by what it fed on." Since the termination of his military career, the Duke of Wellington has held the highest offices of the state, with equal ability and undiminished success. These offices are still at his command; but nobly, wisely, he retires, though, perhaps, his doing so is the most convincing proof of his uninjured powers.

"WOE UNTO YOU WHEN ALL MEN SHALL SPEAK WELL OF YOU."

It is, perhaps, some ten years since we heard this prophetic denunciation announced in presence of the Duke, under circumstances which admitted none other than a personal appropriation of the anathema. It seems strange now—now, after the lapse of a few years—(which fraught, perhaps, with somewhat more than their due share of painful experience have sobered our fancy and feelings,) to recal to mind the intense excitement of that time. The Duke of Wellington was passing some days at the small but elegant seat of a nobleman, near a town of high commercial importance. But his Grace was not to give his countenance exclusively to the Dives of the Cottonocracy; he was not to be escorted to their most fashionable fane with civic honours, nor to worship under the imposing insignia which ornament the corporation pew in the principal church. No; his Grace was coming to our own village church; our own village singers were to raise their "most sweet voices;" our own village clerk was to enunciate his sonorous "Amens;" our own village curate was to officiate as usual; but—not as usual—our own village pastor was to preach. Years, long years, had silvered his hair, and rendered his voice tremulous; and, for a considerable period, he had relinquished to his curates all the public services of the church, except the administration of the sacrament; but now, in compliance with the earnest and reiterated request of the noble and much-loved hostess of the Duke, he had somewhat unwillingly, consented to "attempt" to preach.

* See his first campaign in Portugal.

† We cannot dignify the clamour of a few mobs, when all the great and good were his adherents, with the title of "reverse."

And some there were who did not hesitate to ascribe this consent, reluctant though it was, to an overweening adulation for the great ones of the earth, and to anticipate a forensic display of well-concocted flattery.

What was the fact?

As soon as the buzz and movement of the congregation, thronged to the extremity of sufferance, had subsided, the venerable-looking old gentleman, whose hair was white as silver, and his complexion, from extreme habitual abstemiousness, clear as in youth, looked firmly around, and in a voice, which, if somewhat tremulous from the lapse of seventy years, still rang clearly through the church, he spoke the words he had chosen for his text—

"WOE UNTO YOU WHEN ALL MEN SHALL SPEAK WELL OF YOU."

No succumbing to greatness here! And his sermon was such as might be expected from a Christian minister, whose guide was scriptural knowledge, and his principle, integrity.

It was some years after this occurrence ere the venerable preacher was summoned to his rest, though, we believe, he never ascended the pulpit again. He now sleeps within the walls of that church whose sacred ordinances he had administered for upwards of fifty years.

Amid the numberless ovations which have been decreed the Duke of Wellington in every corner of the empire, it is quite probable that this particular village solemnity may have passed from his recollection. But many were the participants in it that day—ourselves amongst the number—who, however deadened by the subsequent realities of life to much solicitude about its pageants, will never forget the intense satisfaction derived from our first view of THE Duke.

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## A FEW NOTES UPON MR. DICKENS'S "AMERICAN NOTES FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION."

BY UNCLE SAM.

AFTER reading, with the avidity to be expected when a huge appetite and dainty viands are in conjunction, Mr. Dickens's work on America, I find myself in a most unenviable situation for a gentleman who previously had sat down with the expectation of being "nothing, if not critical."

I find I have been agreeing, almost word for word, with the author, throughout his two volumes; and I must confess at once to a feeling of surprise that no exaggeration, no caricature of any kind, so far as my experience enables me to judge, rears its grotesque head in either volume. Mr. Dickens will assuredly expect this point to be disputed. He confesses to have been sceptical of several American peculiarities which previous tourists had noted, and he must anticipate that American critics will endeavour to "fix" him in the same rank of gentlemen who allow their imagination to run occasionally wild. The members of Congress, for instance, will never be persuaded that they render filthy the carpets of the floors of the legislative chambers and the President's white house.

Mr. Dickens and his lady took passage in the Halifax mail steam-packet, Britannia, one afternoon in the early part of January, after partaking of one of those splendid entertainments comprising turtle, cold punch, hock, champagne, and claret, for which his "faultless friend, Mr. Radley, of the Adelphi hotel, Liverpool," is known by a host of travellers to be famous. His description of a state-room in the packet will tell well on the remembrance of every one who has looked on such a place with even the remotest idea of crossing the Atlantic.

The characteristic buoyancy of the author, however, even in this unpromising case, peeps out, when he shortly after declares that "in less than two minutes after coming upon it for the first time, he and his friends agreed that the state-room was the pleasantest and most facetious and capital contrivance possible," and that "to have had it one inch larger would have been quite a disagreeable and deplorable state of things." "And with this, and with shewing how, by very nearly closing the door, and twining in and out like serpents, and by counting the little washing slab as standing room, we could manage to insinuate four people into it, all at one time; and entreating each to observe how very airy it was (in dock), and how there was a beautiful port-hole, which could be kept open all day (weather permitting), and how there was quite a large bull's eye just over the looking-glass, which would render shaving a perfectly easy and delightful process (when the ship didn't roll too much), we arrived, at last, at the unanimous conclusion that it was rather spacious than otherwise." But the entire description of the first impressions on board an Atlantic steamer are in Mr. Dickens's best strain, to which no further epithet need be applied, unless, indeed, it be advisable to impress the fact on the reader that it is quite *original*.

Cooper and Marryat describe naval scenes and dilemmas of almost every variety, but it remained for Dickens to render humorous the miseries of a rolling sea, a heavy wind, and the confusion of mind into which a gentleman can be placed, by lying in his state room, and seeing his water jug plunging up and down like a dolphin, "the looking-glass, which is nailed to the wall, sticking fast upon the ceiling," and "at the same time the door entirely disappearing, and a new one opening in the floor." It was in such a state of things that our author began "to comprehend that the state-room was standing on its head!"

"Two passengers' wives (one of them my own) lay already in silent agonies on the sofa; and one lady's maid (*my* lady's) was a mere bundle on the floor, execrating her destiny, and pounding her curl papers among the stray boxes."

Mr. Dickens's sickness was no ordinary one. It rendered him insensible, and he confesses to have been at last in a very pitiable state, but relates the whole with the gusto of an amusing reminiscence. He dated his recovery from the receipt of the intelligence that another passenger was so much *more* uncomfortable than himself, as to have a mustard poultice placed on his stomach! But let us arrive at America.

There is a capital sketch of the appearance of Boston, which would answer nearly as well for New York. The peculiar appearance of the houses alluded to by Mr. Dickens, results from the natural redness of the bricks, and the fresh white paint periodically applied to the wooden buildings, with which nothing can well harmonize unless equally brilliant.

Mr. Dickens considers that the Americans are not a humorous people; and that their temperament always impressed him as being of a dull and gloomy character. This is, perhaps, to be fully admitted as a general feature, and for that very reason the humorous exceptions are the more conspicuous in front of the dark background. Some humorists are of the Falstaff genus, who circulate the laugh by commencing it themselves; others are the followers of the Liston school, which raises mirth with an imperturbable gravity of countenance. American humorists are of the latter class. Let Mr. Dickens afford us a specimen of it.

On arriving at Boston one of the earliest institutions visited was the State Hospital for the Insane, in which the physician's manner of acquiring and retaining the confidence of his patients is thus described:—

"'This,' he said aloud, taking me by the hand, and advancing to the fantastic figure with great politeness—not raising her suspicions by the slightest look or whisper, or any kind of aside, to me—'This lady is the hostess of this mansion, sir. It belongs to her. Nobody else has anything whatever to do with it. It is a large establishment, as you see, and requires a great number of attendants. She lives, you observe, in the very first style. She is kind enough to receive my visits, and to permit my wife and family to reside here; for which, it is hardly necessary to say, we are much indebted to her. She is exceedingly courteous, you perceive,' (on this hint she bowed, condescendingly,) 'and will permit me to have the pleasure of introducing you: A gentleman from England, ma'am: newly arrived from England, after a very tempestuous passage: Mr. Dickens—the lady of the house!'

"We exchanged the most dignified salutations with profound gravity and respect, and so went on. The rest of the madwomen seemed to understand the joke perfectly, not only in this case, but in all the others, except their own,) and to be highly amused by it. The nature of their several kinds of insanity was made known to me in the same way, and we left each of them in high good humour. Not only is a thorough confidence established, by these means, between physician and patient, in respect of the nature and extent of their hallucinations, but it is easy to understand that opportunities are afforded for seizing any moment of reason, to startle them by placing their own delusion before them in its most incongruous and ridiculous light."

Surely this Yankee physician was a humorist, although a melancholy one. The whole board of directors of the hospital too, Quakers and all, must have participated in the constant repetition of this joke, in which the insane were made to laugh at each other!

In a chapter on the domestic economy of a canal boat there are two amusing characters introduced; one of whom, on being annoyed by the officers of the boat, vents his indignation in the following pleasant manner:—

"'This may suit *you*, this may, but it don't suit *me*. This may be all very well with Down Easters and men of Boston raising, but it wont suit my figure no how; and no two ways about *that;* and so I tell you. Now! I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, *I* am, and when the sun shines on me it does shine—a little. It don't glimmer where *I* live, the sun don't. No. I'm a brown forester, I am. I an't a Johnny Cake. There are no smooth skins where I live. We're rough men there. Rather. If Down Easters and men of Boston raising like this, I'm glad of it, but I'm none of that raising nor of that breed. No. This company wants a little fixing, *it* does. I'm the wrong sort of man for 'em, *I* am. They won't like me, *they* wont. This is piling of it up, a little too moŭntaĭnoŭs, this is.' At the end of every one of these short sentences he turned upon his heel, and walked the other way; checking himself abruptly when he had finished another short sentence, and turning back again."

Characters like this are by no means as plentiful in the States as blackberries, but may be met with occasionally, two, and even three in a company.

Among the humorous scenes is one too long for extraction. The author is seated by the side of a black driver, in coach No. 1, (five other coaches following,) who extricates his horses from a tremendous cavity, in a road of Virginia, by a skilful application of the negro conjurations to a horse:—"Easy, den, Steady, Hi, Jiddy, Pill, Ally, Loo, and Lee"—the latter of which is so powerful as to induce the horses to perform prodigies. There is a capital dialogue, also too long for appropriation, in which the unpromising phrase of "Yes, sir," performs very excellent service, both in question and answer, between a fat Judge Jefferson, who is swinging himself to and fro in a rocking-chair, on the outside of a tavern, awaiting the meal hour, and a gentleman in a straw hat, who has arrived by an anti-exclusive-extra-coach, and complains of "*the pretty loud smell* of varnish" the vehicle has given out on the road.

On the subject of American courts of law, Mr. Dickens delivers himself as follows:—

"To an Englishman, accustomed to the paraphernalia of Westminster Hall, an American Court of Law is as odd a sight as, I suppose, an English Court of Law would be to an American. Except in the Supreme Court at Washington, (where the judges wear a plain black robe,) there is no such thing as a wig or gown connected with the administration of justice. The gentlemen of the bar being barristers and attorneys too (for there is no division of those functions as in England,) are no more removed from their clients than attorneys in our Court for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors are, from theirs. The jury are quite at home, and make themselves as comfortable as circumstances will permit. The witness is so little elevated above, or put aloof from, the crowd in the court, that a stranger entering during a pause in the proceedings, would find it difficult to pick him out from the rest. And if it chanced to be a criminal trial, his eyes, in nine cases out of ten, would wander to the dock in search of the prisoner, in vain; for that gentleman would most likely be lounging among the most distinguished ornaments of the legal profession, whispering suggestions in his counsel's ear, or making a toothpick out of an old quill with his pen-knife."

This brings to my recollection a case in a New York court of justice, in which a female had been brutally injured. The prosecutrix, a well-dressed, ladylike-looking personage, gave her evidence publicly before the crowd, and was cross-examined by a lawyer in a blue coat and white trowsers, seated on a front bench, with one leg pressing against the bar rails; yet the accused, who was afterwards proved to be a ruffian, was hid in some obscure corner of the court. "He might be innocent, and should not be exposed to shame until proved guilty," observed a friend to me; to which my reply was, "That female has been shamefully treated, and you compel her to stand up exposed to shame before a crowd. Will she not say that the law, in her case, excessively *punishes* her innocence and misfortune before the villain is even brought into court?" Further on, Mr. Dickens observes:—"In every court ample and commodious provision is made for the accommodation of the citizens. This is the case all through America." Granted, if by the word citizens is meant *white* men, but black men have not *fair* accommodation, even when brethren of their own race are concerned in the pending trial; they may only occupy the back seats, out of hearing, and almost out of sight.

The description of New York—including the prison of "Tombs," with its cells so gloomy as to have induced the authorities to render them pegless, lest the wretched inmates should continue a practice of hanging themselves in very despair against the walls, and including also a place called the "Five Points," the St. Giles's of New York, with its holes, and rats, and pigs, and the wretched scum of all countries, and its nigger "Almack's"—is vivid in the extreme, and will, so picture-like is the description, be admired the most by those who have seen the original materials from which the artist drew. Mr. Dickens very justly reprobates the want of common decency, let alone justice, with which the night offenders of the large city are crowded in places so noisome, that if a man die by accident, he is eaten by the long-tailed carnivorous vermin before morning! The same state of things exists in Philadelphia, "the city of brotherly love."

The remarks of Mr. Dickens on the solitary confinement of the *model prisons* are in the purest strain of humanity. I remember hearing a grand juryman of Philadelphia say that nothing should ever induce him to revisit the cells of the Eastern Penitentiary, as he had once done in his official capacity. When the doors of the cells were open, to ask each wretch immured whether he had any complaint to make against the jailer, the horrible oaths and imprecations of some of the despairing wretches conjured up a picture which the most vivid conception of pandemonium alone could exceed.

That part of his tour which comprises Canada purposely avoids any contrast between the Provinces and the States, but with many it will have this impression—an excellent one both for the American and British people, if it be lasting—that the Canadas are yet far from being sufficiently advanced to be aught else than provinces; and as they were originally French, and at this day are almost as much French as English, they require a vast influx of English, Scotch, and Irish emigrants, to render them sufficiently *compact* to be entrusted with their own government. The best informed Americans do not wish the Canadas at present to join the Union; the *Canadians* do not want to join the Yankees; and, with all humility, I should like to ask certain members of parliament the question, whether it would not be better to let the two Canadas remain on the stocks unlaunched, until it can be determined that (whatever may be the future government) English habits, manners, and language shall be definitively rooted in the soil, than to launch them now into an element of strife, a prey to the opposing French and English parties? I have reason to believe the Americans allow we have a talent for raising colonies to perfection, and that *we* had better complete the task so happily commenced, and *nearly* brought to a satisfactory state, of metamorphosing a French settlement into a capital English colony.

The remarks on the mighty falls of Niagara are original, solemn, full of Boz's peculiar vein of thought, and so pithy, as to induce one to yield to regret when a blankness instructs us that the page is at an end.

The description of the city of Washington, "the head quarters of tobacco-

tinctured saliva," is extremely graphic, and the chapter on slavery is powerfully written. The public press of the States will groan under the severest castigation it has ever yet received, and most richly merited is the castigation.

The general character of the volumes is that of a journal. There are no politics or political bias, no reference whatever to the author's public receptions, no straining after effect, but the whole runs smoothly on from commencement to end in a manner that must irresistibly compel the reader to believe it bears no fiction of any kind within it. Some of the little episodes and anecdotes are in the well known manner of the best known comic writer. We are introduced to an independent shoemaker, to a grandson of the inventor of "cold drawn castor oil," to comical pigs and fabulous giants, to the stumps of trees in the forests, which take grotesque shapes on moonlit nights, and to budding presidents who rush from the street into the very sanctum sanctorum of Boz, and throwing open the windows, invite other boys in the street below to come up and do likewise; crying—"Here he is!" "Come on!" "Bring all your brothers!"

No other book of a traveller in America ever gave me the same pleasure in reading, and I am much mistaken if the public generally, do not, with a perfectly unanimous consent, "Go the whole ticket,"—to make use of an American electioneering phrase—in voting some similar meed of approbation.

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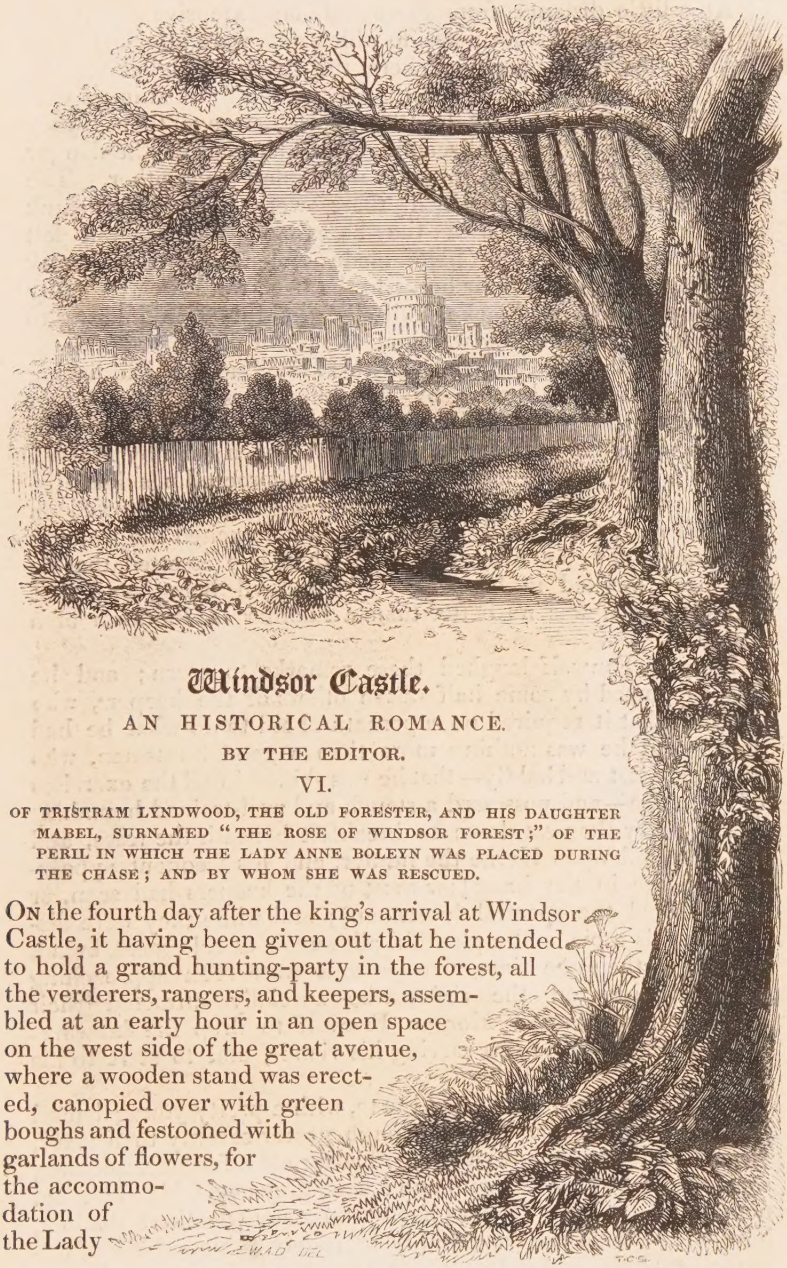
## THE "MISER'S DAUGHTER" AT THE ADELPHI.

THE "Miser's Daughter," adapted for stage-representation by Mr. Edward Stirling, was produced at the Adelphi on Monday, the 24th. The task of dramatizing a novel is always a difficult one. The audience is necessarily divided into two parties, and both must be pleased if the success is to be general. There are those who, having read the work, come with preconceived ideas of the subject, and expectations that their favourite scenes and points of character will be brought out in some particular manner; and there are also those, who, unacquainted with the written story, require a clear and consistent development of the design, by means of any additions, omissions, or transpositions which may be necessary to render it intelligible—not caring how this character is thrust into the background, or how that is wholly excluded. Whether both parties will be equally satisfied with the dramatic form which the tale of the "Miser's Daughter" has assumed, it is not for us to judge; but, undoubtedly, the indulgent readers of this Magazine, who have taken an interest in the story, will—such of them, at least, as have an opportunity—find something to divert them, and to excite their sympathies also, in the fidelity with which many of the scenes are represented, and the force with which several of the characters are embodied. They will see in the spirit with which the extinct glories of Ranelagh are revivified; in the passionate energy that breathes life into the delineation of Hilda, Abel Beechcroft, and the Miser; in the characteristic humour that paints in living colours Mr. Cripps and Mrs. Nettleship, with little Peter and the Fair Thomasine—(there could not be a fairer Thomasine than Mrs. H. P. Grattan)—and last, but certainly not least, in the artist-like feeling and appreciation of character with which Jacob Post is portrayed by Mr. O. Smith—a series of successful illustrations of the story now brought to a conclusion. More especially, will they be struck with the exactness and beauty with which Mr. George Cruikshank's varied compositions are placed in living tableaux before the eye. In some instances, they might be mistaken for the artist's actual designs enormously magnified, and mysteriously made to breathe. In the admirable stage appointments, the appropriate scenery, and remarkably beautiful dresses, the best proofs are here given that the spirit of the management has not fled with him who but lately presided over it, and that the entertainment which the public have so long been accustomed to seek still awaits them at the Adelphi, under the able direction of Mr. Gladstanes.

Tony Johannot - 1840

THE MEETING IN THE CLOISTERS OF SAINT GEORGE'S CHAPEL.



# Windsor Castle.

## AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

### VI.

OF TRISTRAM LYNDWOOD, THE OLD FORESTER, AND HIS DAUGHTER MABEL, SURNAMED "THE ROSE OF WINDSOR FOREST;" OF THE PERIL IN WHICH THE LADY ANNE BOLEYN WAS PLACED DURING THE CHASE; AND BY WHOM SHE WAS RESCUED.

On the fourth day after the king's arrival at Windsor Castle, it having been given out that he intended to hold a grand hunting-party in the forest, all the verderers, rangers, and keepers, assembled at an early hour in an open space on the west side of the great avenue, where a wooden stand was erected, canopied over with green boughs and festooned with garlands of flowers, for the accommodation of the Lady

Anne Boleyn and her dames, who, it was understood, would be present at the chase.

At a little distance from the stand, an extensive covert was fenced round with stout poles, to which nets were attached, so as to form a haye or preserve, where the game intended for the royal sport was confined; and though many of the animals thus brought together were of hostile natures, strange to say, they were all so terrified, and seemingly so conscious of the danger that menaced them, that they did not molest each other. The foxes and martins, of which there were abundance, slunk into the brush-wood with the hares and rabbits, but left them untouched. The harts made violent efforts to break forth, and entangling their horns in the nets, were with difficulty extricated and driven back; while the timid does, not daring to follow them, stood warily watching the result of the struggle.

Amongst the antlered captives was a fine buck, which, having been once before hunted by the king, was styled a "hart royal," and this noble animal would certainly have effected his escape, if he had not been attacked and driven back by Morgan Fenwolf, who throughout the morning's proceedings had displayed great energy and skill. The compliments bestowed on Fenwolf for his address by the chief verderer excited the jealousy of some of his comrades; and more than one asserted that he had been assisted in his task by some evil being, and that Bawsey herself was no better than a familiar in the form of a hound.

Morgan Fenwolf laughed these remarks to scorn; and he was supported by some half dozen others of the keepers, who declared that it required no supernatural aid to do what he had done—that he was nothing more than a good huntsman, who could ride fast and boldly—that he was skilled in all the exercises of the chase—and possessed a stanch and well-trained hound.

The party then sat down to breakfast beneath the trees, and the talk fell upon Herne the hunter, and his frequent appearance of late in the forest (for most of the keepers had seen, or encountered the spectral huntsman); and while they were discussing this topic, and a plentiful allowance of cold meat, bread, and ale at the same time, two persons were seen approaching along a vista on the right, who specially attracted their attention, and caused Morgan Fenwolf to drop the hunting-knife, with which he was carving his viands, and to start to his feet.

The new comers were an old man, with a pretty young damsel under his arm. The former, though nearer seventy than sixty, was still hale and athletic-looking; had a ruddy, fresh complexion, somewhat tanned by the sun, and a keen grey eye, which had lost nothing of its fire. He was habited in a stout leathern doublet, hose of the same material, and boots rudely fashioned out of untanned ox-hide, and drawn above the knee. In his girdle was

thrust a large hunting-knife; a horn with a silver mouth-piece, depended from his baldric; and he wore a long bow, and a quiver full of arrows at his back. A flat cap of sable fur, ornamented with a raven's wing covered his hair, which was as white as silver.

But it was not upon this old forester, for such his attire proclaimed him, that the attention of the beholders, and of Morgan Fenwolf in especial, was fixed,—but upon his companion. Amongst the many lovely and high-born dames, who had so recently graced the procession to the castle, were few, if any, to be compared with this lowly damsel. Her dress—probably owing to the pride felt in her by her old relative—was somewhat superior to her station. A tightly-laced kirtle of green cloth displayed to perfection her slight, but exquisitely-formed figure. A gown of orange-coloured cloth, sufficiently short to display her finely-formed ancles, and a pair of green buskins, embroidered with silver, together with a collar of the whitest and finest linen, though shamed by the neck it concealed, and fastened by a small clasp, completed her attire, Her girdle was of silver, and her sleeves were fastened by aiglets of the same metal.

"How fond old Tristram Lyndwood seems to be of his granddaughter!" remarked one of the keepers.

"And with reason," replied another. "Mabel Lyndwood is the prettiest lass in Berkshire, and well deserves her title of the 'Rose of Windsor Forest.'"

"Ay, marry doth she," rejoined the first speaker; "and to my thinking, the forest rose is fairer and sweeter than any flower that blooms in yon stately castle—the flower that finds so much favour in the eyes of royalty not excepted."

"Have a care, Gabriel Lapp," observed another keeper. "Recollect that Mark Fytton, the butcher, was hanged for speaking slightingly of the Lady Anne Boleyn; and you may share his fate, if you disparage her beauty."

"Nay, I meant not to disparage the Lady Anne," replied Gabriel. "The king may marry her as soon as he will, and divorce her as soon afterwards as he pleases, for aught I care. If he marries fifty wives, I shall like him all the better for it. The more the merrier, say I. But if he sets eyes on Mabel, it may somewhat unsettle his love for the Lady Anne."

"Tush, Gabriel!" said Morgan Fenwolf, darting an angry look at him. "What business have you to insinuate that the king would regard aught but the lady of his love?"

"You are jealous, Morgan Fenwolf," rejoined Gabriel, with a malignant grin. "We all know how madly you are in love with Mabel yourself."

"And we all know, likewise, that Mabel will have nothing to say to you!" cried another keeper, while the others laughed in

chorus. "Come and sit down beside us, Morgan, and finish your breakfast."

But the keeper turned moodily away, and marched towards Tristram Lyndwood and his grand-daughter. The old forester shook him cordially by the hand, and after questioning him as to what had been done, and hearing how he had managed to drive the hart royal into the haye, clapped him on the shoulder, and said—"Thou art a brave huntsman, Morgan. I wish Mab could only think as well of thee as I do."

To this speech, the Rose of Windsor Forest not only paid no attention, but looked studiously another way.

"I am glad your grandfather has brought you out to see the chase to-day, Mabel," observed Morgan Fenwolf.

"I came not to see the chase, but the king," she replied, somewhat petulantly.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Fenwolf, frowning; "it is not every fair maid who would confess so much."

"Then I am franker than most of my sex," replied Mabel. "But who is that strange man looking at us from behind that tree, grandfather?"

"Which tree do you mean?" rejoined the forester. "I see no one."

"There!—behind that large oak!" she replied, pointing towards a gnarled tree on the left.

"Either your eyes deceive you, or mine do not serve me properly, which is the more probable," replied the old forester; "but I discern nothing."

"Nor I," replied Morgan Fenwolf, with a shudder.

"You are wilfully blind," rejoined Mabel. "But see, the person I mentioned stalks forth. Now, perhaps, he is visible to you both."

And as the words were uttered, a tall, wild-looking figure, armed with a hunting spear, emerged from the trees, and advanced towards them. The garb of the new-comer resembled that of a forester, but his arms and lower limbs were destitute of covering, and appeared singularly muscular, while his skin was darker than that of a gipsy. His jet black hair hung in elf-locks over his savage-looking features. In another moment, he was beside them, and fixed his dark, piercing eyes on Mabel, in such a manner as to compel her to avert her gaze.

"What brings you here this morning, Tristram Lyndwood?" he demanded, in a hoarse, stern tone.

"The same motive that brought you, Valentine Hagthorne," replied the old forester,—"to see the royal chase."

"This, I suppose, is your grand-daughter?" pursued Hagthorne.

"Ay," replied Tristram, bluntly.

"Strange I should never have seen her before," rejoined the other. "She is very fair. Be ruled by me, friend Tris-

tram—take her home again. If she sees the king, ill will come of it. You know, or should know, his character."

"Hagthorne advises well," interposed Fenwolf. "The damsel will be better at home."

"But she has no intention of returning at present," replied Mabel. "You brought me here for pastime, dear grandfather, and will not take me back at the recommendation of this strange man?"

"Assuredly not," replied Tristram. "Content you, child—content you. You shall remain where you are."

"You will repent it!" cried Hagthorne. And hastily darting among the trees, he disappeared from view.

Affecting to laugh at the occurrence, though he was evidently vexed at it, the old forester led his grand-daughter towards the stand, where he was cordially greeted by the keepers, most of whom, while expressing their satisfaction at seeing him, strove to render themselves agreeable in the eyes of Mabel.

From this scene Morgan Fenwolf held himself aloof, and remained leaning against a tree, with his eyes riveted upon the damsel. He was roused from his reverie by a slight tap upon the shoulder; and turning at the touch, beheld Valentine Hagthorne. Obedient to a signal from the latter, he followed him amongst the trees, and they both descended together into a dell.

An hour or two after this, when the sun was higher in the heavens, and the dew dried upon the greensward, the king, and a large company of lords and ladies, rode forth from the upper gate of the castle, and taking their way along the great avenue, struck off on the right, when about half way up it, and shaped their course towards the haye.

It was a pleasant sight to see this gallant company issue from under the trees; and it was pleasant, also, to listen to the blithe sound of their voices, amid which, Anne Boleyn's musical laugh could be plainly distinguished. Henry was attended by his customary band of archers and yeomen of the guard; and also by the Duke of Shoreditch and his followers. On reaching the haye, Henry dismounted, and assisting the Lady Anne from her steed, ascended the stand with her.

He then took a small and beautifully-fashioned bow from an attendant, and stringing it, presented it to her.

"I trust this will not prove too strong for your fair hands," he said.

"I will make shift to draw it," replied Anne, raising the bow, and gracefully pulling the string. "Would that I could wound your majesty as surely as I shall hit the first roe that passes."

"That were a needless labour," rejoined Henry, "seeing that you have already stricken me to the heart. You should cure the wound you have already made, sweetheart—not inflict a new one."

At this juncture, the chief verderer, mounted on a powerful steed, and followed by two keepers, each holding a couple of

stag-hounds in leash, rode up to the royal stand, and placing his horn to his lips, blew three long mootes from it. At the same moment, part of the net-work of the haye was lifted up, and a roe-buck set free.

By the management of the keepers, the animal was driven past the royal stand; and Anne Boleyn, who had drawn an arrow nearly to the head, let it fly with such good aim, that she pierced the buck to the heart. A loud shout from the spectators rewarded the prowess of the fair huntress; and Henry was so enchanted, that he bent the knee to her, and kissed her hand. Satisfied, however, with her achievement, Anne prudently declined another shot. Henry then took a bow from one of his archers, and other roes being turned out, he approved upon them his unerring skill as a marksman.

Meanwhile, the hounds, being held in leash, kept up a loud and incessant baying; and Henry, wearying of his pastime, turned to Anne, and asked her whether she was disposed for the chase. She answered readily in the affirmative, and the king motioned his henchmen to bring forward the steeds.

In doing this, he caught sight of Mabel, who was standing with her grandsire among the keepers, at a little distance from the scaffold, and, struck with her extraordinary beauty, he regarded her for a moment intently, and then called to Gabriel Lapp, who chanced to be near to the royal stand, and demanded her name.

"It is Mabel Lyndwood, an' please your majesty," replied Gabriel. "She is grand-daughter to old Tristram Lyndwood, who dwells at Black Nest, near the lake, at the further extremity of Windsor Forest, and who was forester to your royal father, King Henry the Seventh, of blessed memory."

"Ha! is it so?" cried Henry.

But he was prevented from further remark by Anne Boleyn, who perceiving how his attention was attracted, suddenly interposed.

"Your majesty spoke of the chase," she said, impatiently. "But perhaps you have found other pastime more diverting?"

"Not so,—not so, sweetheart," he replied, hastily.

"There is a hart royal in the haye," said Gabriel Lapp. "Is it your majesty's pleasure that I set him free?"

"It is, good fellow—it is," replied the king.

And as Gabriel hastened to the netted fencework, and prepared to drive forth the hart, Henry assisted Anne Boleyn, who could not help exhibiting some slight jealous pique, to mount her steed, and having sprung into his own saddle, they waited the liberation of the buck, which was accomplished in a somewhat unexpected manner.

Separated from the rest of the herd, the noble animal made a sudden dart towards Gabriel, and upsetting him in his wild career,

darted past the king, and made towards the upper part of the forest. In another instant, the hounds were uncoupled, and at his heels, while Henry and Anne urged their steeds after him, the king shouting at the top of his lusty voice. The rest of the royal party followed as they might, and the woods resounded with their joyous cries.

The hart royal proved himself worthy of his designation. Dashing forward with lightning swiftness, he rapidly gained upon his pursuers—for though Henry, by putting his courser to his utmost speed, could have kept near him, he did not like to quit his fair companion.

In this way, they scoured the forest, until the king, seeing that they should be speedily distanced, commanded Sir Thomas Wyat, who, with the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk, was riding close behind him, to cross by the lower ground on the left, and turn the stag. Wyat instantly obeyed, and plunging his spurs deep into his horse's sides, started off at a furious pace, and was soon after seen shaping his rapid course through a devious glade.

Meanwhile, Henry and his fair companion rode on without relaxing their pace, until they reached the summit of a knoll, crowned by two enormous oaks, and commanding a superb view of the castle, where they drew in the rein.

OLD OAKS IN WINDSOR FOREST.

From this eminence, they could witness the progress of the chase, as it was continued in the valley beyond. The king, who was an ardent lover of hunting, watched it with the deepest

interest, rose in his saddle, and uttering various exclamations, shewed, from his impatience, that he was only restrained by his passion for Anne Boleyn, from joining it.

Ere long, stag, hounds, and huntsmen, were lost amid a thick grove, and nothing could be distinguished but the distant baying of the former, and the cries of the latter. At last, even these sounds died away.

Henry, who had ill brooked the previous restraint, now grew so impatient, that Anne begged him to set off after them, and leave her, when, suddenly, the cry of hounds burst upon their ear, and the hart was seen issuing from the dell, closely followed by his pursuers.

The affrighted animal, to the king's great satisfaction, made his way directly towards the spot where he was stationed; but on reaching the side of the knoll, and seeing how it was occupied, he darted off on the right, and tried to regain the thicket below. But he was again turned by another band of keepers, who drove him back towards the knoll.

Scarcely had Sir Thomas Wyat reined in his steed by the side of the king, than the hart again appeared bounding up the hill. Anne Boleyn, who had turned her horse's head to obtain a better view of the hunt, alarmed by the animal's menacing appearance, tried to get out of his course. But it was too late. Goaded by the keepers in the rear, and driven to desperation by the cries of hounds and huntsmen in front, the hart lowered his horns, and made a furious push at her.

Dreadfully alarmed, Anne drew in the rein so suddenly and sharply, that she almost pulled her steed back upon his haunches; and in trying to avoid the stag's attack, flung herself into the arms of Sir Thomas Wyat, who was close beside her.

In all probability, she would have received some serious injury from the infuriated animal, who was just about to repeat his assault, and more successfully, when a bolt from a cross-bow, discharged by Morgan Fenwolf, who suddenly made his appearance from behind the nearest oak tree, brought him to the ground.

But Anne Boleyn escaped one danger only to encounter another equally serious. On seeing her fling herself into the arms of Sir Thomas Wyat, Henry regarded her in stern displeasure for a moment, and then calling angrily to his train, without so much as deigning to inquire whether she had sustained any damage from the accident, or making the slightest remark upon her conduct, rode sullenly towards the castle.

"I told you how it would be, gossip," observed Will Sommers to Sir Thomas Wyat, who, separating himself from Anne as soon as he could, had withdrawn into the rear of the train. "You have succeeded, at length, in rousing Harry's jealousy. Look to your head."

# Windsor Castle.

## AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

### VII.

HOW THE FAIR GERALDINE BESTOWED A RELIC UPON THE EARL OF SURREY.—HOW SURREY AND RICHMOND RODE IN THE FOREST AT MIDNIGHT,—AND HOW THEY FOUND THE BODY OF MARK FYTTON, THE BUTCHER.

Surrey and Richmond agreed to say nothing for the present of their mysterious adventure in the forest; but their haggard looks, as they presented themselves to the Lady Anne Boleyn in the reception-chamber, on the following morning, proclaimed that something had happened, and they had to undergo much questioning on the subject of their jaded appearance from the fair Geraldine and the Lady Mary Howard.

"I never saw you so out of spirits, my lord," remarked

the fair Geraldine to Surrey; "you must have spent the whole night in study—or what is more probable, you have again seen Herne the hunter. Confess now, you have been in the forest."

"I will confess anything you please," replied Surrey, evasively.

"And what have you seen?—a stranger vision than the first?" rejoined the fair Geraldine.

"Since your ladyship answers for me, there is no need for explanation on my part," rejoined Surrey, with a faint laugh. "And know you not, that those who encounter supernatural beings are generally bound to profound secrecy?"

"Such, I hope, is not your case, Henry?" cried the Lady Mary Howard, in alarm;—"nor yours, my lord?" she added, to the Duke of Richmond.

"I am bound equally with Surrey," returned the Duke, mysteriously.

"You pique my curiosity, my lords," said the fair Geraldine; "and since there is no other way of gratifying it, if the Lady Mary Howard will accompany me, we will ourselves venture into the forest, and try whether we cannot have a meeting with this wild huntsman. Shall we go to-night?"

"Not for worlds," replied the Lady Mary, shuddering; "were I to see Herne, I should die of fright."

"Your alarm is groundless," observed Richmond, gallantly. "The presence of two beings, fair and pure as yourself and the Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, would scare away aught of evil."

The Lady Mary thanked him by a beaming smile, but the fair Geraldine could not repress a slight laugh.

"Your grace is highly flattering," she said. "But, with all faith in beauty and purity, I should place most reliance in a relic I possess, — the virtue of which has often been approved against evil spirits. It was given by a monk—who had been sorely tempted by a demon, and who owed his deliverance to it—to my ancestor, Luigi Geraldi of Florence; and from him it descended to me."

"Would I had an opportunity of proving its efficacy!" exclaimed the Earl of Surrey.

"You shall prove it, if you choose," rejoined the fair Geraldine. "I will give you the relic, on condition that you never part with it to friend or foe."

And detaching a small cross of gold, suspended by a chain from her neck, she presented it to the Earl of Surrey.

"This cross encloses the relic," she continued; "wear it, and may it protect you from all ill!"

Surrey's pale cheek glowed with pride and pleasure as he took the gift.

"I will never part with it but with life!" he cried, pressing the cross to his lips, and afterwards placing it next his heart.

"I would have given half my dukedom to be so favoured," said Richmond, moodily.

And quitting the little group, he walked towards the Lady Anne.

"Henry," said the Lady Mary, taking her brother aside; "you have lost your dearest friend."

"I care not," replied Surrey.

"But you may incur his enmity," pursued the Lady Mary. "I saw the glance he threw at you just now, and it was exactly like the king's terrible look when he is offended."

"Again I say I care not," replied Surrey. "Armed with this relic, I defy all hostility."

"You will find it avail little against Richmond's rivalry and opposition," rejoined his sister.

"We shall see," retorted Surrey. "Were the king himself my rival, I would not resign my pretensions to the fair Geraldine!"

"Bravely resolved, my lord," said Sir Thomas Wyat, who having overheard the exclamation, advanced towards him. "Heaven grant you may never be placed in such jeopardy!"

"I say amen to that prayer, Sir Thomas," rejoined Surrey. "I would not prove disloyal, and yet under such circumstances——"

"What would you do?" interrupted Wyat.

"My brother is but a hasty boy, and has not yet learned discretion, Sir Thomas," interposed the Lady Mary, trying by a significant glance to impose silence on the Earl.

"Young as he is, he loves well, and truly," remarked Wyat, in a sombre tone.

"What is all this?" inquired the fair Geraldine, who had been gazing through the casement into the court below.

"I was merely expressing a wish that Surrey may never have a monarch for a rival, fair lady," replied Wyat.

"It matters little who may be his rival," rejoined Geraldine, "provided she he loves is constant."

"Right, lady, right," said Wyat, with great bitterness.

At this moment, Will Sommers approached them.

"I come to bid you to the Lady Anne's presence, Sir Thomas, and you to the king's, my lord of Surrey," said the jester. "I noticed what has just taken place," he remarked to the latter, as they proceeded towards the royal canopy, beneath which Henry and the Lady Anne Boleyn were seated; "but Richmond will not relinquish her tamely, for all that."

The Lady Anne Boleyn had summoned Sir Thomas Wyat, in order to gratify her vanity, by shewing to him the unbounded influence she possessed over his royal rival; and the half-suppressed agony displayed by the unfortunate lover at the exhibition, afforded her a pleasure such as only the most refined coquette can feel.

Surrey had been sent for for another purpose—namely, to receive instructions, in his quality of vice-chamberlain, from the king, respecting a tilting-match, to be held in the upper quad-

rangle of the castle on the following day. The day after that was also appointed by the king for the grand hunting-match, described in a previous chapter, and which terminated in the unlucky manner therein related.

Anxious, now that he had become somewhat calmer, to avoid a rupture with Richmond, Surrey, as soon as he had received the king's instructions, drew near the duke; and the latter, who had likewise reasoned himself out of his resentment, was speedily appeased, and they became, to all appearance, as good friends as ever.

Soon afterwards, the Lady Anne and her dames retired, and the court breaking up, the two young nobles strolled forth to the stately terrace at the north of the castle, where, while gazing at the glorious view it commanded, they talked over the mysterious event of the previous night.

"I cannot help suspecting that the keeper we beheld with the demon-hunter, was Morgan Fenwolf," remarked the earl. "Suppose we make inquiry whether he was at home last night. We can readily find out his dwelling from Bryan Bowntance, the host of the Garter."

DOOR LEADING TO THE HUNDRED STEPS.

Richmond acquiesced in the proposal, and they accordingly proceeded to the cloisters of Saint George's Chapel, and threading some tortuous passages contrived among the canons' houses, passed through a small porch, guarded by a sentinel, and opening upon a precipitous and somewhat dangerous flight of steps, hewn out of the rock, and leading to the town.

None except the more important members of the royal household were allowed to use this means of exit from the castle; but of course the privilege extended to Richmond and Surrey. Here in later times, and when the castle was not so strictly guarded, a more convenient approach was built, and designated, from the number of its stairs, "The hundred steps."

Having accomplished the descent in safety, and given the pass-word to the sentinel at the foot of the steps, the two young nobles emerged into the street, and the first object they beheld was the body of the miserable butcher swinging from the summit of the Bell Tower, where it was still left by order of the king.

Averting their gaze from this ghastly spectacle, they took their way up Thames-street, and soon reached the Garter. Honest Bryan was seated on a bench before the dwelling, with a flagon of his own ale beside him, and rising as he saw the two young nobles approach, he made them a profound salutation.

On learning what they sought, he told them that Morgan Fenwolf dwelt in a small cottage by the river side, not far from the bridge, and if it pleased them, he would guide them to it himself,—an offer which they gladly accepted.

"Do you know anything of Fenwolf?" asked Surrey, as they marched along.

"Nothing particular," replied Bryan, with some hesitation; "there are some strange reports about him, but I don't believe 'em."

"What reports are those, friend?" asked the Duke of Richmond.

"Why, your grace, one ought to be cautious what one says, for fear of bringing an innocent man into trouble," returned the host. "But if the truth must be spoken, people *do* say that Morgan Fenwolf is in league with the devil—or with Herne the hunter, which is the same thing."

Richmond exchanged a look with his friend.

"Folks say strange sights have been seen in the forest, of late," pursued Bryan—"and it may be so. But I myself have seen nothing,—but then, to be sure, I never go there. The keepers used to talk of Herne the hunter when I was a lad—but I believe it was only a tale to frighten deer-stealers; and I fancy it's much the same thing now."

Neither Surrey nor Richmond made any remark, and they presently reached the keeper's dwelling.

It was a small wooden tenement, standing, as the host had stated, on the bank of the river, about a bow-shot from the bridge. The door was opened by Bryan, and the party entered without further ceremony. They found no one within except an old woman, with harsh, wrinkled features, and a glance as ill-omened as that of a witch, whom Bryan Bowntance told them was Fenwolf's mother. This old crone regarded the intruders uneasily.

"Where is your son, dame?" demanded the duke.

"On his walk in the forest," replied the old crone, bluntly.

"What time did he go forth?" inquired Surrey.

"An hour before daybreak, as is his custom," returned the woman, in the same short tone as before.

"You are sure he slept at home last night, dame?" said Surrey.

"As sure as I am that the question is asked me," she replied. "I can shew you the very bed on which he slept, if you desire to see it. He retired soon after sunset—slept soundly, as he

always sleeps—and arose as I have told you. I lighted a fire, and made him some hot pottage myself."

"If she speaks the truth, you must be mistaken," observed Richmond, in a whisper, to his friend.

"I do not believe her," replied Surrey, in the same tone. "Shew us his chamber, dame."

The old crone sullenly complied, and throwing open a side door, disclosed an inner apartment, in which there was a small bed. There was nothing noticeable in the room, except a couple of fishing-nets, a hunting-spear, and an old cross-bow. A small open casement looked upon the river, whose clear sparkling waters flowed immediately beneath it.

Surrey approached the window, and gazing through it caught a fine view of the Brocas meads on the one hand, and of the embowered college of Eton on the other. His attention, however, was attracted from the view by a fierce barking without; and the next moment, in spite of the menaces and blows of the old woman, a large, black staghound, which Surrey recognised as Fenwolf's dog, Bawsey, burst through the door, and rushed furiously towards him. Surrey drew his dagger to defend himself from the hound's attack; but the precaution was needless. Bawsey's fierceness changed suddenly to the most abject submission, and with a terrified howl, she retreated from the room with her tail between her legs. Even the old woman uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"Lord help us!" cried Bryan—"was ever the like o' that seen. Your lordship must have a strange mastery over dogs. That hound," he added, in a whisper, "is said to be a familiar spirit."

"The virtue of the relic is approved," observed Surrey, to Richmond, in an under tone.

"It would seem so," replied the duke.

The old woman, who now thought proper to assume a more respectful demeanour towards her visitors, inquired whether her son should attend upon them on his return from the forest; but they said it was unnecessary.

"The king is about to have a grand hunting party the day after to-morrow," observed Surrey, "and we wished to give your son some instructions respecting it. They can, however, be delivered to another keeper."

And they departed with Bryan, and returned to the castle.

At midnight, they again issued forth from it. Their steeds awaited them near the upper gate, and mounting them, they galloped across the green sward in the direction of Herne's Oak. They soon reached the blasted tree, but could discern no trace of the ghostly huntsman; and after tarrying there for a short space, they rode off into the forest.

Urging their steeds to their utmost speed, and skirting the long avenue, they did not draw the rein till they reached the emi-

George Cruikshank

HERNE THE HUNTER PLUNGING INTO THE LAKE.

nence beyond it, whose side they climbed, and then dashing down the further side, continued at the same swift pace as before. They were greatly excited by the ride; but they saw nothing of the ghostly huntsman; nor did any sound salute their ears, except the tramp of their own horses, or the occasional darting forth of some startled deer.

Less than a quarter of an hour brought them to the haunted beech-tree. But all was as silent and solitary here as it had been at the blasted oak. In vain Surrey smote the tree. No answer was returned to the summons, and finding all efforts to evoke the demon fruitless, they quitted the spot, and turning their horses' heads to the right, soon gained the banks of the lake which glistened like silver in the moonlight. Diverging hence, they took a bridle road among the trees, and ascending a hill side, approached the point where Sandpit Gate now stands.

VIEW IN THE FOREST, NEAR SANDPIT GATE.

At this juncture, the faint blast of a horn reached their ears, apparently proceeding from the valley, nearer the lake. They instantly stopped, and looked in that direction, but could see nothing. Presently, however, the blast was repeated more loudly than before, and, guided by the sound, they discerned the spectral huntsman riding beneath the trees at some quarter of a mile's distance. Both horsemen instantly struck spurs into their steeds, and gave him chase; but though he lured them on through

thicket, and over glade—now climbing an eminence, now plunging into a valley, until their steeds began to shew symptoms of exhaustion,—they got no nearer to him; and at length, as they drew near the Home Park, to which he had gradually led them, he disappeared from view.

"I will take my station near the blasted oak," said Surrey, galloping towards it, "the demon is sure to revisit his favourite tree before cock-crowing."

"What is that?" cried the Earl of Surrey, pointing to a strange and ghastly-looking object dangling from the tree. "Some one has hanged himself! It may be the caitiff, Morgan Fenwolf."

With one accord they dashed forward; and as they drew nearer the tree, they perceived that the object that had attracted their attention was the body of Mark Fytton, the butcher, which they had seen so recently swinging from the summit of the Bell Tower, and which was now suspended from an arm of the wizard oak.

A small scroll was fastened on the breast of the corpse, and, taking it off, Surrey read these words, traced in uncouth characters: "*Mark Fytton is now one of the band of Herne the Hunter.*"

"By my fay, this passes all comprehension," said Richmond, after a few moments' silence. "This castle and forest seem under the sway of the powers of darkness. Let us return. I have had enough of adventure for to-night."

And he rode towards the castle, followed more slowly by the earl.

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## VIII.

HOW THE EARL OF SURREY AND THE FAIR GERALDINE PLIGHTED THEIR TROTH IN THE CLOISTERS OF SAINT GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

Barriers were erected on the following day in the upper ward of the castle, and the Lady Anne and her dames assembled in a balcony in front of the royal lodgings, which was decorated with arras, costly carpets, and rich stuffs, to view the spectacle.

Perfect in all manly accomplishments, Henry splintered several lances with his brother-in-law, the Duke of Suffolk, who formed an admirable match for him in point of weight and strength; and at last, though he did not succeed in unhorsing the duke, he struck off his helmet, the clasp of which, it was whispered, was left designedly unfastened; and being thereupon declared the victor, he received the prize—a scarf woven by her own hands—from the fair Anne herself.

He then retired from the lists, leaving them free for the younger knights to run a few courses at the ring. The first to enter the arena was Sir Thomas Wyat; and as he was known to be a skilful jouster, it was expected he would come off tri-

umphantly. But a glance from the royal balcony rendered Wyat's arm unsteady, and he missed the mark.

Next came the Duke of Richmond, superbly armed. Laughing at Wyat's ill success, he waved his hand at the fair Geraldine, and taking his lance from an esquire, placed it in the rest, and rode gallantly forward. But he was equally unsuccessful, and retired, looking deeply chagrined.

The third knight who presented himself was the Earl of Surrey. He was mounted on his favourite black Arabian—a steed which, though of fiery temper, obeyed his slightest movement. He was not in armour, and his light symmetrical figure appeared to the greatest advantage in his close-fitting habiliments of silk and velvet. Without venturing a look at the royal balcony, he couched his lance, and bounding forward, bore away the ring on its point.

Amid the plaudits of the spectators, he then careered round the arena, and approaching the royal balcony, raised his lance, and proffered the ring to the fair Geraldine, as a tribute to her beauty. Henry, though by no means pleased with Surrey's success, earned as it was at the expense of his son, complimented him upon his address, and Anne Boleyn joined warmly in his praises.

The lists were then closed, and the royal party retired to partake of refreshments, after which they proceeded to the butts erected in the broad mead at the north of the castle, where the Duke of Shoreditch and his companions shot a well-contested match with the long bow.

The pastimes of the day were concluded by casting the bar; and here again the king approved his strength, by hurling the iron mass many paces further than it had been flung by any of the competitors. It was hinted among the observers, that the Duke of Suffolk could have distanced his royal brother if he had put forth his whole strength; but, as he refrained from doing so, Henry was declared the victor.

During these sports, Surrey placed himself as near as he could to the fair Geraldine, and though but few opportunities occurred of exchanging a syllable with her, his looks were as eloquent as words could have been. At last, just as they were about to return to the palace, overcome by his passion, he breathed in an imploring tone in her ear—

"You will attend vespers at Saint George's Chapel this evening. Return through the cloisters. Grant me a moment's interview alone there."

"I cannot promise," replied the fair Geraldine.

And she followed in the train of the Lady Anne.

"She will meet him, nevertheless," said Will Sommers, who overheard what was said, and marked her look as she moved away, "and I and Richmond will be present at the interview."

Bent upon this malicious scheme, as the royal train proceeded

towards the castle, the jester contrived to approach the Duke of Richmond, and said to him, in a jeering tone,—

"You ran but indifferently at the ring to-day, gossip. The galliard Surrey rode better, and carried off the prize."

"Pest on thee, knave, be silent!" cried Richmond, angrily. "Failure is bad enough without thy taunts!"

"If you had only missed the ring, gossip, I should have thought nothing of it," pursued Will Sommers; "but you lost a golden opportunity of ingratiating yourself with your lady-love. All your hopes are now at an end. A word in your ear, gossip. The fair Geraldine will meet Surrey alone, this evening."

"Thou liest, knave!" cried the duke, fiercely.

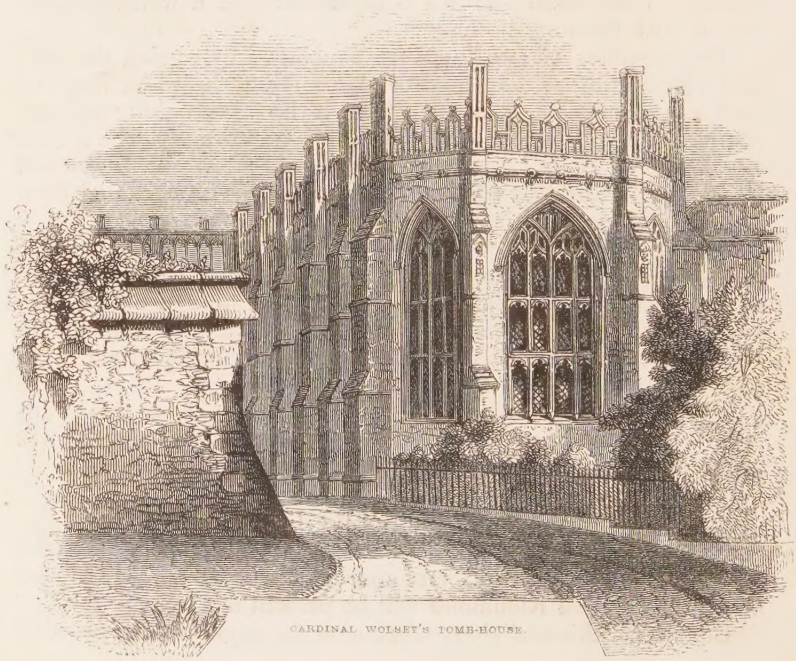
"Your grace will find the contrary, if you will be at Wolsey's tomb-house at vesper-time," replied the jester.

"I will be there," replied the Duke; "but if I am brought on a bootless errand, not even my royal father shall save thee from chastisement."

"I will bear any chastisement your grace chooses to inflict if I prove not the truth of my assertion," replied Sommers. And he dropped into the rear of the train.

The two friends, as if by mutual consent, avoided each other during the rest of the day—Surrey feeling he could not unburthen his heart to Richmond, and Richmond writhing under a fierce attack of jealousy.

At the appointed hour, the duke proceeded to the lower ward,

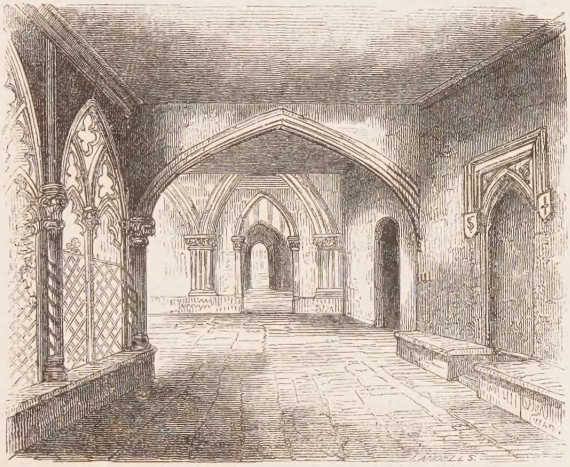


CARDINAL WOLSEY'S TOMB-HOUSE.

and stationed himself near Wolsey's tomb-house—a magnificent structure which had then been recently erected at the east end of Saint George's Chapel by the cardinal, and which was afterwards wrested from him by his rapacious sovereign.

Just as the duke arrived there, the vesper hymn arose from the adjoining fane, and its solemn strains somewhat soothed his troubled spirit. But they died away; and as the jester came not, Richmond grew impatient, and began to fear he had been duped by his informant. At length, the service concluded, and, losing all patience, he was about to depart, when the jester popped his malicious face round the lower angle of the tomb-house, and beckoned him to follow him.

The duke obeyed the summons, and followed his conductor down the arched passage leading to the cloisters.



CLOISTERS NEAR SAINT GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

"Tread softly, gossip, or you will alarm them," said Sommers, in a low tone.

They turned the corner of the cloisters; and there, near the entrance of the chapel, stood the youthful pair,—the fair Geraldine, with her head half reclined upon the Earl's breast, while his arm encircled her slender waist.

"There!" whispered the jester, chuckling maliciously—"there! did I speak falsely—eh! gossip?"

The Duke of Richmond laid his hand upon his sword.

"Hist!" said the jester—"hear what the fair Geraldine has to say."

"We must meet no more thus, Surrey," she murmured: "I feel I was wrong in granting this interview, but I could not help it. If, when a few more years have flown over your head, your heart remains unchanged——"

"It will never change!" interrupted Surrey. "I here solemnly pledge my troth to you."

"And I return the pledge," replied the fair Geraldine, earnestly. "I vow to be yours, and yours only."

"Would that Richmond could hear your vow!" said Surrey—"it would extinguish his hopes."

"He *has* heard it!" cried the duke, advancing. "But his hopes are not yet extinguished."

The fair Geraldine uttered a slight scream, and disengaged herself from the earl.

"Richmond, you have acted unworthily in thus playing the spy," said Surrey, angrily.

"None but a spy can surprise interviews like these," rejoined Richmond, bitterly. "The Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald had better have kept her chamber, than come here to plight her troth with a boy, who will change his mind before his beard is grown."

"Your grace shall find the boy man enough to avenge an insult," rejoined Surrey, furiously.

"I am glad to hear it!" returned the duke. "Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, I must pray you to return to your lodgings. The king's jester will attend you. This way, my lord!"

Too much exasperated to hesitate, Surrey followed the duke down the passage, and the next moment, the clashing of swords was heard. The fair Geraldine screamed loudly, and Will Sommers began to think the jest had been carried too far.

"What is to be done?" he cried. "If the king hears of this duel, he will assuredly place the Earl of Surrey in arrest. I now repent having brought the duke here."

"You deserve to be soundly bastinadoed for your malice," cried the fair Geraldine; "but fly, and prevent further mischief."

Thus urged, the jester ran towards the lower ward, and finding an officer of the guard and a couple of halberdiers near the entrance of Saint George's Chapel, told them what was taking place, and they immediately hastened with him to the scene of the conflict.

"My lords!" cried the officer to the combatants, "I command you to lay down your weapons."

But finding no respect paid to his injunctions, he rushed between them, and with the aid of the halberdiers, forcibly separated them.

"My lord of Surrey," said the officer, "you are my prisoner. I demand your sword."

"Why so?" rejoined the other.

"You have drawn it against the king's son—and the act is treason," replied the officer. "I shall take you to the guard-house until the king's pleasure is known."

"But I provoked the earl to the conflict," said Richmond; "I was the aggressor."

"Your grace will represent the matter as you see fit to your royal father," rejoined the officer, "I shall fulfil my duty. My lord, to the guard-house!"

"I will procure your instant liberation, Surrey," said Richmond.

The earl was then led away, and conveyed to a chamber in the lower part of Henry the Eighth's gate, now used as a place of military punishment, and designated the "black hole."

BLACK HOLE IN HENRY THE EIGHTH'S GATE.

## IX.

BY WHAT MEANS SIR THOMAS WYAT OBTAINED AN INTERVIEW WITH ANNE BOLEYN; AND HOW THE EARL OF SURREY SAVED THEM FROM THE KING'S ANGER.

THE incident at the hunting party gave new life to the adherents of Catherine of Arragon, while it filled those devoted to Anne Boleyn with alarm. Immediately on her return to the castle, Lord Rochford had a private interview with his daughter, and bitterly reproached her for endangering her splendid prospects. Anne treated the matter very lightly; said it was only a temporary gust of jealousy; and that the king would be at her feet again before the day was past.

"You are over-confident, mistress!" cried Rochford, angrily. "Henry is not an ordinary gallant."

"It is you who are mistaken, father," replied the Lady Anne. "The king differs in no respect from any of his love-smitten subjects. I have him in my toils, and will not let him escape."

"You have a tiger in your toils, daughter, and take heed he does not forcibly break through them," rejoined Rochford. "The king is more wayward than you suppose him. Once let him take up a notion, and nothing can shake him from it. He has resolved upon the divorce as much out of self-will as from any other consideration. If you regain your position with him, of which you seem so confident, do not consider yourself secure —not even when you are crowned queen—but be warned by Catherine of Arragon."

"Catherine has not the art to retain him," said Anne. "Henry will never divorce *me*."

"Take care he does not rid himself of you in a more summary manner, daughter," rejoined Rochford. "If you would stand well with him, you must study his lightest word, look, and action,—humour him in every whim,—and yield to every caprice. Above all, you must exhibit no jealousy."

"You are wrong in all but the last, father," returned Anne. "Henry is not to be pleased by such nice attention to his humours. It is because I have shewn myself careless of him that I have captivated him. But I will take care not to exhibit jealousy, and sooth to say, I do not think I shall have cause."

"Be not too sure of that," replied Rochford. "And, at all events, let not the king have cause to be jealous of you. I trust Wyat will be banished from court. But if he is not, do not let him approach you more."

"Poor Sir Thomas!" exclaimed Anne, with a sigh. "He loved me very dearly."

"But what is his love compared to that of a king?" cried Rochford. "Tut, tut, girl! think no more of him."

"I will not, my lord," she rejoined; "I see the prudence of your counsel, and will act according to it. Leave me, I pray you. I will think over some plan to win back the affections of the king."

No sooner had Rochford quitted the chamber than the arras at the further end was raised, and Sir Thomas Wyat stepped from behind it. His first proceeding was to bar the door.

"What means this, Sir Thomas Wyat?" cried Anne, in alarm. "How have you obtained admittance here?"

"Through the secret staircase," replied Wyat, bending the knee before her.

"Rise, sir!" cried Anne, in great alarm—"Return, I beseech you, as you came. You have greatly endangered me by coming here. If you are seen to leave this chamber, it will be in vain to assert my innocence to Henry. Oh, Sir Thomas, you cannot love me, or you would not have done this."

"Not love you, Anne!" he repeated, bitterly; "not love

you! Words cannot speak my devotion. I would lay down my head on the scaffold to prove the sincerity of my affection. But for my love for you, I would throw open that door, and walk forth so that all might see me,—so that Henry might experience some part of the anguish he has inflicted upon me."

"But you will not do so, good Sir Thomas—dear Sir Thomas," cried Anne Boleyn, in alarm.

"Have no fear," rejoined Wyat, with some contempt—"I will sacrifice even vengeance to love."

"Sir Thomas, I have tolerated this too long," said Anne; "begone. You terrify me."

"It is my last interview with you, Anne," said Wyat, imploringly,—"do not abridge it. Oh, bethink you of the happy hours we have passed together—of the vows we have interchanged—of the protestations you have listened to, and have returned—ay, returned, Anne. Are all these forgotten?"

"Not forgotten, Sir Thomas," replied Anne, mournfully; "but they must not be recalled. I cannot listen to you longer. You must go. Heaven grant you may get hence in safety!"

"Anne," replied Wyat, in a sombre tone, "the thought of Henry's happiness drives me mad. I feel that I am grown a traitor,—that I could slay him."

"Sir Thomas!" she exclaimed, in mingled fear and anger.

"I will *not* go," he rejoined, flinging himself into a seat. "Let them put what construction they will upon my presence. I shall at least wring Henry's heart. I shall see him suffer as I have suffered; and I shall be content."

"This is not like you, Wyat," cried Anne, in great alarm. "You were wont to be noble, generous, kind. You will not act thus disloyally?"

"Who has acted disloyally, Anne," cried Wyat, springing to his feet, and fixing his dark eyes, blazing with jealous fury, upon her—"you or I? Have you not sacrificed your old affections at the shrine of ambition? Are you not about to give yourself to one, to whom—unless you are forsworn—you cannot give your heart? Why are you here, in this palace, but as the intended bride of its royal owner? Better had you been the mistress of Allington Castle—better the wife of a humble knight like myself, than the queen of the ruthless Henry."

"No more of this, Wyat," said Anne.

"Better far you should perish by his tyranny for a supposed fault now than hereafter," pursued Wyat, fiercely. "Think not Henry will respect you more than her who has been eight and twenty years his wife. No, when he is tired of your charms —when some other dame, fair as you are now, shall enslave his fancy, he will cast you off, or, as your father truly intimated, will seek a readier means of ridding himself of you. Then you will think of the different fate that might have been yours if you had adhered to your early love."

"Wyat, Wyat! I cannot bear this,—in mercy spare me!" cried Anne.

"I am glad to see you weep," said Wyat; "your tears make you look more like your former self."

"Oh, Wyat, do not view my conduct too harshly!" she said. "Few of my sex would have acted other than I have done."

"I do not think so," replied Wyat, sternly; "nor will I forego my vengeance. Anne, you shall die. You know Henry too well to doubt your fate if he finds me here."

"You cannot mean this," she rejoined, with difficulty repressing a scream; "but if I perish, you will perish with me."

"I wish to do so," he rejoined, with a bitter laugh.

"Wyat," cried Anne, throwing herself on her knees before him, "by your former love for me, I implore you to spare me! Do not disgrace me thus."

But Wyat continued inexorable.

"Oh God!" exclaimed Anne, wringing her hands in agony.

"You now begin to feel what I have endured," laughed Wyat, bitterly.

A terrible silence ensued, during which Anne regarded Wyat, but she could discern no change in his countenance.

At this juncture, the tapestry was again raised, and the Earl of Surrey issued from it.

"You here, my lord?" said Anne, rushing towards him.

"I am come to save you, madam," said the earl; "I have been just liberated from arrest, and was about to implore your intercession with the king, when I learned he had been informed by one of his pages, that a man was in your chamber. Luckily, he knows not who it is. While he was summoning his attendants to accompany him, I hurried hither by the secret straircase, and have arrived in time. Fly—fly! Sir Thomas Wyat!"

But Wyat moved not.

At this moment, footsteps were heard approaching the door—the handle was tried—and the stern voice of the king was heard commanding that it might be opened.

"Will you destroy me, Wyat?" cried Anne.

"You have destroyed yourself," he rejoined.

"Why stay you here, Sir Thomas?" said Surrey, seizing his arm. "You may yet escape. By heaven! if you move not, I will stab you to the heart!"

"You would do me a favour, young man," said Wyat, coldly; "but I will go. I yield to love, and not to you, tyrant!" he added, shaking his hand at the door. "May the worst pangs of jealousy rend your heart!" And he disappeared behind the arras.

"I hear voices," cried Henry from without. "God's death! madam, open the door—or I will burst it open!"

"Oh heaven! what is to be done!" cried Anne Boleyn, in despair.

"Open the door, and leave all to me, madam," said Surrey; "I will save you, though it cost me my life!"

Anne pressed his hand, with a look of ineffable gratitude, and Surrey concealed himself behind the arras.

The door was opened, and Henry rushed in, followed by Richmond, Norfolk, Suffolk, and a host of attendants.

"Ah! God's death! where is the traitor?" roared the king, gazing round.

"Why is my privacy thus broken upon?" said Anne, assuming a look of indignation.

"Your privacy!" echoed Henry, in a tone of deep derision—"your privacy!—ha! ha! You bear yourself bravely, it must be confessed. My lords, you heard the voices as well as myself. Where is Sir Thomas Wyat?"

"He is not here," replied Anne, firmly.

"Aha! we shall see that, mistress," rejoined Henry, fiercely. "But if Sir Thomas Wyat, is not here—who is? for I am well assured that some one is hidden in your chamber."

"What if there be?" rejoined Anne, coldly.

"Ah! by Saint Mary, you confess it!" cried the King. "Let the traitor come forth."

"Your majesty shall not need to bid twice," said Surrey, issuing from his concealment.

"The Earl of Surrey!" exclaimed Henry, in surprise. "What do you here, my lord? I thought you were under arrest at the guard-house."

"He was liberated by my orders," said the Duke of Richmond.

"First of all, I must entreat your majesty to turn your whole resentment against me," said the Earl. "I am solely to blame, and I would not have the Lady Anne suffer for my fault. I forced myself into her presence, and she knew not of my coming."

"And wherefore did you so, my lord?" demanded Henry, sternly.

"Having been liberated from the guard-house, at the Duke of Richmond's instance, my liege, I came to entreat the Lady Anne to mediate between me and your majesty, and to use her influence with you to have me betrothed to the Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald."

"Is this so, madam?" asked the king.

Anne bowed her head.

"But why was the door barred?" demanded Henry.

"I barred it myself," said Surrey, "and vowed that the Lady Anne should not go forth till she had granted my request."

"By our Lady! you have placed yourself in a perilous situation, my lord," said Henry, sternly.

"Your majesty will bear in mind his youth," said the Duke of Norfolk, anxiously.

"For my sake overlook the indiscretion," cried the Duke of Richmond.

"It will not, perhaps, avail him to hope that it may be overlooked for mine," added Anne Boleyn.

"The offence must not pass unpunished," said Henry, musingly. "My Lord of Surrey, you must be content to remain for two months a prisoner in the Round Tower of this castle."

"Your majesty!" cried Richmond, bending the knee in supplication.

"The sentence is passed," replied Henry, coldly; "and the earl may thank you that it is not heavier. Richmond, I desire you will think no more of the fair Geraldine; and it is my pleasure, Lady Anne, that the young dame withdraw from the court for a short while."

"Your majesty shall be obeyed," said Anne; "but——"

"But me no buts, sweetheart," said the king, peremptorily. "Surrey's explanation is satisfactory so far as it goes, but I was told that Sir Thomas Wyat was here."

"Sir Thomas Wyat *is* here," said Will Sommers, pointing out the knight, who had just joined the throng of courtiers at the door.

"I have hurried hither from my chamber, my liege," said Wyat, stepping forward, "hearing that there was some inquiry concerning me."

"Is your majesty now satisfied?" said Anne Boleyn.

"Why, ay, sweetheart, well enough," rejoined Henry. "Sir Thomas Wyat, we have a special mission for you to the court of our brother of France. You will set out to-morrow."

Wyat bowed.

"You have saved your head, gossip," whispered Will Sommers in the knight's ear. "A visit to Francis the First is better than a visit to the Tower."

"Retire, my lords," said Henry, to the assemblage; "we owe some apology to the Lady Anne for our intrusion, and desire to have an opportunity of making it."

Upon this, the chamber was instantly cleared of its occupants, and the Earl of Surrey was conducted under a guard to the Round Tower.

Henry, however, did not find it an easy matter to make peace with the Lady Anne. Conscious of the advantageous position she had gained, Anne determined not to relinquish it, and after half an hour's vain suing, her royal lover proposed a turn in the long gallery, upon which her apartments opened. Here they continued conversing—Henry pleading in the most passionate manner, and Anne maintaining a show of offended pride.

At last, she exhibited some signs of relenting, and Henry led her into a recess in the gallery, lighted by a window filled with magnificent stained glass. Here was a seat and a small table, on which stood a vase filled with flowers, arranged by the hand of

George Cruikshank

HENRY'S RECONCILIACION WIGh ANNE BOLGYN.

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Anne herself; and here the monarch hoped to adjust his differences with her.

Meanwhile, word having reached Wolsey and Campeggio of the new cause of jealousy which the king had received, it was instantly resolved that Wolsey should present to him, while in his present favourable mood, a despatch received that morning from Catherine of Arragon.

Armed with the letter, Wolsey repaired to the king's closet. Not finding him there, and being given to understand by an usher that he was in the great gallery, he proceeded thither. As he walked softly along the polished oak floor, he heard voices in one of the recesses, and distinguished the tones of Henry and Anne Boleyn.

Henry was clasping the snowy fingers of his mistress, and gazing passionately at her, as the cardinal approached.

"Your majesty shall not detain my hand," said Anne, "unless you swear to me, by your crown, that you will not again be jealous without cause."

"I swear it!" replied Henry.

"If your majesty were as devoted to me as you would have me believe, you would soon bring this matter of the divorce to an issue," said Anne.

"I would fain do so, sweetheart," rejoined Henry; "but these cardinals perplex me sorely."

"I am told by one who overheard him, that Wolsey has declared the divorce shall not be settled these two years," said Anne; "in the which case it had better not be settled at all; for I care not to avow I cannot brook so much delay, and will not answer that the warmth of my affection may not grow icy cold by that time."

"It were enough to try the patience of the most forbearing," said the king, smiling—"but it shall not be so—by this lily hand it shall not! And now, sweetheart, are we entirely reconciled?"

"Not yet," replied Anne. "I shall claim a boon from your majesty before I accord my entire forgiveness."

"Name it," said the king, still clasping her hand tenderly, and intoxicated by the witchery of her glance.

"I ask an important favour," said Anne—"but as it is one which will benefit your majesty as much as myself, I have the less scruple in requesting it. I ask the dismissal of one who has abused your favour—who, by his extortion and rapacity, has in some degree alienated the affections of your subjects from you—and who solely opposes your divorce from Catherine of Arragon because he fears my influence may be prejudicial to him."

"You cannot mean Wolsey?" said Henry, uneasily.

"Your majesty has guessed aright," replied Anne.

"Wolsey has incurred my displeasure oft of late," said Henry; "and yet his fidelity——"

"Be not deceived, my liege," said Anne; "he is faithful to you only so far as it serves his turn. He thinks he rules you."

Before Henry could reply, the cardinal stepped forward.

"I bring your majesty a despatch, just received from the queen," he said.

"And you have been listening to our discourse?" said Henry, sternly. "You have overheard——"

"Enough to convince me, if I had previously doubted it, that the Lady Anne Boleyn is my mortal foe," replied Wolsey.

"Foe though I am, I will make terms with your eminence," said Anne. "Expedite the divorce—you can do so if you will,—and I am your fast friend."

"I know too well the value of your friendship, madam, not to do all in my power to gain it," replied Wolsey. "I will further the matter, if possible. But it rests chiefly in the hands of his holiness, Pope Clement the Seventh."

"If his majesty will listen to my counsel, he will throw off the pope's yoke altogether," rejoined Anne. "Nay, your eminence may frown at me if you will. Such, I repeat, shall be my counsel. If the divorce is speedily obtained, I am your friend: if not—look to yourself."

"Do not appeal to me, Wolsey," said Henry, smiling approval at Anne—"I shall uphold her."

"Will it please your majesty to peruse this despatch?" said Wolsey, again offering Catherine's letter.

"Take it to my closet," replied the king; "I will join you there. And now at last we are good friends, sweetheart."

"Excellent friends, my dear liege," replied Anne; "but I shall never be your queen while Wolsey holds his place."

"Then, indeed, he shall lose it," replied Henry.

"She is a bitter enemy, certes," muttered Wolsey, as he walked away. "I must overthrow her quickly, or she will overthrow me. A rival must be found—yes, a rival—but where? I was told that Henry cast eyes on a comely forester's daughter at the chase this morning. She may do for the nonce."

## X.

### HOW HERNE THE HUNTER PLUNGED INTO THE LAKE.

Unable to procure any mitigation in Surrey's sentence, the Duke of Richmond proceeded to the Round Tower, where he found the earl in a small chamber, endeavouring to beguile his captivity by study.

Richmond endeavoured to console him, and was glad to find him in better spirits than he expected. Early youth is seldom long dejected; and misfortunes, at that buoyant season, seem lighter than they appear later on in life. The cause for which he suffered, moreover, sustained Surrey, and confident of

the fair Geraldine's attachment, he cared little for the confinement imposed upon him. On one point he expressed some regret,—namely, that he should not be able to prosecute the adventure of Herne the hunter with the duke.

"I grieve that I cannot accompany you, Richmond," he said; "but since that is impossible, I would recommend you to take the stout archer who goes by the name of the Duke of Shoreditch with you. He is the very man you require."

After some consideration, the duke assented, and, promising to return on the following day and report what had occurred, he took his leave, and went in search of the archer in question. Finding he had taken up his quarters at the Garter, he sent for him, and proposed the matter to him.

Shoreditch heard the duke's relation with astonishment, but expressed the greatest willingness to accompany him, pledging himself, as Richmond demanded, to profound secrecy on the subject.

At the appointed hour—namely, midnight—the duke quitted the castle, and found Shoreditch waiting for him near the upper gate. The latter was armed with a hunting spear, and had a bow and a sheaf of arrows at his back.

"If we gain sight of the mysterious horseman to-night," he said, "a cloth-yard shaft shall try whether he is of mortal mould or not. If he be not a demon, I will warrant he rides no more."

Quitting the Home Park, they shaped their course at once towards the forest. It was a stormy night, and the moon was obscured by thick clouds. Before they reached the eminence, at the head of the long avenue, a heavy thunder-storm came on, and the lightning, playing among the trees, seemed to reveal a thousand fantastic forms to their gaze. The rain now began to descend in torrents, and compelled them to take refuge beneath a large beech tree.

It was evident, notwithstanding his boasting, that the courage of Shoreditch was waning fast, and he at last proposed to his leader that they should return as soon as the rain abated; but the duke indignantly rejected the proposal.

While they were thus sheltering themselves, the low winding of a horn was heard. This was succeeded by the trampling of horses' hoofs, and the next moment, a vivid flash of lightning shewed a hart darting past, followed by a troop of some twenty wild and weird-looking horsemen headed by the demon hunter.

The Duke of Richmond bade his companion send a shaft after them, but the latter was so overcome by terror, that he could scarcely fix an arrow on the string, and when he bent the bow the shaft glanced from the branches of an adjoining tree.

The storm continued with unabated fury for nearly an hour, at the expiration of which time it partially cleared off, and though it was still profoundly dark, the duke insisted upon going on. So they pressed forward beneath the dripping trees, and through the wet grass. Ever and anon, as the clouds

were driven aside by the wind, the moon threw a ghostly glimmer over the scene.

As they were passing along a glade on the further side of the hill, the spectral huntsmen again swept past them, and so closely, that they could almost touch their horses. To the duke's horror, he perceived among them the body of the butcher, Mark Fytton, sitting erect upon a powerful black steed.

By this time, Shoreditch, having somewhat regained his courage, discharged another shaft at the troop. The arrow struck the body of the butcher, and completely transfixed it, but did not check the career of his steed; while wild and derisive laughter broke from the rest of the cavalcade.

The Duke of Richmond hurried after the band, trying to keep them in sight; and Shoreditch, flinging down his bow which he found useless, and grasping his hunting-spear, endeavoured to keep up with him. But though they ran swiftly down the glade, and tried to peer through the darkness, they could see nothing more of the ghostly company.

After awhile, they arrived at a hill side, at the foot of which lay the lake, whose darkling waters were just distinguishable through an opening in the trees. As the duke was debating with himself whether to go on or retrace his course, the trampling of a horse was heard behind them, and looking in the direction of the sound, they beheld Herne the hunter, mounted on his swarthy steed, and accompanied only by his two black hounds, gallop furiously down the declivity. Before him flew the owl, whooping as it sailed along the air.

The demon hunter was so close to them, that they could perfectly discern his ghostly lineaments, the chain depending from his neck, and his antlered helm. The duke shouted to him, but the rider continued his headlong course towards the lake, heedless of the summons.

The two beholders rushed forward, but by this time the huntsman had gained the edge of the lake. One of his sable hounds had plunged into it, and the owl was skimming over the surface. Even in the hasty view which the duke caught of the flying figure, he fancied he perceived that it was attended by a fantastic shadow, whether cast by itself, or arising from some supernatural cause, he could not determine.

But what followed was equally marvellous and incomprehensible. As the wild huntsman reached the brink of the lake, he placed a horn to his mouth, and blew from it a bright blue flame, which illumined his own dusky and hideous features, and shed a wild glimmer over the surrounding objects.

While surrounded by this flame, the demon plunged into the lake, and apparently descended to its abysses, for as soon as the duke could muster courage to approach its brink, nothing could be seen of him, his steed, or his hounds.

Thus ends the First Book of the Chronicle of Windsor Castle.

# SONNETS.

## BY MR. SERJEANT TALFOURD.

### I.

### ON THE RECEPTION OF THE POET WORDSWORTH AT OXFORD.

O never did a mighty truth prevail
With such felicities of place and time
As in those shouts sent forth with joy sublime
From the full heart of England's youth, to hail
Her once neglected Bard within the pale
Of Learning's fairest citadel! That voice,
In which the Future kindles, bids rejoice
Men who through wintry fortunes did not fail
To bless with love as deep as life the name
Thus welcomed;—who in happy silence share
The triumph, while their fondest musings claim
Unhoped-for echoes in the joyous air,
That to their long-loved Poet's spirit bear
A nation's promise of undying fame.

### II.

### TO CHARLES DICKENS, ON HIS "OLIVER TWIST."

Not only with the author's happiest praise
Thy work should be rewarded; 'tis akin
To *deeds* of men who, scorning ease, to win
A blessing for the wretched, pierce the maze
Which heedless ages spread around the ways
Where fruitful Sorrow tracks its parent Sin,
Content to listen to the wildest din
Of passion, and on fellest shapes to gaze,
So they may earn the power which intercedes
With the bright world and melts it;—for within
Wan childhood's squalid homes, where basest needs
Make tyranny more bitter, at thy call,
An angel face with patient sweetness pleads
For infant suffering to the hearts of all!

### III.

### TO MISS ADELAIDE KEMBLE,

### ON HER THREATENED RETIREMENT FROM THE STAGE.

If Time has doom'd the triumphs of thy race
With loss of thee—the youngest and the last—
To take majestic station in the Past,
We thank thee that thy fleeting hours embrace
Some hint of all its glories;—while we trace

In thy proud action the unconquer'd will
Of the great Roman ;—recognise a thrill
Akin to that which blanch'd the infant face
At Siddons' whisper ;—own the mantling grace
Which the true heart of chivalry should still
Shed o'er thy Father's brow :—consoled that all
Thus waning into memory grow more sweet,
And make their last expression musical
To live while any heart that hears shall beat.

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## A FOOL'S ADVICE.

FESTE.

BY CHARLES W. BROOKS.

FIVE hundred years hence, if, contrary to the arrangements of the far-seeing Gloucestershire clergyman, the world keep together so long, some philosophic historian, laboriously splitting up past times, and ticketing each heap with an appropriate soubriquet, will probably distinguish the present enlightened period as the Well-Advised Age. And it appears to me that we shall be obliged, in common justice, to lie quiet, in our abbeys and General Cemeteries, under whatever reproach the future Taylor or Michelet may choose to annex to the memory of people who entered life (as they say in biographies) under such peculiarly favourable circumstances. The really astonishing feature of the nineteenth century is, that anybody ever makes any mistakes at all, and that in a day when every kind of advice is not merely tendered, but thrust upon you, from Letters to a Bishop down to Five Minutes' Advice on the Care of the Teeth, apocryphal ecclesiastics should still be dragged before the Birmingham police, and French dentists should have to chatter their polyglot excuses to Sir Peter for disorganizing the mouths of ancient ladies at the small charge of one hundred guineas.

A stranger, suddenly introduced to the English capital, if he had but an equal allotment of the bumps of benevolence and bookmaking, (and were not a reporter to a New York newspaper,) would certainly speak like an auctioneer's advertisement, in praise of our disinterested humanity. The Light of All Nations is only a type of our zeal for setting everybody right upon all points. Wisdom cries, not merely aloud, but through a speaking trumpet, in our streets; and were we desirous to select a national ensign, it should assuredly be the Finger-Post.

Our traveller could not land from his steam-boat without experiencing the benevolent care of his new hosts. "Hints to the Stranger in London" would be presented by the wharf-haunting hawker to the gentleman in frogged coat and moustache before he had tumbled over even half-a-dozen porters in his rush at the gangway. A foreigner might be cheated in his fare to his hotel, or in his hurry and ignorance might select the Clarendon as the establishment of a cheap *restaurant*, but the "Hackney Coach Guide" steps sternly in, tenders fourpenny-pieces, and takes the number; and the immigrant, as he keeps slipping

off the hard black sofa at his ready furnished lodging, imbibes suggestions from his "Hints" as to the proper gratuity to the waiter at the coffeehouse. He sallies forth, and observes that the unearthly slime of a London pavement is cooling his feet through his ventilating boots; "but why," exclaims a bland tradesman, *moyennant* a large white board, "why throw old boots away, when you can have them made better than new for seventeen shillings?" Our Anacharsis meets successive detachments of English beauty, which, *more suo*, casts no unkindly glances at the handsome foreigner,—he already entertains visions of conquest and connubialism,—and the Englishman, like Viola, "takes on him to have a knowledge of that too," for a Juggernaut car rolls past, growling from its hexagon, "When you marry, furnish your house from that of Chex and Tix, Finsbury." Will he ride? The "Gentleman in Search of a Horse" will, for a trifling fee, accompany him to the stables, and teach him to feel fetlocks like a Chifney. Will he sport? The "Art of Shooting" has just been re-issued, appendixed by an invaluable treatise on the sister art of evading the Law of Trespass. Has he heard that the vilest class of ruffians render it dangerous to walk Hyde Park alone! True, the police and magistrates are too busily occupied in seizing hoopsticks and fining orangewomen to interfere in such matters; but does not "Helps and Hints, by Baron Random, of Chelsea," teach the palest of invalids an infallible way to vanquish and capture the brawniest of bullies? Is his taste theatrical?—and are not twenty managers inviting him to a very Hall of Mirrors held up to Nature, where, in the recent words of one of them, "if he have but one spark of the milk of human kindness in his frame," he will be at once instructed, amused, warned, and excited? Will he drink—and is there not a Grand Cyrus, which is no romance, but Redding and willing to indoctrinate him in wines? Will he sleep—and are there not lectures on Corn Laws, Chemistry, and Church Establishments? Or, will he rather sleep at home—and is there not "The Art of producing sound and refreshing Sleep at will?" With such aids at his hand—and these not a page of the code of private signals invented for the guidance of an exploring voyager—he must be a perfect Inkle if he do not exclaim, like the delighted Turkish ambassador at the court of Czar Nicholas—"My land is *bon*, but yours is—is—*bon-bon!*"

Yet—such is the perversity of human nature!—it is clear, that at least nine-tenths of the good advice which everybody is perpetually giving to everybody is thrown away. And it is no small aggravation of the absurdity, that the very people who are best advised are usually the worst conducted. Perhaps we overtrain our population, and familiarize them with danger, until they rather like the disreputable acquaintanceship. We seem to act like the lover in one of the exquisite old comedies, who, in violent rage with his mistress, sat down and penned a list of her faults, by the daily perusal of which he hoped to stimulate his wrath, but thereby produced the exactly opposite effect, and gradually became as partial to her foibles as if they were his own. We certainly do see most curious instances of bolting out of the course by those who are supposed to "know the turf." *Apropos* of bolting—it is but a few weeks since an extremely well educated young lady eloped with an extremely well-made young groom, leaving the usual

"pardon this first act of disobedience" note to mamma (which some Irish gentlemen keep lithographed), inserted between the leaves of Gregory's Legacy to his Daughters. And an American friend of mine, a lawyer in very extensive practice with the pistol, told me, that in the eleventh duel he ever fought, the seconds had torn up for wadding the report of the great case of General Hamilton and Aaron Burr. But neither of these instances is comparable to that of a very acute scholar and critic, whom we all know, who the other evening quietly laid down the volume he had been reading—it was the Theory of the Law of Storms—to remark to his wife how very grey her hair was getting.

From these, and from other cases too numerous to mention, (as a public speaker says when he has run quite dry,) it is clear that a generous public will not take sensible advice as it should do, and that our Well-Advised Age is not likely to deserve the flattering epitaph which posterity, following a pious example, will doubtless engrave upon the tomb of our contribution to the "good old times." But as it is the duty of a philanthropist not to leave a stone unturned, if he think there be a treasure or a toad under it, he is bound to try whether, since the age will not take a wise man's advice, it will listen to that of a fool. We all know, and some of the "younger branches of country families" are suspected of believing, that though physic will not cure the bite of the tarantula, fiddling will. On this principle, the administering "a fool's advice" may perhaps be serviceable; and our only practical difficulty has been to find a fool, in these days of Universal Education and Animal Magnetism, Singing for the Million and Suicide from the Monument, Teetotalism and other Cold Water Cures, and the rest of the Rivals to Captain Absolute wisdom.

There are pages, however, which have only to be twisted into a cap, and the fool-hunting Fortunatus of the hour has all he can desire. Who is so rich in folly as the poet of all wisdom? And where will you find such a fool as the Lady Olivia's fool, the accomplished Feste, if you search the records of time from the First Day to the Twelfth Night? Can the whole Agricultural Interest, on the one hand, supply such another Clown, or can the Herald's College, on the other, find such a specimen "of those gentle ones, who will use Sathan himself with courtesy"? Can a financier extract a tax as he does, or, after screwing out the last coin, walk away with his apologetic assurance—"But I would not have you think that *my desire of having* is *the sin of covetousness*"? Let us pick out a few of his aphorisms, compared with which, those of Rochefoucault sound wretchedly *thin*, and what playbills call "occasional."

His first speech is a key to unlock a goodly store of mirth. Maria has threatened him that the Lady Olivia will hang him for his prolonged absence; for domestic discipline was almost as well understood in that house as in the establishment of the dissenting gentleman of Lincolnshire, who, in the year 1782, threw his maid-servant, one Helinor Pugh, into his fishpond, for not coming in to prayers. Feste replies, "Let her hang me! He that is well hanged *in this world* needs to fear no colours." He adds a very limited explanation of this truth, for the benefit of the waiting-maid—"He shall see none to fear." This Maria is decidedly a matter-of-fact person, with a very single eye to

mischief, which many matter-of-fact people have. Her own jests are conned and dull ones, in spite of the Clown's condescending compliments, and she loves to explain what needs no explanation. The Fool's "Well, God give them wisdom that *have* it, and those that are fools let them use their talents," is beyond Maria, though the real Sir Topas, who does not appear in the play, may possibly have preached before the family from the Parable of the Talents. She keeps to *her* text, but the next dogma of the Clown settles her. "Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage;" and his subsequent allusion to Sir Toby, "if he would but leave drinking," hints at what stuff is in his thoughts. But the offended lady enters, and Feste, like a Crichton in motley, disdains all aid but that of his own intellect. He offers a short prayer to be put into good fooling, adding, for his own private consolation, "Those wits which think they have it do very often prove fools." As a piece of fool's advice, sundry clever men, who think they do their fooling, like Sir Belch, "with a better grace," or, like Sir Aguecheek, "more natural," may also think this worth consideration.

The Clown, too, has his notion that advice ought to be given, but that it should be coupled with more grateful matter. He alleges that his are faults which drink and good counsel will amend. But, be it remarked, we do not find him in the after scenes preaching over his liquor. In this instance, he speedily dispels the clouds from the fair Olivia's brow, and, fulfilling the duties of his office, he restores her to that best possible frame of mind which prompts her beautiful expostulation with the sour steward. Feste is then entrusted with the care of the intoxicated Sir Toby, and goes off, giving a definition of a drunkard which one would strongly recommend to the gilt cards and pewter medals of the Catlap Clubs.

The Fool's next exhibition is in worshipful company, which, however, he enters very irreverently, asking the two knights whether they have ever seen "the picture of we three," meaning, of course, the two ass-heads which are to this day in use on the seals of certain facetious individuals of the *epicier* order. He amuses the foolish Aguecheek with some chatter, which Sir Walter Scott, in one of his prefaces, describes as merely "professional nonsense," but which, it seems possible, may comprise a fling at the Euphuists, who afterwards caught it full measure in Osric. And he sings one of the delicious songs which Shakspeare rendered at once as terse as an epigram, and as flowing as a melody. There is some advice here, too, of which the pith is—

> "Present mirth hath present laughter;
> What's to come is still unsure."

He then assists in the catch which produces the quarrel with Malvolio, but only speaks once, when he thinks Sir Toby's unanswerable question merits capping—"Dost think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" The Clown (doubtless remarking to himself, like his brother fool in Lear, "This saying Douglas Jerrold shall *not* make, only because I live before his time") breaks in, "Ay, by St. Anne, and ginger shall be hot in the mouth too." But why "by St. Anne, Mr. Wild?" I asked this question of Dr. Maginn, one day, and his instant reply was—"I suppose that, as St. Anne was the mother of St. Mary, who was the godmother of Olivia's Mary, the only lady present, the Clown, who was quite a lady's man, might have accompa-

nied the oath with a wink at the latter." Another hint for the rising generation.

Feste, who is a great musician besides being a great fool, is specially summoned by the Duke of Illyria to *encore* a song which H. S. H. has heard the night before. Possibly this may explain the original absence of the Clown, who, for the love of music, might have taken the freedom which some foreign Lackland refused to Spohr a few weeks ago. He sings a beautiful and wailing ditty, and having received his pay—itinerant songsters, even when they attended the nobility's concerts, did not in those days aspire to enveloped cheques—remarks, that the Duke's mind is "a very opal." A more apposite illustration of a lover's thoughts can hardly be conceived than the chameleon of jewels. He adds, "I would have men of *such* constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything, and their intent everywhere, for that is it that always makes a good voyage of nothing." We could improve upon the hint, and send them on a Niger Expedition, for the "general civilization" of Africa.

The Fool is not present at the mystification of Malvolio, but the letter which deceives the steward could hardly have been from the brain of the matter-of-fact Maria. Neither Sir Toby nor Sir Andrew had a hand in it, for they manifest as much surprise as delight at its contents; nor could the Fabian system have produced it—that bear-loving gentleman is equally astonished. It would seem that the Clown had originally concocted the letter, and that the transcribing it alone had been entrusted to the young lady of the fine Roman hand. This is borne out by the absence of any scene in which the Clown is informed of the affair, although he afterwards shews that he knows the whole story.

When he appears again, it is in the capacity of love's ambassador from Olivia to Sebastian, but the latter refuses to hear him, supposing him to be a very confidential, but very undignified official. He gives him money, however, thinking probably that *point d'argent, point de* (Nicolas) *Suisse*. The Clown intimates his fear that "this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney." Cobbett expressed a similar fear in respect to England, alleging that the overgrown "wen," London, would, if builders had their way, one day spread over all the country. Sir Andrew comes in, assured of the cowardice of his rival, and receives an excellent good beating from Sebastian, whereupon Feste hurries off to tell Olivia. *Dea intersit*, and while the lady, having effected the impressment of the *double* of her love, carries him away to administer the oaths, the mischief-makers are left at liberty to complete the humiliation of the steward. Shakspeare used to be accused of inartificial plots, but commentators have now-a-days in them a somewhat "more modest working."

The wit is now obliged to do his own work, for Sir Toby is not equal to the task, and Aguecheek, upon whose discretion no one can rely, is not even invited to be present. Feste plays the very opposite characters of priest and fool, but we will only point out one very sound observation which he makes, for the benefit of medical students and other steady young men:—"To be said, an honest man and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to say, a careful man and a great scholar."

The Clown is a man of the world, and knows that the jest must end

in the restoration of Malvolio to authority. He therefore resolves not to carry the affront too far, but takes charge of the steward's letter, and refuses to allow Fabian, his fellow-plotter, to see it. In his way to Olivia, he meets the Duke, and suiting his text to his audience, he gives his Serene Highness a hint that men of lower rank profit by their enemies' abuse, thereby gaining a self-knowledge which those whose station screens them from such attacks are likely to miss. At least, this exceedingly moral and edifying lesson may be culled from Feste's discourse; and the Duke, doubtless, discovers it, for he rewards the preacher with two pieces of gold. A second delay in the delivery of the letter is caused by the little accident which has happened to Sir Toby, whose head the fiery Sebastian has broken. The Clown's aid is required and afforded, but he doubtless libels the highly respectable medical man who attended the Belch family (could the lady's name be Olivia Belch?) by reporting that he was too tipsy to stick on his adhesive plaster. We have heard, however, of a case in which a Bacchic physician's fortune was made by a lucky visit paid to a titled lady, when the former, despairingly mumbling out his own case, hit upon that of the latter. "Drunk—certainly drunk!" was the inarticulate report, which was reduced to silence next day by hush-money in the form of a heavy cheque.

The letter is then delivered, and explanation succeeds. But though Feste has obviously schooled Fabian to conceal that the Fool had any part in the plot, he cannot resist the temptation of avowing his triumphant malice. "And thus the whirligig of Time brings on his revenges." This is the last, and not the lightest, of the Fool's hints.

I think we have enough to justify the request occasionally made in circles where, as a Persian would say, the sprightliness of conversation is not too tightly constrained by the bearing-rein of etiquette—"ONLY HEAR THE FOOL."

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## CORALIE.

BY THE HONOURABLE JULIA AUGUSTA MAYNARD.

AH! who was fair as Coralie
In all the country round?
And who could sing so merrily,
With such a tuneful sound?

Her dark eye sparkled laughingly,
And radiant was her smile;
Ah! none was blithe as Coralie,
So innocent the while.

Her voice, oh! how enchantingly
It broke upon the ear!
You deem'd, when heeding Coralie,
An angel must be near.

And yet how perseveringly
Did sorrow break the spell,
When the love of blighted Coralie
Had breathed his last farewell.

And now, alas! how dismally
The rain is patt'ring slow
Upon the grave of Coralie!
For she is stricken low.

And frosty winds are mournfully
Lamenting o'er the dead;
Methought they murmur'd "Coralie,"
Where grassy turfs are spread.

All earth may smile unfeelingly,
And wand'ring breezes range;
But the heart that loveth Coralie
Can never, never change!

# THE PLEASURES AND ADVANTAGES OF PERSONAL UGLINESS.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

"Beauty is but skin-deep."—OLD PROVERB.

AMONG the very doubtful "portraits of gentlemen" which make their way by hundreds into our annual exhibitions—among the thousands yearly perpetrated, but happily for the public never exhibited at all, —no mortal eye has yet rested upon the portrait of "Matthew Starke, Esq." The fact is, it has never been painted. Artists of all degrees have concurred in experiencing one insuperable difficulty — they couldn't do it. Each portrait in succession was tolerably like its predecessor; but not one was like the Sitter. There was the picture; but the Original was omitted. Every R.A. committed the same fault —he left out Starke.

It is to be feared—and this is an instance of the fact—that the moral qualities are, in their high perfection, more rarely discovered than the intellectual. Talent is common enough, but where are we to look for sincerity? There are hosts of clever painters; but name the immortal *one*, possessed of the great daring, the unflinching love of truth, requisite to the realization on canvas of the unique countenance of Matthew? It was not from false education in art, from a want of genius, that they failed. It was simply from a lack of moral courage. They quailed before the primitive, rigorous, conscious ugliness, at once unmasked and unmatched, of that super-human face divine.

It was said of the fractious, quarrelsome old politician, John Lilburne, that if he alone were left alive, John would be against Lilburne, and Lilburne would be against John. Adopting this hint, we may say that Matthew is extremely like Starke, and that Starke bears a strong resemblance to Matthew; but assuredly, if the owner of these two names were the only man left living in the world, the human countenance would be out of print.

It is proper that it should remain unpainted, nay, even undescribed. Burke bears testimony to the grand virtue which lurks in the obscurity of Milton's terrific image—"What seemed his head." The homage which the obscure can best pay is due to the peculiar ugliness of Matthew's visage; "what seems his face" requires no exact and literal portrait. Yet, on the other hand, the obscure can have little to do with what is so extremely plain!

His features, perhaps, examined separately, might not seem eminently endowed with a property of hideousness beyond that which is borne with so much complacency by numerous wearers of hats in this nether sphere. Each component part of it, no doubt, displays a decided tendency to deviate from the forms most commonly received as the beautiful; but it is not on this account that the snub noses of the world have any right to turn up at it disdainfully.

Mere feature, handsome or otherwise, often goes for nothing. Regularity in that respect no more, as a consequence, ensures beauty, than a general departure from it ensures ugliness. Who cares about the dimple in which no Cupid lurks—the blue eye, that affords not a glimpse of heaven! The arched brow, the small red mouth, and all

the attractive items which connoisseurship can add, are nothing, as we know, if the soul of beauty—the something that mere form and colour alone can never convey, be left out of the catalogue. So with the real requisites for ugliness.

We hourly see people with some decided pretensions to it, in eyes, nose, or mouth, perhaps in all—in the form of the face, in the hair, or complexion—and yet they can make nothing of them ; they totally fail in impressing the spectator with a sense of their unsightliness ; and we take no more notice of their countenances than of the knocker at the street-door.

Yet how they try to attract us !—for ugliness is ever vainer than beauty, and works much harder to win attention. How assiduously they play off their artillery of repulsion ! Who ever saw a man with a nose cut out of a crabstick that did not perk it out or twist it to and fro, the better to shew it off ! If he have an eye which looks best when the lids are closed, and which nature indeed seems to have given him but to sleep with, he is sure to ogle with it incessantly ; and if his mouth be of the frog-fashion, it is widened with a perpetual smile. Still this mere plainness of feature, however shewn off, moves us not—it is a common thing. Its owner is a mere pretender to pure ugliness. The " skin of a mummy with the beard of a Jew," together with " the one eye rolling, like the bull's in Cox's museum," are sported in vain, if the nameless something, the essence of the hideous, be wanting.

It is upon this that Matthew rests his claim to superiority. He regards the most irregular and ill-contrived features without an emotion of envy, without a fear of rivalship. He allows to this man his naturally frightful leer, and to that, his carefully cultivated grin; he permits some of his contemporaries to gaze admiringly at that point of their own faces where the port-wine most brightly blushes, and others to elevate the point last alluded to, as if in eternal scorn of the eyes that goggle above; and then he turns to the mirror, and gazes, with a calm, settled conviction, that these merely ordinary people can never stand in *his* way—that all such customary indications of plainness are contemptible as matters of competition—that he has but to shew his face and triumph.

He beholds there the one charm which the others want—he finds in it the Sentiment of Ugliness! Upon that he reposes. Other faces have but the show, the form, the outside, the fag-end, of what is, in him, the fulness and the spirit. His little rivals, like shallow persons who fancy that the opposite of wrong must be right, conceive that they, being the opposites of beauty, must be frights. He laughs at them—and in this very act, which renders him doubly hideous, marvellously heightens his success. They may as well be handsome outright as lack what he has—the *mens divinior*, the poetry of plainness.

As with his visage, so with the motions of his body and the management of his limbs. Other fellows, with shoulders higher and rounder than Matthew's, contrive, by some deficiency of bearing, to make no impression with them—their humps have no weight, and cut but a small figure in men's eyes. He carries his quietly, as not seeking to fix attention, and men turn to look after him, as they would after Atlas. Again, there are pedestrians, who, with legs ingeniously mis-shaped, strut through life without attracting a glance. Now, Matthew Starke turns every duck-like movement of his to a graceful account; he always puts his worst leg foremost, and with his splay-foot steps at once into due estimation,

He studies no awkwardness of gait. He can be ungraceful with perfect ease. Such are the masterpieces of nature. His walk is a work of genius. In short, the ugliness of some men, like beauty universally, is but skin-deep; but Matthew's is thorough-bred, deep-seated, and intense.

Like poetry, ugliness must be born with us, or we have it not; and it is needless to say that Matthew, from his very cradle, screamed out aloud the strongest promise of future eminence. His uncouth contortions of limb and feature evinced a natural gift that way. For once, the "standing order of the house," with respect to infants, that they are to be universally voted lovely, and singularly like both parents, was suspended. The most obliging and obsequious visitor, caudle in hand, would have been choked in the attempt to say the boy was beautiful. The most spiteful of acquaintances, however secretly disposed to sneer at the good looks of the much-esteemed mother, could not venture such a flight of malignity as to say the dear babe was like her. Double the nurse's wages, and still *she* never would have gone so far as that.

The mutely-gazing father found, perhaps, some consolation—for in strange corners does consolation lurk—in the fact that he had not a friend or an acquaintance in the world to whom his son bore the remotest resemblance. And even had he, who detected in him no image of his own aspect, even had he, in the excess of his affection, been moved to trace in the little innocent's face some tokens of the *maternal* visage, it is probable that the maternal heart, put to such an extreme trial, would have resented the kindness as a cruelty, with,—"I don't see why the resemblance should be all on one side; he has as much right to be like you as me."

But nothing of the kind was ever whispered; and so upon that particular occasion, "for that night only," a creature was born into the world, of whom not a gossip high or low, partial relative, flattering caudle-drinker, or hired handmaid angling for a new ribbon, could muster impudence enough to say, "What a sweet infant! What a lovely babe! Oh, do let me have him! What a beauty!"

For once, the spirit of lying bit its tongue in a desperate effort to hold it; and even toadyism took its little holiday, having not a syllable to say. Thus may ugliness in an infant be the parent of virtue in the elders.

But people, nevertheless, were not silent out-of-doors. The one exclamation that rang throughout the village was, "Did you ever!" and everybody wanting words to describe the new comer, began to seek for any images which might offer a faint suggestion of resemblance to the unhandsome prodigy; some standing upon their doorsteps to investigate their knockers, others searching by their fire-sides for horrid faces in the burning coals, or tracing likenesses on stained walls; many recalling the masks in the last pantomime, and a few remembering that Grimaldi contrived to put on a look of that sort now and then, in his happiest moments. But not a speculator of them all ever dreamed of looking upon living shoulders for anything like a likeness "done in that style;" and the infantine peculiarity was merely voted quite peculiar, through the unanimous despair of finding his parallel.

What materially heightened the character of Master Matthew's ugliness, was an unfortunate contrast into which he was brought, with

the grace and beauty of his brother, Master Alfred, born two years before. It was Master Alfred's lot never to have been called a boy at all—but a little cherub ; and he was not designated the son of his parents, but their precious pet. He was never allowed to cry, lest he should spoil his beautiful face ; while Matt, having no face to spoil, was permitted to cry for whatever he wanted, without getting it. The consequence was, that everybody pronounced the elder to be a sweet-tempered darling, and the younger to be a hideous, squalling little brute. Everybody declared at the same time, that one would come to the hulks, while the other would, as high-sheriff of the county, be riding in a coach and six.

But it so happens that the silver spoons which are supposed to be found in some mouths on their first appearance in this world, often turn out to be Sheffield ware ; while the wooden ladles lurking in mouths of a different kind prove to be *lignum vitæ*.

Let us see how this principle applies to the case of the two Starkes. The scanty resources of the family were lavished upon the elder, and his education formed a large item in the account ; but as he was such a handsome boy, he was kept half his time at home, and when at school small pains were bestowed upon him, because the master had never known a handsome boy turn out a scholar. Nor was he popular with his schoolfellows. Because he was so very good-looking, they called him conceited ; and cowardly, because he once took a kick from a boy less than himself, rather than fight at the risk of getting a punch that might possibly damage the symmetry of his nose. They also charged him with meanness, inasmuch as he never gave away a crumb of the plum-cake which his aunt sent him weekly, with strict orders to eat every bit, as it was good for his complexion.

Just as the Adonis had entered his sixteenth year, his father died. Parental opinion of the external characteristics of the two sons was indicated in his last words. As the film came over his eyes, and he was asked, perhaps for the interest of science, by one of those obliging persons who will chatter to dying people, whether he could yet discern any earthly object ? "Yes," he articulated, "I can yet see—see my eldest son, beautifully ! yes ; and my younger—plain—very plain !"

The father dying poor, before he had succeeded in obtaining the premiership, or any other situation, for his favourite son, the aunt became the pet's patron, and sent him to Cambridge. There, however, the reliance which he placed on the favourable influences of a fine face led to a neglect of the due cultivation of the inside of his head ; and he had the misfortune of missing the first honours of the university in consequence of being plucked.

When the time came for determining upon a profession, an entrance into the navy was all but effected for him—only it so happened that a great naval authority declared at once that the lad hadn't the cut of a sailor's jib ; but that such a face would make its fortune at the Horse Guards. His good aunt would have purchased him a commission in the army, but that she could never bear to see his nice face disfigured with nasty moustaches.

Then he might have been taken into partnership by his uncle, the rich corn-factor; but unluckily it was discovered that a handsome face would not tell in the Corn Market—no such thing having ever been seen there. Moreover, his distant relation, the sporting baronet in Berkshire, would have had him down there all the year, to help him

at the proper season in riding after the hounds ; only he was deucedly afraid, as the young fellow was so handsome, that one or two of his daughters would fall in love with him.

At last his generous patron, the good aunt, died, leaving all her property to another member of the family, in the conviction that nobody with such a face could be long without a fortune.

After waiting some time to afford various young heiresses proper opportunities of proposing an elopement with him, he in a fit of hunger, which if protracted might be injurious to his contour, accepted a situation at a magnificent silk-and-muslin emporium in the city, where the looking-glass on every side is unexceptionably polished, and the cravats of the gazers are immaculately white.

But as for poor pug-nosed melancholy Matt, he had to crawl out of the cradle, and scramble into his first pair of trousers by himself. The little victim might have quoted the pathetic lines of Haynes Bayly :—

> " How blessed are the beautiful! love watches o'er their birth!
> Oh Beauty! in my nursery, I learn'd to know thy worth;
> For even there I often felt forsaken and forlorn,
> And wish'd—for others wish'd it too—I never had been born."

He was not sent to school, for want of funds ; yet after a few years Matt began to prosper. A schoolmaster in the neighbourhood, after looking at him steadily, and watching his motions for an hour, offered to teach him for nothing—on the bare calculation, it seems, that the young scarecrow would quietly yield him a profit, by frightening half the other boys out of their appetite.

Matt soon crept on, not only in the knowledge of books, but of boys; for having no interest or pleasure in contemplating his own face, he early began to study the faces of others. He had one considerable advantage over the rest of the world—he was never at a loss to know what another was thinking of him while viewing his countenance.

A story is related of a certain eminent person, who had the unfortunate habit of uttering his most secret thoughts aloud, that when an amiable young lady had charmed him with some expressions of maidenly simplicity and affection, he took both her hands, and looking into her face, *thought*, but in reality *said* also, as follows:—" You are a charming little lady, a dear delightful girl—*but exceedingly plain!*"

Now if all mankind, looking into the face of Matthew, had been as unintentionally candid as poor Lord ——, he could not have more correctly ascertained their opinions. As "true self-love and social" are the same, so self-knowledge in his case was identical with the knowledge of others. He freely allowed all the boys to stare, or to steal sidelong looks, or to glance in an opposite direction with irrepressible aversion as he passed—to express wonder, terror, dislike, even disgust. All he did, was ever to wear the *same* look ; never to render his face ten times more odious by frowning or scowling at the affront; still less to render it a hundred times more odious by trying to smile and ogle his companions out of their sensations. And so at length, as the lads always saw the same face bending over the lesson, or patiently watching in the playground the game which others were enjoying, they got quite used to it ; and being used to it, they didn't mind it so much, and at last not at all ; and when they had ceased to mind it, they got quite to like it ; and in short, long before he left school, this son of Medusa, the youthful Gorgon, had become a universal favourite. He never went out of his way to win liking, yet he won it.

He never had a crumb of plum-cake to give away, but he might have surfeited on the gifts of others if he would have accepted them.

When his father died, his mother bowed over the weeping Matt her fine oval mourning face, wondered who on earth it was that the poor boy took after, and gave him a seemingly excellent piece of advice. Matt having said that he should now look up to his aunt for support, the fond mother solemnly warned him never, by any chance, to "*look up to* his aunt," if he expected the smallest favour from that lady.

Yet look up to her he did, in a manner the most imploringly, when he went on an errand for his brother, to beg the advance of twenty guineas, which it was supposed the good lady would readily give to get rid of her petitioner; and whether it was the confusion attendant upon her fright, or pity for the hideous pleader, or a sense of the zeal with which he urged the suit of his handsome brother, is not certain—but she gave him, in addition, twenty for himself. So grateful was the lad, that he mentally promised himself never to go near her again.

With this sum he bought books, and paid eighteenpence to a poor old usher, to whom no face was frightful but poverty's, for a Latin lesson now and then. But as he grew in years and knowledge, he grew also in ugliness. The ordinary rule, that plain children make comely adults, did not apply in his case. What began in the positive degree ended in the superlative; so that his uncle, the factor, on sending for the lad to London, to see what could be done with him (a Caliban might be wanted at the theatres, or the painters might give him a salary to sit), was perfectly transfixed in amazement at the improvement which had taken place as he grew worse. The ugly had become the sublime—the grotesque had swollen into the grand. There was now a meaning in the monstrosity—an expression, a spirit, where there was but a vacant griffin's face before.

"Yes," said the scrutinizing relative, "I discern something *more than ordinary* in you. Come with me."

And from that hour Matthew Starke was the successful climber who "upward turns his face;" nor be it said of him that he ever looked scornfully down upon the degrees by which he ascended. He never suffered his passions to appear in his countenance. Acute, self-possessed, and trustworthy, he contrived to hold every inch of ground as he won it; and he was contented to win slowly, and after an obstinate fight. The corn-factor saw something more and more in his face every day.

"My nephew," he would say, introducing him. "An honest fellow, sir, though now in Mark-lane—knows how to speak English." "Yes," would be the half-audible comment—"plain English."

"My nephew managed that transaction—did it all nobly." "It was very handsome, and like himself," would be the reply.

But Matthew never winced, never needlessly added to the natural distortion of his features. He walked, or rather moved, mysteriously about in society, knowing, as by intuition, all men's feelings towards him, and effectually working a change in them. After the shock of the first meeting, everybody saw "something" in his face; an interest was thus created; use reconciled them to the grim terror, and a strange sort of attachment ensued. If he repulsed the spectator in the morning, he as surely attracted him before night. "I shall trust this man with my affairs—he is not thinking about himself," said one, and

a fine commission came into his hands. "This is a delightful acquaintance!" cried a mover in the great world, with great connexions—"there is no conceit about him." "A sensible, moral person, no doubt," thought a third, a steady man, versed in the ways of society; "all your handsome fellows are rakes and fools."

Men of business liked him, because his personal appearance convinced them that he could never be anything but a man of business. The intellectual patronized him, to shew their contempt for vulgar prejudices, and to vindicate the superiority of mind over matter. Three-fourths of the men about town courted his acquaintance, as one so much uglier than themselves—an invaluable foil to their own graces, natural and acquired. Husbands introduced him to their wives, to shew them what sort of a partner might have fallen to their lot; and wives presented him to their daughters, quite satisfied that, even were he as rich as Rothschild, he could never play Romeo.

Thus the ugliest man in the community obtained, as soon as the first shock was over, the key that admitted him to all its avenues. He found that though an open homage was offered up to beauty, the secret tribute was paid to ugliness. Everybody felt safe with him—and at the same time, everybody, however plain, felt handsomer in his presence. Self-interest and personal vanity were alike gratified in his company.

"Oh, sovereign beauty!" he exclaimed, in the midst of his successes—"oh, sovereign beauty! till now I never knew thee." The regal principle he alluded to was the beauty of ugliness.

He bore, all this time, a striking resemblance to some of the strange devices on coach-panels and plate, but the likeness was less and less recognised. Such is the power of custom, and so entirely did first impressions wear out, that a lady who had screamed when he crawled into the drawing-room, three months before, wondered, one night, why Mr. Starke never danced; and when a stranger remarked that the quiet gentleman eating sandwiches was a horrid fright, the prettiest young person of the party exclaimed, with a small tone of surprise, "Do you think so?"

In the midst of his town-prospects, an invitation reached him from his distant relative, the Berkshire baronet. "This Mark-lane monster," thought Sir Joseph, "will be of use down here. If he is so knowing about corn in London, he may help to set my acres in order. Nothing was to be done with his handsome brother; but my girls are not in danger now. It's only like asking the Saracen's head or the Bull-in-mouth."

And so Sir Joseph wrote, and Matthew quitted town for Crop Hall. The baronet shrunk back at the sight of him, as though his deceased wife had escaped from the family vault; the dogs barked vociferously, the men-servants retreated; but the housekeeper, who was religiously disposed, stood her ground, rejoiced that an orang-outang had at last turned Christian. The young ladies, especially, retired in confusion to rest, and dreamed of "gorgons and monsters and chimeras dire." All, however, recovered in a day or two from their affright; the mysterious visitor "was not so black as he was painted." In three weeks, he was, to all the household, a sweet gentleman; and in three months, the eldest daughter found him, though not perhaps regularly handsome, an irresistible suitor; and as Sir Joseph's son-in-law, he became to all the county—the Deformed Transformed!

# A VENETIAN ROMANCE.

BY EDWARD KENEALY, ESQ.

PART I.

"She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight;
And rose where'er I turn'd mine eye,
The Morning Star of memory." BYRON.

IT was a bright moonlight—the stars also were burning. No cloud was to be seen over the deep blue fields of heaven, but all shone and sparkled entirely cerulean. It was a night when spirits only should be abroad, for it seemed a scene too ethereal for mere mortality—unless, indeed, mortality when it is in love, for it is then refined to something beyond earth, and becomes akin to angels.

Our boat glided over the waters of the Brenta, which stretched out before us, calm and still, as if it were one unbroken mirror. Not a ripple curled its surface; not a breath of wind swept over its bosom. Before us rose the city of enchantment—Venice,

"Looking a sea-Cybele, fresh from ocean"—

its stately palaces of marble, its tapering spires, dressed out with painted banners, variegated with the hues of gold, and silver, and purple; its lattices, through which at intervals gleamed lights, like planets peeping out of the veil of clouds; its balconies, loaded with flowers of the most brilliant dyes, and perfumed with the richest aromatic plants; occasionally, also, the sound of distant music was borne to our ears, mellowed into more delicious softness by the intervening waters, and suggestive of a thousand sweet poetic fancies. Gentle voices, too, came mingled with the silvery notes—voices that spoke of love, and all its thousand vicissitudes of rapture and despair. And thus, gazing on the stars and beaming waters, and listening to song, we sailed onward, I and the Spirit.

Thou knowest, my friend, how deeply I have read—how thoroughly I have mastered the mystic secrets of the stars. Thou knowest how, by intense and patient study—by energies directed for a long, long series of years to one bright point—by midnight vigil—by noonday aspiration—by the fiery hope within, that never knew repose, that glowed without intermission, and became the demon of my dreams—by the long-remembered prophecy of my birth, that I should, ere I died become the despot of an Ethereal Essence;—thou knowest, I repeat, how I did in time subdue a Spirit to my will, made him my slave, and became endued with more than mortal power. How, or on what condition I first became possessed of the Talisman of Omnipotence, wherewith I bound him, need not now be told. To none on earth can it be revealed, for none on earth would it profit. Years had rolled over my head—years of unceasing labour, of constant disappointment, of renewed exertion; and even the hope that had so long lived within me, nerving me for every discomfiture, and bearing me onward still with unflagging wing, began to droop her crest, and to despair of success. "Had I then toiled for nothing?—for a shadow that existed not, save in my own wild fancy? Had I indeed wasted my golden youth following an *ignis fatuus* that guided into no path?" Such were the inquiries which many and many a time started involuntarily to my lips, and tempted me, in moments of gloom, to curse the infatuation which could have so long and so utterly befooled me. True it was, that in pursuing my

darling yet desperate ambition, I had acquired invaluable treasures of knowledge and wisdom—of that wisdom which is power, of that knowledge which exalteth;—true it was, that I had become a deep wizard of things unknown to men, and that filled my soul with ungovernable pride and daring. But the great object on which I had fixed my mind was still far distant, and to all appearance unattainable by me; a gloomy chasm seemed yawning between us, over which there was no passing. Yet another year was added to the group, and lo! the secret burst upon me like a flood of radiance, and overwhelmed me with rapture. It was in one of the deep and lonely forests of Normandy, as I sauntered one morning in the early sunlight, book in hand, and my thoughts intently wrapt up in my desires, that I became the master of the power. With what indescribable, with what savage joy, I contemplated the grandeur of the pursuit, and the now attained glory of my triumph. Methought I moved on air—methought that earth was now unworthy of my tread. The sunbeams that hung around me, and shed their saffron draperies amid the trees, seemed not half so bright or buoyant as myself. Ere a moment passed, I resolved to test my might, and summoned a spirit before me—the Spirit that even now sitteth by my side, and never leaves me. He came upon a sunbeam. His figure—oh, how shall I describe it?—so Hermean in symmetry, in beauty. There was a soft radiance about him, like the reflection of the diamond stars seen at night upon the ocean, and on his brow he bore a jewel of dazzling splendour. Yet though youth and beauty conspired to invest him with their brightest attractions, he seemed sad and thoughtful; a melancholy sat upon his face and in his soft eyes—a melancholy that might make one weep, so eloquently sad and solemn it appeared. And behold, as he came, there was a noise in the air as of music. It was awakened by unseen fingers, for nothing could I see, though the sweetness touched me to the soul. And in this melody, also, the prevailing character was grief—touching grief, that might have melted a cynic to tenderness. He stopped before me, and bowed. He spoke to me in another language—the language of the spheres, now intelligible to me as mine own. What followed need not be repeated. We departed from the forest, and wended homewards, the Spirit by my side, invisible to all eyes but mine. From that hour he has never dared to quit me. I have become the master of his destinies; my commands he is by Fate itself constrained to execute; no power can step between us, if I have spoken the word. One privilege only he possesses—that of once in the cycle of every year resuming his independence of me, and becoming free to act as he thinks proper. This hour of liberty (for no longer does it last) is at his own selection; but he can exercise it only once in the twelvemonth. Nor even then is it in his power to offer me any injury that shall by possibility free him from his servitude; and when the sixtieth minute hath elapsed, he is once more at my feet, to do my bidding as I wish—to execute whatever command caprice the most fantastic can impose.

It was, as I before said, a bright moonlight on the Brenta, and our gondola skimmed over the waters with that light and gentle motion at once so luxurious and provocative of the tenderest feelings of the heart. So softening, indeed, was the influence of the scene, that there were moments when our gondolier of his own accord ceased to row, and gazed, as if in mute abstraction, on all around him—conscious of the presence of only one passenger, and dreaming nought of the sunbright

Spirit who lay with folded pinions by my knees. I had passed the day and the entire evening strolling through different parts of the city, for though not unknown to me were its dark canals and marble bridges, still there is a fascination about Venice always new; and to one of my temperament it is ever pleasant to mingle in the gay crowds which throng the areas before the churches, or assemble beneath the piazzas of the Palace of Saint Mark. I had not, however, been lucky enough to meet with any adventure, though anxious for some novelty, for I had just quitted my books after three long months of uninterrupted study; and somewhat in a melancholy mood I flung myself into my boat, and bade my gondolier direct his course whithersoever he pleased. He followed my commands, and we flitted about the waste of waters, pursuing no fixed path, until midnight was over the land, and the hum of pleasure had nearly subsided into repose. I had for hours leaned backward in my boat, in a visionary abstractedness, contemplating the noble arch of the heavens, now all alive with beautiful stars, the very look of which has so often made me wish my soul had wings that I might fly upward, and become one also of the sky-dwelling powers who live in their radiant glories; when suddenly the most enchanting music it was ever my lot to listen to burst upon my ear, and made me fancy for a moment that my wish had been realized, and that I had ceased to be a child of earth. Yet it was not the music so much as the sweet soft voice that sang to it which charmed me so quickly, so powerfully. Never before—alas! alas! never since—did I hear strains of such witchery. They could not have been more bewitching had they been wafted newly from Paradise itself, and even the angels might have hearkened to them with rapture. Anxious to approach nearer such delightful melody and music, I ordered my gondolier to row quickly in the direction, and as he was one of the most skilful of his tribe, he soon approached the boat from which the sounds proceeded. By the time we came within a short distance of it, however, they ceased altogether, and I could only order our boatman to pursue the strangers, for I began to feel a strange presentiment creep over my soul, and I could observe that the Spirit whom I had won manifested a wayward excitement such as I had never before witnessed. Whether it was that that divine music reminded him of his native home and others of his kind from whom he was now exiled, or that even then he knew intuitively all that was to happen, I know not; but there was a singular wildness in his eyes, a tremulousness in his manner, that would have struck me much at any other time, but at the present one I was too deeply engaged with my own wild thoughts, hopes, and wishes, to pay attention to anything else. But in after hours, and ere many months had elapsed, I was sorrowfully reminded of this aberration on my companion's part, and he has since revealed much to me. Would to Heaven he had saved me in time!

We followed the gondola, and at length saw it glide into one of the canals, through which we also instantaneously sped. The party it contained did not, however, draw up at any of the palaces, as I rather romantically fancied they would, but got out at one of the stairs, and, discharging the gondola, prepared to depart. I at once dismissed my boat and followed, contemplating them now freely, and, as I thought, unobserved. They were but two—females, and hurried on rather quickly, for they seemed full of alarm, and the streets of Venice were

at that time haunted by troops of wild young gallants, who made it a practice to accost almost every pretty face that passed. Both seemed apprehensive that something like this might occur to them, the more particularly when they noticed that they were followed by a stranger—myself. Nor was this fear of theirs destined to prove groundless; for ere they had trod a hundred steps from the place at which they had disembarked, they were met by a party of youths, returning home, doubtless, from some serenading or courting party, and much heated by wine. The young men immediately stopped, and rather rudely commanded the two females to unmask—a request of course refused, and they prepared, therefore, to enforce their demand by violence. I did not wait for the loud shriek which burst from one of the women, to excite me to the course I had determined to adopt, but drawing my sword, I rushed among them. I know not whether it was terror—whether I owed to my own rashness, or to the influence of my companion, the electrical effect which my appearance produced, but certain it is, that ere the clashes of our swords had reached a dozen, the whole party retreated precipitately, and I was left alone with the two strangers. They thanked me in terms of expressive eloquence ; they exaggerated the slight service I had done them ten thousand times more than it deserved. I requested permission to accompany them home, lest a recurrence of a similar attempt might happen. Permission was accorded, and I parted with them at their door.

Who can describe the planets of the night ?—Saturn, and Mars, and the golden-beaming Venus ? Lo, they go forth in their beauty—their feet flash splendour, their eyes cast sparklings. Mark ye where they tread, and there shineth the radiance of day ; mark ye where they look, and there also brilliancy is born. Who can describe the coming of the Sun when he rideth forth in chariot of flame ? Who can paint the beauty of Angels ? Hast thou seen the Queen of Night come out in the heavens, garmented in stars, and drawn by her snow-white hinds ? If so, canst thou paint her loveliness ? Hast thou gazed upon the purple Morn rising in the east, reddening the ocean, brightening the firmament ? If so, canst thou depict her ? Yet I swear to thee, that easier it were to describe star, and sun, and silver moon, and rosy morn, than her who now entranced my heart, my soul. Yet I will attempt to give thee a description of her ; for in thus delineating her, methinks I live over again that period of paradise that beheld me, night and morning, gazing in her eyes, riveted by her side, worshipping the heaven of her beauty. Yet how shall I begin ?—with what charm shall I commence ? Her eyes ?—a starry midnight they resembled. Her complexion ?—thou wilt find it in the dazzling white marble of Paros—thou canst seek its type in the snowy lotus of the East. Her stature full of perfect grace ; her foot as light as an antelope of the desert ; her hair clustering about her neck, as thou hast seen in those marble ruins of Greece wild hyacinths entwined about a broken shaft or fallen capital. Her complexion was the crimson tinge of the rainbow ; her smile was the sunshine sleeping on the crystal waters. Such was Inez in those days of enchantment ; such was she when I first saw her. And yet this fair creature was I doomed by destiny, or I know not what, to destroy !

By her and by her mother I was received with a kindness that scarcely knew limits. I passed all my days in the company of both, and became soon domesticated in their little home. The mother

of Inez had been, in early life, married to a Greek merchant, who died, however, before his savings had accumulated to what could be called wealth, leaving only one daughter; and she was, in sooth, a treasure richer than those the mines of Golconda bear within their hearts. Seventeen summers only had passed over her head when I thus became acquainted with her. I was considerably older; but what effect could years have upon me, who had a Spirit for my servitor, to whom the secret of adolescence and health and vigour and Maïan beauty was revealed? The treasures, also, which I had acquired, were such as to outwing belief; but they had been bought by knowledge and daring, and I had vowed to lavish them with the profusion of an Aristippus, utterly heedless of the present or the future, and despising aught that did not minister to my fierce passions. They call us bookmen cold, tame-hearted, cynical. By the stars, I swear—they lie! or else, mayhap, they know not what they say, for truly can I tell thee that within the scholar's heart rolls a tide of boiling passion to which the lava flood is icy. Well, indeed, do I know it. Hath not my whole life been a panorama of the wildest and most uncontrollable passion? Have I not trampled on every calculation of prudence or virtue that dared to oppose my will? Hast thou not heard?—but why pursue the inquiry? Thou to whom the greater part of my wild career is known as familiarly as the event of yesterday, or as the dawn of this sweet summer morning, thou dost surely not require to hear me lay before thee a practical refutation of the falsehoods they mutter against us of the schools. Let those things pass; why should we heed them now? —now, when my heart is withered—sapless—thunder-smitten. Why call forth from the abyss of memory the spirits of those that have long since passed to oblivion, or the scenes in which they moved, acted, and perished? Yet if any who peruse my narrative think me incapable of loving, alas! they err. But I confess it has ever been a subordinate passion in my soul—subordinate, as it ought and shall, to ambition. Woman is at best but a gilded toy—a rattle to amuse—a lute to lull—a melody to soothe. Such have I always regarded her; but if ever one lived, worthy of awakening a nobler feeling of the sex than has at any time entered my heart, that one was the lovely girl whom I now knew. But the fatal ΑΝΑΓΚΗ—the unopposable destiny of my life—forbid it; and lo, I am wretched, and wretched for ever—even unto the closing day of all!

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## REASON AND LOVE.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Reason and Love, one summer noon,
Went out to rove together;
The wild birds sang their sweetest tune,
'Twas sparkling sunny weather.
Soon the wild boy began to play
Among the leafy bowers,
While Reason warn'd him not to stray,
And talk'd of darkening hours.

Love laugh'd: he heeded not such things
While all was bright about him;
But shook the sunshine from his wings,
And dared, the Imp! to flout him.

"Rash boy!" cried Graybeard; "prithee move;
You see how fast day closes—"
"How very glowingly," smiled Love,
"The sun sets on the roses!"

Reason still argued—Love grew warm,
And every caution slighted;
Till Reason, yielding to the charm,
They stay'd, and were benighted.
And thus the case will ever prove,—
To doubt the fact were treason;
Reason is oft misled by Love,
Love never yields to Reason!

# THE CHARTER-HOUSE.

BY JOHN BARROW.

FOUNDER'S DAY—DECEMBER TWELFTH.

"Floreat æternum Carthusiana dŏmus."

A FEW months,—and nineteen years will have passed away since I was a schoolboy at the Charter-house. Many a change has taken place since then. Of the five hundred boys who were there, what has become of them? Gone into all professions, into all parts of the globe, and some, alas! it is to be feared, have gone to

——— "the undiscovered country,
From whose bourne no traveller returns;"

but of these let us hope there are but few, and that many *Carthusians* will meet together at dinner in the old hall on the twelfth of the month, to celebrate FOUNDER'S DAY.

Many, indeed, are the changes that have taken place since 1824. I strolled into the grounds the other day, and found nearly all the old pensioners' houses pulled down, and handsome buildings erected in their place; the chapel undergoing great alterations, which are to be completed by the twelfth, when prayers will be read, prior to the oration, which is annually delivered on Founder's day by one of the scholars on the Foundation, upon his proceeding to the University. Several of the neighbouring houses have disappeared, particularly those in Rutland Court, where formerly stood the ancient Rutland House, a portion of which adjoined the playground. The demolition of these and other buildings has thrown open a view of the magnificent dome of St. Paul's. New churches have sprung up, whose spires are visible from the grounds; and there are many other improvements which cannot fail at once to strike an old Carthusian, who, like myself, may happen to revisit the spot of his youth. These, as I have said, are manifest improvements; not so the ravages of Time. Well may he be represented with a huge *scythe*, for of all the trees in the wilderness, so called from the number it once contained, and among them there were some stately trees of a fine growth, especially an ash with a noble stem—of all these trees, I say, not one has he spared, one and all being swept away. Of the old pensioners, too, few, if any, of the set remain. They have paid the debt of nature. "*Curio*" is gone,—so named by the boys, from a collection of curiosities he had scraped together; and "*Ajax*," so called from his stature—

"Though he look'd old, yet was he strong and lusty"—

I believe, is no more; "*Pick-up-sticks*," so designated from his peculiarity of poking about and picking up anything that came in his path, has gone the way of all flesh. But enough; my object in this little sketch is to go back to ages long since passed away; to call the attention of my readers to the CHARTER-HOUSE—a place little known save to those who have been brought up there, and yet one of the most interesting in all London. The fine old hall of the pensioners, the ancient cloisters, and the many associations connected with the spot, render it a place that ought not to be so entirely a "terra incognita" to the multitude. To those, however, to whom it is so, it may be necessary to say, that the approach is by the Old Bailey, and across Smithfield, into Charter-house Lane, leaving St. Bartholomew's Hospital on the right of Smithfield. Holinshed, in his Chronicles of England,

states, that "In about the third yære of King Henrie the First's reigne, the foundation of St. Bartholomew, by Smithfield, was begun by Raier, one of the King's musicians, (as some write.")

"In those days," he says, "Smithfield was a place where they laid all the ordure and filth of the citie. It was also the appointed place of execution, where felons and other malefactors of the lawes did suffer for their misdeeds."

To a later period than this, and when Smithfield had become a cattle market, we find that it was still a place for the punishment of offenders. Thus, "In the xxii. yere of the reign of Henry the Eygth," says John Hardyng, in his Chronicles, "was a man boyled in Smithfield for poysonning;" and in 1583, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, "one named Ditch," says Holinshed, "a notable horse-dealer was apprehended at the sessions holden for the gaole deliverie at Newgate, nineteen times indicted, whereof he confessed eighteene; who also betweene the time of his apprehension and the said sessions, appeached manie for stealing of horses, whereof (diurse being apprehended) ten of them were condemned and hanged in Smithfield, on the first daie of December, being Fridaie, and horse-market there."

The Charter-house appears to have been first enclosed in the reign of Edward III. "Gualter Mayny," says Stow's Chronicles of England, "Lord of Mainy, borne in Cabray, who serued in companie of Henry, Duke of Lancaster, in his great acts of Gascoine and Guien, after this time made Knight of the Garter in England, hauing a respect to the danger that might fall in time of this pestilence, then begunne in England, if the churches and church-yards in London might not suffice to burie the multitude, he purchased a péece of ground called Spittle Croft (for that it belonged to the Master and Brethren of S. Bartholome Spittle), containing 13 acres and a rodde, without the barres of West Smithfield, and caused the same to be enclosed, and dedicated by Ralph Bishop of London; in the which place, in the yære following, was buried more than fiftie thousand persons, as is affirmed by the Kings charters, which I have seene, and also by an inscription fixed on a stone crosse in the same place. And in memorie thereof, the same Gualter Mayny caused uppon the same ground a chappell to be builded, and after founded the same to be an house of Charter-house monkes, in the yære 1371."

It appears to have continued as a monastery till towards the middle of the fifteenth century; and the Chartreux Order of monks were not only at this time rigid in their tenets, but seem to have occasionally interfered in state matters. In Hardyng's Chronicles we read, "In this xxvi yere of the reign of Henry the Eyhth, in June, was the Byshoppe of Rochester and Sir Thos. Moore behedded for denying the Kyng to be supreme hed of the Church of England. *This yere wer iii Monkes of the Charter-house executed for the same offence.*" In the play of "King Henry VIII.," when *Brandon* (in the opening scene) arrests the Duke of Buckingham for high treason, he proceeds to say—

——"Here is a warrant from
The King, to attach Lord Montacute, and the bodies
Of the Duke's confessor, John de la Car,—
One Gilbert Perke, his chancellor——
BUCK. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: no more, I hope.
BRAN. A monk o' the Chartreux.
BUCK. Oh, Nicholas Hopkins?
BRAN. He."

This Nicholas Hopkins, however, was a monk of the Chartreux Order of *Henton*, a priory in Somersetshire, and not of the Charter-house.

Pennant states, that at the dissolution of the Carthusians, the revenues were reckoned (according to Dugdale) at £642 a year. That it was first granted in 1542, to John Bridges and Thomas Hall for their joint lives ; and in 1555, to Sir Edward North, who sold it to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, for £2500; and that his son the Earl of Suffolk alienated it to Thomas Sutton, Esq., for £13,000.

"That gentleman," says Pennant, "made a most dignified use of his purchase. In the time of James the First, he converted it into a most magnificent hospital,—consisting of a master, a preacher, a head schoolmaster, and second master, with forty-four boys, eighty decayed gentlemen who had been soldiers or merchants, besides physicians, surgeons, register, and other officers and servants of the house. Each decayed gentleman has £14 a-year, a gown, meat, fire, and lodgings; and one of them may, if he chooses, attend the manciple to market, to see that he buys good provisions. This is the greatest gift in England, either in protestant or catholic times, ever bestowed by a single man, till we come to the time of the foundation of Guy's Hospital."

"I appeal to Rome," says the author of a "Journey through England, *from a Gentleman here to his Friend abroad*," (published in London in 1714)—"I appeal to Rome and all her boasted charities, if any of her cardinals ever came up to near this of a private protestant gentleman?"

Sutton was born in 1532, and was brought up at Eton. He passed his earlier days travelling on the Continent, and on his return home became secretary to the Earl of Warwick, and by him was appointed "Master of the Ordnance at Berwick," and subsequently held the patent office of "Master-General of the Ordnance" for life. He distinguished himself on the breaking out of the rebellion in the North, and commanded one of the batteries which caused the surrender of Edinburgh Castle to the English. At this time he purchased some valuable coal-mines in the North—a speculation which answered so well that he soon became possessed of great wealth ; so much so, that it became a general topic of conversation how he would dispose of his riches. It is stated by Fuller, as a well-known fact, that he used to pray fervently to God, expressing himself in the following words : "Lord, thou hast given me a large and liberal estate ; give me also a heart to make use of it." The Charter-house was purchased by him for £13,000, and he endowed it with the bulk of his property. "As a public benefactor," says Chalmers, "Sutton deserves to be held in honourable remembrance; and it is pleasing to reflect that his design has never been interrupted or impeded by improper administration, and that few schools have produced men of more eminence as teachers or scholars." A fine old monument, erected to his memory, stands in the chapel of the Charter-house, where he lies buried.

Prior to the conversion of the Charter-house into the above noble establishment, it was more than once visited by royalty. Queen Elizabeth, on her first coming to the throne, remained there a few days, in Lord North's house, and was again entertained there by Lord Thomas Howard, a short period before her death, when on her way to Richmond. James I., also, on his first arrival in London, after he was proclaimed King, rested at the Charter-house.

The account of these visits are given as follows in "Nichols' Progresses of Queen Elizabeth and King James I.:—

"On Wednesdaie, the three-and-twentith of November, 1558, the Queene's Majestie* removed from Hatfield into the Charter-house in London, where she lodged in the Lord North's house: in which removing, and coming thus to the Citie, it might well appeare how comfortable hir presence was to them that went to receive hir on the waie, and likewise to the great multitudes of people that came abroad to see hir Grace; shewing their rejoicing harts in countenance and words, with heartie prayers for hir Majesties prosperous estate and preservation; which, no doubt, was acceptable to God, as, by the sequel of things, it may certenlie be believed.

"On Mondaie, the eight-and-twentieth of November, about two of the clocke in the afternoon, hir Grace removed againe; and taking hir chariot, rode from my Lord North's house alongst Barbican, and entering, by Cripplegate, into the Citie, kept along the wall to Bishopsgate, and so by Blanch Chapleton, into Marke Lane. . . . .

"She sat first in council at Hatfield (when she was saluted Queen), November the 20, 21, 22. The next day being the 23d, she removed towards London, attended with a thousand or more, of Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, and came to the Charter-house, then the Lord North's place, where the Archbishop of York and the Earls of Shrewsbury and Derby came to hir. Here, she remained six days; and sat in Council, November 24, 25, 26, 27, 28. Hir next remove thence was to the Tower, which was on the 28th day of November. All the streets she was to pass, even to the Tower, were new gravelled."

Her last visit to the Charter-house was in the month of January, 1602, when the Queen moved with her court to Richmond.

"On Monday, before her going, the Queen was entertained and feasted by the Lord Thomas Howard at the Charter-house." She had removed to Richmond on account of her health, "having sickened of a cold;" and died at Richmond, on 24th March, following.

After the proclamation of James I. at the Market Cross of Edinburgh, on the 31st March, 1603—viz., on the 5th of April, he departed towards England, "gallantly accompanied with multitudes of his nobility,—Lords, Barons, and Gentlemen of Scotland." Passing through Berwick, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Durham, York, and being entertained at various places,—Belvoir Castle, Hitchinbrook, Theobalds, &c., he quitted the last-named place on the 7th May, "towardes London, riding through the medowes." "The multitudes of people in highways, fieldes, medowes, closes, and on trees, were such, that they covered the beautie of the fieldes: and so greedy were they to behold the countenance of the King, that, with much unrulinesse they injured and hurt one another,—some even hazarded to the danger of death; but uncivil as they were among themselves, all the way as his Majestie past, with shoutes and cryes, and casting up of hattes (of which many never returned into the owners' hands), he passed by them over the fields, and came in at the back side of the Charter-house. Thither being come, he was most royally received and entertained by the Lord Thomas Howard; where was such abundance of provision of all manner of things, that greater could not be, both of rare and wild foules, many rare and extraordinary bankets, to the great liking of his

* The Lady Elizabeth was at her seat, at Hatfield, when Queen Mary died.

Majestie, and contentment of the whole trayne. He lay there three nights; in which time the Lords of Counsell often resorted thither, and sate upon their serious affaires. At his departure, May 11th, he made divers Knights. Upon Wednesday, the 11th May, his Majestie set forward from the Charter-house to the Towre of London."

The aforesaid Thomas Howard, after he had been confined in the Tower, on account of his secret correspondence and projected match with Mary Queen of Scots, was suffered to return to the Charter-house, under the custody of Sir Henry Nevil. Whilst thus partially at liberty, he renewed his correspondence with her, and was again lodged in the Tower. The cipher or key of his letters was found concealed under the roofing tiles of the Charter-house.

This little anecdote, I well remember, as a boy, as also the circumstance of there having been a vast number of persons buried in the grounds in days of yore; and I can also remember that it was no uncommon thing to pick up the fragments of bones in the playground, —but whether they were those of the "fiftie thousand"—"'twere, perhaps," (as Horatio says) "to consider too curiously, to consider so;" though, for my own part, I say (with Hamlet) "No, faith, not a jot," for I think it by no means improbable. Many relics have, no doubt, been found by the boys from time to time; but all that I stumbled upon myself were two coins—one of Vespasian, with the head and name distinct, and the other of a much more recent date—Charles the Second, which was in perfect preservation.

Of those who have received their education at the Charter-house, and who have distinguished themselves in after years, it is impossible, in a slight sketch like the present, to name more than two or three—and foremost of these stand the names of Addison and Steele, two of the greatest ornaments of the period in which they lived.

Addison was born on May 1, 1672, at Milston, near Ambrosbury, in Wiltshire, of which place his father was rector. He was first instructed under the Rev. Mr. Naish, at his native place, and then at Salisbury, under Mr. Taylor. Thence he was sent to Lichfield, and was placed under Mr. Shaw, and from Lichfield to the Charter-house, "where he pursued his juvenile studies under the care of Dr. Ellis; and contracted that intimacy with Sir Richard Steele, which their joint labours have so effectually recorded."*

Another name, so intimately connected with the school, I must not forbear to mention—the illustrious name of Edward Law, first Lord Ellenborough—who was for sixteen years Chief Justice of the King's Bench. He received his education at the Charter-house; and like the late Marquess Wellesley, in grateful recollection of the advantages derived from his education, preferred to be buried in the spot where the scenes of his boyhood were passed, and now lies interred in the chapel which stands in the playground, where a handsome monument has been erected to his memory, upon which is the following inscription:—

"In the Founder's vault are deposited the remains of Edward Law, Lord Ellenborough, son of Edmund Law, Lord Bishop of Carlisle, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench from April 1802 to November 1818, and a Governor of the Charter-house. He died December 13th, 1818, in the 69th year of his age; and in grateful remembrance of the advantages he had received through life from his education upon the Foundation of the Charter-house, desired to be buried in this Church."

* Chalmers' Biographical Dictionary.

# DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

*(From the German of Gustav Pfizer.)**

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

Beneath the dark cypress, 'mid roses full blown,
Forgetful of toil and the noise of the town;
While wine from a goblet of crystal is quaff'd
With a long—a refreshing—a deeply drawn draught;
Upon the bees' hum, so melodious to dwell,
To watch for the sound and the pause of the bell;
And this from the dawn till the sun sinks to rest,
The pleasures of indolence,—oh, have ye guess'd?

While gazing on heav'n, to be rock'd in a boat,
By banks, that are bursting with verdure, to float;
The fishes, so senseless and happy, to view
The speckled with gold, and the black and the blue;
To hear the mad waves, as they chattering flow,
The laugh of the swift and the moan of the slow;
How sweet, while new pleasures so ceaselessly smile,
Half-waking, half-dreaming, the time to beguile!

From thousands of roses, the fairest to cull,
To number the peach-blossoms swelling so full;
The nightingale's song so enchanting to hear,
To list to the poplar, which rustles with fear;†
In reddish-gray clouds, that at evening float by,
With soul half-prophetic, new forms to descry.
Oh, if it were granted, what care could there be?
The longest of days were a short one for me.

Yet let me remember the crowning delight:—
The loveliest maids with the kindliest spite,
For living so dreamingly ever would tease me,
Yet bring me the costliest viands to please me.
My languor would surely their pity awake,
Beneath the dark laurel my couch would they make;
Were sugar forgot—oh, no loss I should feel!
Their lips they would give, which would be sweeter still.

I hear in the distance the blame of the wise,
That indolence thus I dare boldly to prize.
You know not enjoyment, you only know pain;
You carry your burdens, half-mournful, half-vain;
For ever you would be improving and teaching,
And e'en to the sprites of Titania be preaching;
From anguish and longing all life you are weaving,
But lack the best art:—'tis the art of receiving.

But as a mere loiterer—pray, do not think—
With eye ever thirsting, earth's wonders I drink.
No!—As from the ruby, which sucks in the light,
The sparks from my soul arise flashing by night.
While swiftly the hours hurry by me in throngs,
Quick rush into life, the bright children—my songs.
The free joyous creatures!—Their birth is confess'd,
For idleness' mark on their brow is impress'd.

* Born at Stuttgart, in 1809. He is a poet of considerable repute. Some of the impersonations in the above may appear rather too bold, but they are quite in the spirit of the original.—J. O.

† The word is "besorglich," which I cannot render exactly. It expresses a kind of *anxious* rustling of the tree.—J. O.

# THE CHOLERA IN IRELAND.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

PART II.

The next scene of my labours was Newport Pratt, a remote town, situate on an inlet of the bay of Clare, which is traversed by a long bridge or causeway. The wide extent of the estuary, and the scattering of houses, mansions, and public edifices, on either bank, give to it a peculiarly airy and foreign appearance, to which no slight beauty is added by the gently undulating and richly wooded neighbourhood. My home at this place was at the house of Sir R. O. D—l, a gentleman who testified such a remarkable interest in the fate of his tenantry and of the town and country people in general, as to lead him to accompany me, on almost all occasions, in my private visits or my hospital duties. The malady manifested itself here in a comparatively mild form. By long experience, the chemical or saline treatment had now entirely, as it had formerly only partially, superseded the original stimulating brandy and opium treatment, propagated by the Central Board of Health, and the proportion of fatal cases to the cures was scarcely as one to twenty.

The neighbourhood of some of the wildest districts of Ireland, especially of the renowned Achill, brought me in contact here with the native character, very little contaminated by the civilization of the Saxon or Norman races. Nor was it always a very easy thing to manage these stubborn mountaineers. On one occasion, Sir Richard (for on these doubtful expeditions he never let me go alone) rode with me over many miles of mountain and moorland, to visit a small farmer, the report of whose illness, like everything else, spread like wildfire over these dreary wastes. The meeting, although sought for on their part, was cool and distrustful. The wife drew herself towards the burning turf, while taking a long, steady, searching glance at me, as I approached the patient, who lay on a bed in a corner of the room. A number of peasants, their hats in their hands, stood behind Sir Richard, near the door, while turning towards a child that had crouched in fear by the fire-side, the wife murmured aloud, "Ocan!" (alas!) "khuss gun diaoul!" (the devil's foot!) The case was a favourable one, and I had brought medicaments with me; but a difficulty presented itself—that the patient would have none, unless I should take a preliminary dose; no doubt, to testify that it did not contain poison. This intimation was energetically backed by the spectators and assembled friends; and as the proffered powders were rather pleasant than otherwise, I had less hesitation in granting my consent to this Achill mode of practice, imitating therein certain Oriental physicians, when called upon to prescribe for a patient high in authority. On another occasion, when visiting in a lone and distant valley, a crowd had assembled to welcome our visit to a countryman, apparently high in the esteem of his doubting and distrustful neighbours. Both men and women united in low mutterings, in which the faint sounds of "mo nuain!" (lack-a-day!) "maing" (woe), and "bad"—to use Monck Mason's orthography—(death!) ever and anon fell upon our ears; nor did the presence of Sir Richard prevent them informing me afterwards, in the most cool and resolute manner, that if anything befel the patient, I should pay for it

with my life. It was not a very agreeable task to undertake cures at such a price, but happily these cases turned out well.

But the most grievous evil at Newport lay in the heart of the town—in the Board of Health itself, from which the Protestant clergyman had absented himself, but which was regularly attended by the parish priest, one of the most singular admixtures of energy, suspicion, and illiberality I had as yet met with. He was a man upwards of six feet high, and proportionally stout, and he made early and late libations, as a sure antidote to the prevalent malady. With the local circumstances which might have led to a previous misunderstanding between parties, I was unacquainted, and had nothing to do; I had only to see fair play from the time of my arrival, and at the very first meeting of the Board after that, the reverend gentleman began with a violent attack upon every other member present, for distributing soup with unjust partiality—large basins to Protestants, and small basins to Roman Catholics, or to the latter no basins at all. This was promised to be looked to. The next meeting there was a similar outcry concerning the unjust distribution of blankets, which was contradicted by a reference to the books. At the meeting after this, he had an extraordinary charge against myself. I had the same morning been accosted at an early hour by a little girl, begging my assistance to her mother, and although pressed for time, I did not refuse it. It was not, however, a case of cholera, but one of a different character; and this was brought against me as a proof, that instead of attending to the Roman-catholic cholera patients, I was devoting my attention to general Protestant cases, and, it was insinuated, with a view to the fees to be gained thereby; but, as it turned out that, instead of receiving, I had contributed towards the immediate necessities of the person in question, this charge fell to the ground. But the same excited and unjust hostility towards every other member of the Board, where there did not exist a feeling or a wish but to benefit as much as possible all parties alike, and without distinction of age, sex, or religion, was persevered in day after day. A crowd of the ill-disposed of the town was collected, at every meeting, in front of the house, to hurrah and cheer when the Father's voice was heard to become loud and dominant, and to yell discordant sounds when any one else was speaking; all chances of ever settling any public question were put an end to, and the practical utility of the Board, and that at such an emergency, was so completely annihilated, that one day, when his conduct was particularly stormy—so much so as to bring blushes on the cheeks of two noviciates who supported the Father's chair—and when he was positively foaming at the mouth, from the violence of his excitement and the intemperance of his language, he was politely requested to withdraw from the Board. Care had been taken on this occasion to secure the attendance of the lieutenant of constabulary at the Board, and two armed constables guarded the door, in case the Father should appeal to his own superior physical force, and, assisted by them from without, should turn the tables, and establish a Board of his own. The alternative had, however, the desired effect. The passions of the Father cooled down suddenly, and finding no one to speak in his favour, or to utter even a hope of sympathy, he withdrew in all dignity, and was conducted to his home by the crowd, amid exulting cries of "Caom ciūim Thaher!"—beautiful, meek Father!

Among the interesting patients I was called upon to see at a short

distance from Newport, was an aged priest, of a very different character from the last mentioned. His name was closely connected in that part of Ireland with the history of the descent of the French at Killala Bay. The disregard paid to all forms of religion by these revolutionary liberators soon alienated the regard of the devout islanders; and the reverend invalid had been one of the first to warn his countrymen from so dangerous and ill-fated an association, and thus to preserve many valuable lives from the hands of retribution. A finer old man, in grey hairs and placid front, I have seldom seen; nor did his aspect belie his integrity. I had been called in too late to be of any use, but he sank with the quietude and tranquillity of a simple child of nature, but a distinct being among men.

It was shortly after this, and when the malady had already become so mild as even to allow me an occasional hour or two for shooting on the moors of Newport, that one morning a mounted policeman arrived with dispatches from the chief secretary at Dublin, ordering me to repair at once to Sligo, where the pestilence had broken out with fearful intensity. I started immediately for Castlebar, but it was one thing to wish to go, and another to accomplish it, for the deaths of both driver and guard, and the absence of a successor, had left the service of the western road without efficiency, until it was arranged that the mail should only go as far as Balliferdine, a village within a few miles of Sligo, and the communication could then be kept up by a voluntary footman, when a driver presented himself. I jumped up the same day, outside, to enjoy the morning breeze and the beautiful country we had to traverse. Starting along the foot of Mount Nephin, we crossed the wide expanse of Lough Conn by a central causeway, half natural, half artificial; then by the neck of the deep bay of Killala, and the rocky point of Achris, till winding round the bay of Balliferdine, with the cairn-summited dome of Knockarea between it and the bay of Sligo, and the sierra-like, granite range of the Ox Mountains to the south, the coach stopped; and I took the precaution of arming myself with a beef-steak and half a pint of port, previous to venturing through the deserted streets of the then city of the pestilence.

The outbreak of cholera at Sligo had been attended by the customary strange and unnatural proceedings. A strong feeling of doubt as to the reality of the malady had been disseminated among the lower classes, and was clung to with the pertinacity of a drowning mob. Public meetings had been held to counteract the efforts of the local Board, to cramp their means, and to clog their exertions, in the cause of humanity. These proceedings attained a height here which was commensurate with the number of the poor and ignorant, the habits of a sea-port town, and the native excitability. It was on one of these evenings, after a great public meeting had paraded the town, with anti-cholera banners and no-cholera badges and inscriptions, abundant precautionary potations having attended its progress, that the pestilence came down upon the ill-fated sufferers. In no part of Great Britain did it spread its dark wing with more fearful and fatal intent. The numbers that fell ere that procession separated spread alarm through the whole town; and in less than a week's time the cases had mounted up to sixty in a day.

A medical gentleman, sent by the Government, had preceded me at Sligo, and the difficulties he had to encounter were unfortunately added

to by the opposition of some of the resident medical gentry, who had refused to allow of his taking charge of the hospital patients. The severity of the malady, however, soon put a stop to these petty misunderstandings, which so often disgrace the profession. It was indeed but a short time after the disease had manifested itself in anything like a formidable manner, that the oldest resident practitioner, who had been most hostile to hard-earned experience and tried constitutions, was himself attacked with the malady. On such an occasion, all personal feelings, if such had ever existed, gave way to the sincerest sympathy; and aware that the gentleman in question was a strong advocate for an ultra-stimulating treatment, such painful forebodings visited his more experienced coadjutors, that etiquette was foregone, and every assistance in their power warmly proffered. It was, however, not only refused, but none of the fraternity were allowed to approach the sick man. Several reiterated applications having been made in vain, his wife was applied to as a last resource, to intercede in the work of charity. All advice or interference was, however, alike peremptorily refused, and the unfortunate doctor perished in his isolation.

The hospital of Sligo was most advantageously situated, outside of the town upon a rising ground, fronting the valley of the river, and the building itself, for ordinary purposes, was both roomy and commodious, but on an occasion like this its means were altogether inadequate. There was also, in a large town like this, plenty of medical assistance; and a number of young men were employed in assuaging the sufferings and diminishing the mortality among the afflicted of this unfortunate place.

If there had been hostility and stubbornness exhibited at the onset, as usual there was a proportionate degree of terror, when the infliction began to spread in utter disregard to persons, age, or sex. The bearers of sick friends to the hospital often fell ill by the way, and were forced to remain with them in the same sad abode. Some remained to die in their houses, without any one to visit or succour them; and cases occurred where a whole family was carried off, one member after another, incapable even of informing a neighbour, and the last of them dying unknown and uncared for, amid all his relatives lying in peace around him. As the world of every one is the limited circle in which he moves, so the idea prevalent under such circumstances was, that the world had come to an end.

At first, the precautionary measures that had been taken in opposition to the numbers, were sufficient to meet the emergency; but as day after day the numbers of the sick and the dead increased, the means began to be quite inadequate. In the hospital there was little or no repose, no time for sleep, little for food; at the utmost, the only sanitory resource that remained was to steal one small quarter of an hour, and run to bathe and change linen on the banks of the beautiful Loch Gilly, a little gem of great beauty, set in a framework of rugged granitic rocks; it mirrored forth greensward and plantations in tranquil sweetness, that contrasted strangely with the tumultuous anxiety of the bather. So fatigued were the medical assistants, that they would often throw themselves down on mattresses just vacated by the dead. This was all very good to those who were hardened by months of toil and travel with the pestilence, but not so safe for the unhardened constitution; and the mortality among the medical assistants was very great.

To this rapid diminution of the numbers of the medical men was to be added the deaths of the nurses and of the bearers of the dead. At the very time that the number of beds in the hospital was most inadequate for that of the sick, every moment more and more were brought to the door. Affrighted friends and relatives ran away, leaving the patient in a chair, on a shutter, or only protected by the rough grey national coat, upon the threshold, on the pathway, or even on the greensward in front of the hospital. Many were thus left who were quite dead, and had been so some time; others, from the asphixiating character of the malady, were only in a trance. The labour of recovering such was equal to the care of a dozen ordinary cases. There was to apply constant friction to keep up artificial warmth, and then to subdue too violent reaction. With these means carefully and assiduously persevered in, many persons were saved from the jaws of death. In many cases this occurred after the body was cold and cadaverous, when there was no pulse perceptible, no action of the heart, and no visible respiration.

The number of sick increased so greatly at one time, that there were not assistants enough to bear them into the hospital, and the doorway was positively blocked up with the dying and the dead. The number of the latter, for a short time, averaged from sixty to ninety a day. The frequent death of the porters deterred any from offering their assistance, however much their cupidity was tempted. Ten guineas a day were given during this emergency to each bearer of the dead and gravedigger, and it was a fearful sight to see the men that were thus bought over to this dangerous employment. Always under the influence of spirits, they staggered along with sullen eye, and a mingled aspect of horror and drunken recklessness. It may readily be supposed that, under those circumstances, their work was not over well done. A large hole was, true enough, dug for the reception of bodies, but it was soon filled up; and not to enter into the minutiæ of details which would render our account so horrid, that it would almost be incredible that such things had occurred in the nineteenth century, it is sufficient to mention that, after the visitation had departed from the city, this place, for fear of a subsequent outbreak, had to be reopened, and was carefully closed up with cartloads of lime and other antiseptic substances.

Many touching incidents occurred during the height of the sickness, illustrative of the fine, generous character of the people when left to themselves. Many a rough grey-coated peasant, on seeing the crowded state of the hospital, himself waited upon his sick wife or child, and several perished by similar acts of affection. Women armed with amulets torn from the shrine of the Virgin devoted themselves to similar occupations. "You have cured that person," they would say, pointing to some bed in the ward where a patient was gradually recovering, "will you not cure my child?" The self-command of these peasants was as remarkable as their well-known secrecy and trustiness is in the ordinary occurrences of life, and it often contrasted strongly with the irregular proceedings of those around. The dismay that pervaded the hospital when the malady had reached its zenith, was increased by the impossibility of affording relief to all; the cries for water on one side, of suffering on another, mingled with the shrieks and lamentations of friends and relatives at the death of their companions, or the deep sound of the national keenin from afar, was too much for the

unaccustomed, and exhibited itself in strange forms of hallucinations among both patients and nurses. Often would the former start from their beds affrighted, and rush down stairs, from whence they would have to be dragged up by main force, which only added to the general confusion. The mania of the nurses often took a curious, and even amid all the horrors of the scene, a truly ridiculous cast. It was that of dancing through their duties, not often unaccompanied by singing; and thus they would hurry from bed to bed, just staying to utter a consolatory sentence, or come up to receive orders, still tripping the fantastic toe, but it was too evident that the intention was not there.

If dismay had penetrated even within the hospital, it can easily be imagined what it was in the town and harbour. Ships put out to sea, and flight was but a commonplace resource. More painful results attended upon the panic, among which, not the least numerous, were the evils of premature childbirth, which in some cases proved fatal to both mother and child. One man attacked by the disease threw himself into the sea, rather than await the dreaded progress of the malady.

A curious coincidence occurred at Sligo, as also at West Port; that during the acmé of virulence of the disease, the weather was exceedingly fine and clear, and seldom could a brighter sun be seen to rise and shine in unbroken lustre upon a sadder and more silent scene than that town presented. The contrast, indeed, between what, a few days ago, had been the busy arena of human activity, of bustling hopes, desires, and passions, now buried in anxiety or overwhelmed by distress; with the gladness of the natural world around, the singing birds, the rustling wind, the rolling waters, and ever bright atmosphere above, gave, to a calm observer, the idea of a perpetual sabbath, and led him almost to regret that this world was not always so prepared for another, and that sickness would not come as an infliction, but a grace.

Amidst the flight of inhabitants, citizens, magistrates, medical men, and others, that took place during the prevalence of the malady, there were some who remained steady to their duties, and assisted by that which alone will support man in all trials, met the visitation as it becomes man to meet such dispensations, with awe, but firmness—never ceasing to administer what comfort lay in their power, nor to contribute to the wants of the many the mite that was at their disposal. Such was the Rector of Sligo, who not only, almost in himself, filled the arduous duties of the local Board of Health, but whose amiable family wrought, day and night, in distributing blankets, fuel, or provisions, among the poor; and whose very house was even open to medical men, not always free, in the hurry of duty, from contamination, and yet, happily, no one suffered there from the pestilence. The Curate was also an able and enlightened young man, and used his talents with the local press—which, like other things, was soon extinguished by the pestilence—to allay anxiety, to ward off outrage, and to enforce the great cause of humanity. There were also some other persons whose conduct was truly deserving of high commendation.

The visitation is now gone by; it will be long remembered, with the ties that were dissevered, and the beloved that were lost, in that populous seaport; but to none will it be a source of sad reminiscence, less mingled with self-reproach or useless regrets, than to those who did not abandon their brethren in distress.

## AN OLD MAN TO HIS EVERGREENS.

BY M. Y. W.

Ye hardy race, who cheer,
When prouder trees are bare, the dreary scene,
Long have you deck'd for us each faded year,
Still fresh and green!

Seasons have come and gone,
Bringing us fruits, and flowers, and golden grain;
All these in turn were ours; but you alone
Unchanged remain!

For you shall be my rhyme,
Who brave and bear the winter wind's cold breath;
So may you yield me, in this barren time,
One lasting wreath.

If Bays in vain were sought,
Would any goose-quill in the land be stirring?
Or, could the kitchen's mighty artist pot
A single herring?*

Green Hollies, bright and strong!
The praise of song your glossy leaves may claim,
Through which our holidays, the winter long,
Keep up their name.

Soon will Old Christmas come,
And levy from you all the tithe you owe;
So shall he make, in every church and home,
His festal show.

Dark, melancholy Yew,
Long were your boughs to England's archers known;
And those that best your deadly weapons drew,
The Laurels won!

Oft in some ancient place,
Near manor-house or castle, are you found;
Or 'midst memorials of our frailer race,
In hallow'd ground.

And Box, so neat and prim,
Still do you thrive, as formal as of old,
Though all within the narrow plot you trim
Is hard and cold.

One flower alone we find,
And, smiling 'mid the graver shrubs, she blows,
Her blossoms waving to the rudest wind—
Our monthly Rose.

Scarce did we care for her,
Or you, dark Evergreens! in summer's bloom,
But now we turn to you, and hold you dear,
Around our home!

Thou Cypress of the grave!
Unchanging emblem of the love that grieves!
Thou mayst, in contrast to thy brethren, wave
Thy funeral leaves!

Long may you all live on!
Long may your glossy foliage meet my gaze,
With power to cheer, when gayer charms are gone,
My wintry days!

* Potted herring, like the poet's life, is very insipid without bay leaves.

# LEGENDS OF THE MONTS-DORES.

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

## NO. IV. — THE ICE KING OF LE GOUR DE TAZANA.

The Puy de Chopine is a very singular mountain ; it is based on a mass of crystalized soil, and appears to start suddenly forth from the centre of a circular crater which environs it : this crater is called the Puy des Gouttes. A line of extinct volcanoes extends far and wide around, stretching out as far as Combronde, each with its dark wide mouth open to the sky : this row of giants is terminated by the Puy de Chalard, and an enormous gulf, called Le Gour de Tazana. This gulf, like the mysterious Lake Pavin, is filled with water ; it is of great depth, and from it rush forth numerous rapid cataracts, which roar and foam over the piled-up rocks below. There is one part of this crater which is more profound than the rest ; it is where a sort of basin is formed by high and rugged rocks whose broad streaks of orange colour, crimson, yellow, and black, shew that a great volume of flame must once have issued forth from its jaws : in this portion of the gulf the water boils and foams as if the fire, once beneath, was still raging ; but on the contrary, this region, which was formerly given up to the dominion of the spirits of heat, is now the abode of those of cold, and on the broad plateau, which extends to some distance round the Gour, many strange and beautiful things are to be seen, produced, as is generally believed, by the subjects of the Ice King, who dwells in one of the caverns of Tazana hard by.

He is not very often seen, but when the traveller observes, above the peak of the mountain of Chalard, a great assemblage of clouds of remarkable forms, with one deep, dark, broad shadow above them all, he may be certain that the Ice King is holding a solemn meeting, and if he mounts to the top, his eyes will be gratified by the wonders he has heard spoken of. There is not much danger now that he will be punished for his curiosity, for the time is gone by when these spirits had power to do harm to mortals ; many think that the period will one day return, but it will certainly not occur till all these volcanoes are restored to their original nature, and send forth their hidden flames, as they did in times of yore.

The young widow of the Count de Tazana lived in her castle on the summit of one of the numerous rocky peaks in the neighbourhood of the Gour. The late Count was an aged man, and when the beautiful Clarice was taken out of the convent where she had been educated to be married to him, she had never thought of anything but her prayers, and was bewildered to find herself mistress of great wealth and splendour, and the companion of a man who adored her, and allowed her to have her own way in everything. He was never weary of extolling her beauty, and was so anxious that she should love him, that he was always telling her histories of ladies who had been faithfully attached to knights, and painting to her the joys of a mutual attachment. She was delighted with these stories, and was never weary of hearing them ; but the oftener she listened to their details, the more she mused and wished that fate had decreed that her lover had been one of the gay and beautiful young heroes which her husband told of.

"The Count," she would say to herself, "is the best man in the world, and is kinder to me than any one else has ever been; but he is old and infirm, and when he speaks of love, it seems to me to be out of place. I am very fond of him, but if he had been young—as young, for instance, as Amador—I should be able, I think, better to understand the love of which he tells me so much."

The person to whom Clarice alluded was a young minstrel, who had arrived but a short time at the castle, recommended to the Count as one of the best poets and singers of his age to be found in the country.

He had so much genius, and exerted himself so zealously to please both the Count and Countess, that they were quite charmed with him, and every evening after the repast in the great hall, they ordered him to repair with them to an arbour of flowers in a garden, where they listened to his songs and recitations for hours together. The young Countess told her husband that she now began to understand the passion, the mysteries of which he had so laboured to explain, and the Count was gratified to find that she listened with extreme attention, and loaded him with thanks for procuring her so great a pleasure.

One evening as they were sitting in their arbour, the old knight was suddenly taken ill, and, being conveyed to his chamber, grew rapidly worse, till at length it became evident that his end was approaching. In effect, he died that night in the arms of his afflicted wife, and Clarice found herself a widow before she had attained the age of twenty, and the possessor of all her late husband's wealth.

Her grief at his loss was very great; she missed him at every turn; she knew not how to manage her household or her domains without him, for his kind care had spared her every trouble; she no longer heard his encouraging voice, or replied to his expressions of tenderness, and she wept ceaselessly at her bereavement.

She was in the height of her grief, when one evening—it was now winter—the horn of the castle was blown, and the steward came to inform her that a knight had arrived, who proclaimed himself the cousin of her late lord, and requested an audience of her. She desired that he should be admitted, and with some trepidation, for she had been little accustomed to receive strangers, she saw him enter her presence.

He was a very tall, graceful person, and wore a suit of armour of polished steel, covered with ornaments of bright silver. His plume was white, and a glittering scarf bound his breast. He approached her with great humility, and craved her pardon for his intrusion; but recounted that, being but lately returned from foreign wars, he was not aware of his cousin's death till he arrived at the castle; that it was to him his visit was intended, and he merely now ventured to pay his respects to the widow of a man he had highly esteemed.

Clarice received him very graciously, and requested him to make some stay in her castle, regretting her want of ability to entertain him, but offering her people as his attendants in whatever sports of hunting or hawking he might choose to engage.

He frankly accepted her offer, and after a little time became quite at home at the castle; so much so, indeed, that the young mistress began to feel surprised that he did not name a time for the termination of his visit; however, his society was agreeable, and he evidently wished to please and soothe her sorrows. Wishing to afford him pleasure, as her guest, she bethought herself of the young minstrel

Amador, whose stories and songs were calculated to amuse him ; and as she did not care to pass so much time with a stranger alone, she was not sorry that the minstrel should exercise his art, to place them both more at their ease.

She found, when Amador made his appearance at her bidding, that he was greatly changed ; his cheek was hollow and pale, and he scarcely raised his eyes when she spoke to him, except to cast them down on the ground, filled with tears. This evident attachment to his late master touched her, and she named him to the White Knight with commendation, as a faithful and affectionate servant.

The White Knight did not, however, seem to take much pleasure in hearing his lays, and pronounced that he had frequently listened to much finer minstrelsy than that of Amador, who, having overheard the remark made to the lady, was deeply mortified and annoyed.

He regarded the White Knight with attention, and the more he did so, the less pleasing did he appear in his eyes : it was true that he was remarkably handsome. His fair hair, which was almost the colour of flax, fell in long tresses on his shoulders; his eyes were full of fire, but their hue was that of the palest, clearest water; his complexion was like snow, and the pale hue of his cheeks greatly took from the general beauty of his face ; his figure was, however, faultless, and his grace very striking. That which, nevertheless, peculiarly displeased Amador in his countenance, was a restless, convulsive movement about his mouth,* which though he seemed anxious to suppress, it would constantly appear, and gave a sinister expression at times to his countenance.

One day, sad and sorrowful, for he had not been summoned to the presence of his lady, Amador strolled forth from the castle, and took his way along the mountain to the Gour de Tazana. It was very cold, but a bright sun gilded the peaks covered with snow, and glittered on the icicles which covered the boughs of the dark pines.

He continued to wander listlessly until evening came on and the moon rose, when he came suddenly on a broad plateau of rock covered with thick ice so as to resemble a lake. He seated himself in a cavern close by, where the rocks formed a canopy, and from thence looked out on the wild prospect before him. The wind had risen, and was now driving the snow across the face of the mountain—the roar of rushing waters came to his ear, as they dashed over their icy boundaries, partly melted by the sun, and leaped into ravines beneath. As he found the wind increase, he advanced further into the cavern, when suddenly he distinguished sounds which made him pause, and presently he became aware that, without intending it, he had reached the verge of the Gour.

Round the mouth of the abyss grew flowers and shrubs in luxuriant profusion, but they were all of ice, and glittered in the moonlight as if formed of gems of which they had the colours: on the path at his foot were strewn stars, crescents, and rings of ice, of the most perfect form, and shining like silver.† He stooped to pick them up, but they

* A convulsive twitching about the mouth belongs to evil spirits, and by that peculiarity they may sometimes be known.

† Winter on the Monts-Dorés lasts six months, when the snow is sometimes from three to four feet thick; it seldom falls in large flakes, but each flake seems separately congealed, and descends in a crystalized state. The form of the crystals

vanished in his hand; he reached to gather the flowers, but at his touch they disappeared, and more sprung up in an instant in their place. Curious to see whether the same phenomenon was continued along the icy arcade which stretched before him, he continued his way amongst icy foliage, whose leaves clattered together as he passed, when, seated beneath a tree which bent over the dark ravine below, he beheld the White Knight, surrounded by a group of small people not more than a foot high, all apparently formed of ice, but moving quickly about, as if busily employed. He concealed himself, and watched their movements, and to his surprise found that their occupation was to attend on the Knight, who remained motionless in the midst of them. One of these ice figures combed his fair hair, and placed it in curls on his neck; another poured a mixture from a crystal vial into his eyes; a third smoothed his cheeks, and rubbed on them a liquid pressed from a pale crimson ice flower, which she gathered from the rock. Many were busied cleaning his armour, and it presently glittered like diamonds. All this time the White Knight never moved, but as soon as his scarf, which was dipped by one of the attendants into a leaping cataract hard by, was bound round his bosom, he began to shew signs of animation. It was then that Amador heard him addressed by one of the little ice figures, who had stood apart and observed what was going on without taking a part in it.

"Now, my son," said she, "you have again the semblance of a mortal, and it is time that you bring us home the lady, for till she becomes our victim, and we cast her into the Gour de Tazana, our penance is not accomplished, and we shall never be able to resume our earthly habits. We have the power of renewing this appearance in you only three times, and the third is now passed. If, therefore, you do not wed the lady before three days, our prey is lost; and instead of returning to our former life, as brigands of the mountains, we must remain for ever ice spirits, as we are now. Go, therefore, and take this opal ring, with which to wed the bride: the moment she accepts it from you and places it on her finger she is ours; but if the third day passes, and you have failed to gain her, you must return here, and be one of us as before."

Amador listened with amazement, and his heart beat quickly; he kissed the crucifix which he wore round his neck by a chain; and as he did so, the whole train disappeared, and he found himself standing by the gate of the castle.

He hastened to enter, and there found that the great hall was lighted up, as if for a festival; and a number of knights and ladies were already assembled, having come at the invitation of the White Knight, in the name of the Lady Clarice, to an entertainment which he had persuaded her to give previous to his departure, which he had fixed to take place in three days.

is various, and resembles the snow of the Poles, described by Lyon and Parry. The starry shapes they assume are very small, and they are united to a small compact ball, which forms a centre, so that the little sharp points form the rays of a star. The appearances caused by the white frost are sometimes very curious on the high plateaux of the mountains, which seem like actual gardens in which the natural flowers have been replaced by icy shapes resembling them: the smallest stem is sufficient on which to hang an icy garland, rosettes of the most graceful shapes are thrown on every point, and long festoons of glittering foliage depend on all sides, till as the sun gains power, the ephemeral garden gradually melts away, and leaves a shining plain, which the next early morning sees adorned in a similar manner.

The Lady Clarice was seated under a raised canopy, and was radiant with beauty ; and though she still wore her widow's dress, it seemed to add to her charms rather than diminish them. Her brow, however, was clouded, and she looked anxiously round the hall, and when her eye rested on Amador, a flush of satisfaction came over her face. "It is strange," said she to herself, "how differently I regard the minstrel from any other person. Whenever he appears, I feel protected ; while at other times I seem deserted and in danger : when once the White Knight has left the castle, I will resume the hearing of those charming lays which my dear lord loved so much, and which no one sings so well."

There was something in the expression of the lady's face which rendered Amador happy throughout that evening, and inspired him with a confidence which he had never before felt. It seemed also that Clarice was gayer since his arrival, although her manner towards the White Knight was more reserved and cold than usual.

He, on the contrary, was extremely assiduous ; and his grace in the dance and his liveliness in conversation were so attractive, that not a lady there but thought him the fairest knight she had ever beheld.

Meanwhile, Amador had repaired to the neighbouring convent, and had had a long conference with a holy man whose sanctity had caused him to be held in great reverence throughout the country. While he listened to the account which the minstrel gave of the icy beings he had seen, the monk shuddered ; then signing himself with the sign of the cross, he exclaimed—

"No time is to be lost, or the lady will fall a victim to the arts of the Ice King ; for he it is who has gained admission to the castle, in consequence of the thoughts of the Lady Clarice having wandered in her prayers."

He then gave Amador directions how to act, and they parted.

The evening of the third day had now arrived, and the lady sat in her bower ; at her side was the White Knight, who was taking his leave of her, as the time of his departure had arrived.

"Before I go, madam," said he, "let me entreat you to accept from me a token of esteem. It is a ring blessed in Palestine, from whence I came when I returned to visit this castle. It will bring happiness to her who wears it, and success in love, should you ever deign to cast your eyes on one whom you think worthy to succeed my cousin."

Clarice graciously put forth her hand, to receive an opal ring which he presented ; and at the same time her thoughts, she knew not why, turned to the minstrel Amador, not as the knight supposed, to himself: but just as the ring touched her finger, and she felt the cold lips of the knight pressing her hand, the door flew open, and the minstrel rushed in—the ring fell on the ground, and broke into a thousand stars; a shower of holy water, cast from the hand of Amador, covered Clarice with its crystal drops, and at her feet she saw a stream of ice only, for the White Knight was gone.

"Lady!" said the monk, who at that moment entered the chamber, "you are saved—and your enemy is defeated. The White Knight was no other than the Ice King, who, attracted by your beauty, sought to gain you as a bride. It is decreed, that he to whom your thoughts have strayed, when they should have been directed to Heaven alone,

should save you from the evil spirit, if he is true and pious, otherwise he will be doomed to expiate your fault by retiring to a convent."

"Alas, father!" said the lady; "he is, he must be faithful, and merits reward rather than punishment. I confess that no other than Amador has engaged my thoughts ever since my husband's death; and since he has proved himself so worthy, it is but fitting I should give him my hand, with half my fortune to the church."

Whatever objections the monk might have made to the first part of the lady's design, her last words were convincing; and he denied not his blessing to the pair who knelt at his feet.

The Lady of Tazana and her new husband became the patterns of the country for conjugal affection, and they went in procession to the Gour, soon after their marriage, where a solemn mass was said over the abyss. Since that time, it is seldom that the Ice King dares to appear; indeed, it is said, that he is never allowed to do so to any but those who have deceived their lovers; so that few like to acknowledge that they have seen him; and in winter, all the inhabitants carefully avoid passing near the Gour de Tazana, particularly by moonlight.

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## ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

No wonder poets choose thee for their theme,
Great Time! E'en if the lay be weak, 'twould seem,
From thy sublimity, to surely gain
Both power and glory,—borrowed not in vain;
For peerless attar, 'prisoned in dull clay,
Doth make the poor earth rich, though pass'd away,
Leaving a legacy of wealth behind.
'Tis thus we seek embodiment to find
Of those high thoughts, which, like an essence rare,
Men fain would bind and keep; for this they share
The subtle power or spirit with some thing
Of meaner quality, and strive to bring,
And hold, within their reach that spirit-power
Impalpable as fragrance from a flower.
So poets strive to summon at their call
Th' embalming words, which, if they come at all,
The best and brightest are but earthy things,
  Dimming the radiance they should enshrine,
Too weak to follow Thought's aspiring wings,
  Or pierce the depths of its unfathom'd mine!

Thou of the iron rule, great Time!—the thought
  Of thee is all so vast, we cannot hope
  To find for it a prison in the scope
Of narrow words;—enough if there be caught
Some feeble sparks, in kindred minds to light
A flame, which there may grow more clear and bright.
They fashion thee, old Time, with wings outspread;
  Yet I could think that sometimes they are furl'd,
When thou dost move with halt and lagging tread,
  Casting a shadow on that inner world
The mind itself creates. Lovers do count
  The shadow'd days of absence, dark indeed
To the true heart, which eagerly would mount
  The car of Phœbus, that each lazy steed

Might mend its pace, and gallop to the goal
Which seems so sadly distant to his soul.
Neither, methinks, hast thou too swift a flight
For him Ambition lures! Expectant wight,
Who struts along beneath his galling chain
Proudly, because 'tis gilt; looking in vain
To meteor fires, which mock his ardent chase,
Neglecting flowers he crushes in the race.

And there are others, too, who sometimes chide
The tardy pace of Time. In these there meet
Bright intellect and heart,—with the high tide
Of keen sensations;—waters pure and sweet
To mirror fleeting joys; but dark and deep
Their under currents, where ingulfed there sleep
The wrecks of precious things. And such do long
And yearn for years to swiftly pass along
Till "times" shall be less "out of joint" with all
Those revelations of a loftier state.
They see the twilight, and they feel the pall
Which covers this fair laughing earth—though late—
Will be by Time removed;—such would not stay
His rapid onward flight. Let him away!

What does Time rob us of?—our youth!—That wealth
Which we look back on through the golden gate
That ne'er shall ope again. With heart elate,
Youth is but little prized, until by stealth
We feel it shrinking, like a hoarded store,
On which th' inheritor draws heavy drafts.
So they were just, methinks no bitter shafts
Are left to rankle when our youth is o'er.
Who would give back the fruits of riper years
For the mere blossoms, or the produce crude
Of the May-days of life—their hopes and fears?
Both hollow cheats, which most in youth intrude
To misdirect our steps:—the world we find,
Its joys and dangers, different to the mind,
(Greater or less, but still of different hue,)
From the false scenes they conjured to our view!

But myriad are the clinging memories,
Which unto earth's "tired denizens" must rise
Whene'er the mind, as now, just stays to mark
The pauseless tread of Time!—Into thy dark
And measureless abyss, Eternity,
A few more sands are dropt.—Eternity!
That is a thing too vast for human speech,
Which soaring thought indeed can never reach!
Enough, created Time sprang from thy womb,
Of which thou art as well the mighty tomb!
Let us not mourn the rapid flight of Time,
The world grows richer ev'ry hour we live;
Not in the drossy store of India's clime,
But in the dearer wealth that mind can give.
Pass o'er us then, old Time, with wings outspread,
Scatt'ring the blessings which shall still endure,
"Rip'ning and rotting" as our path we tread,
And healing wounds which only thou canst cure!

# THE PERSONAL COURAGE OF MACBETH.

BY CHARLES MOUTRAY.

The question respecting the personal courage of Macbeth is one that has long since been mooted by the commentators, solemnly argued, and decided against him; and this so authoritatively, that, by the world at large, it is considered settled. Our present purpose is to examine whether this be upon just grounds. Steevens states that Mr. Whately's "Remarks on some of the Characters of Shakspeare" have shewn, with the utmost clearness of distinction, and fidelity of arrangement, that what in Richard III. is fortitude, in Macbeth is no more than resolution. He adds, that this "*judicious critic*"!!! having imputed the cause of Macbeth's inferiority of courage to his *natural disposition*, he is induced "to dissent in one particular from an essay which otherwise is too comprehensive to need a supplement, and too rational to admit of a confutation." It were, indeed, a waste of words to stop to denounce the stupidity of this Mr. Whately, who would fain persuade us that he who, when spoken of, is especially styled "the brave Macbeth,"—he who is described as "Valour's minion"—"Bellona's bridegroom"—was naturally and constitutionally a coward. But what shall we say to George Steevens' panegyric upon this besotted prater? Surely if one half of what has been said respecting the learning, acuteness, ingenuity, and taste of George Steevens be true, never were caresses less appropriately bestowed since Titania kissed the "fair large ears" of Bottom. The fact is, however, that, although we have abundant reason to be grateful to Steevens for his labours on Shakspeare—although he surpassed and surpasses all the editors of Shakspeare in the natural and acquired qualities, and in the enduring enthusiasm he brought to a task he assumed as a labour of love—yet he had not a mind sufficiently capacious, nor a heart sufficiently high to comprehend the great creations of the poet. While he was minutely examining the leaves and stem and thorns, the odour of the φεριστον ανθος, the most exquisite flower, escaped his senses, and so wrought no spell. In the matter on hand, he has transferred the ass's head from the brows of Whately to his own, and it fits him so well that he can scarcely be said to wear it with a difference. The one particular in which he dissents cannot go for much. He says—"Throughout such parts of this drama as afford opportunities for a display of personal bravery, Macbeth sometimes *screws his courage to the sticking-place.*" Ay, sometimes! He adds, however—"but he never rises into constitutional heroism." For his proofs of this, Steevens flies to the fifth act of the drama, the closing scenes of Macbeth's long career. Let us examine them. "Instead of meditating some decisive stroke on the enemy, his (Macbeth's) restless and self-accusing mind discharges itself in splenetic effusions, and personal invectives on the attendants about his person." If we consider Macbeth's situation, we shall observe how unfounded is the first charge. The thanes have fled from him, and joined the English. He has no army to cope with them in the field. What, under such circumstances, should a general do, whose valour was guided by wisdom? Defend "great Dunsinane."

> "Our castle's strength
> Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
> Till famine and the ague eat them up."

Besides, the treachery is so general, the revulsion of feeling against him so strong, that he has an additional reason for not trusting to operations in the field—namely, the frequency of desertion whenever opportunity was afforded. His enemies explain this; and they advance in the certainty of that treason, by which, at the last, the very fortress deemed impregnable is betrayed.

> "SIWARD. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
> Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
> Our setting down before 't.
> "MALCOLM. 'Tis his main hope;
> For where there is advantage to be given,
> Both more and less have given him the revolt;
> And none serve with him but constrained things
> Whose hearts are absent too."

No better, nor, indeed, no other course than that which he actually pursued could have been taken to resist the invaders. He can, for the rest, only utter the indignant exclamation—

> "Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
> We might have met them dareful beard to beard,
> And beat them backwards home."

To call the deep melancholy of his retrospections and his sad philosophizing upon the vanity of all things earthly, gratified ambition included, "splenetic effusions," is to designate them unworthily and untruly. His only personal invectives are addressed, not to Seyton, not to the Doctor, but to the cowardly messengers of ill-tidings—flouted by the general—in all ages and all countries; and sometimes not alone struck, as by Macbeth, but still worse treated, as by the Moorish king, in the ballad—

> "Las cartas echo en el fuego
> Y al mensagero matava!"

Except in the one instance, too, our general acts from policy; and if ever a burst of uncontrollable passion might be excused, it is in that instance. It is on the announcement, a wood does come toward Dunsinane. The critic goes on to say—"His genuine intrepidity had forsaken him when he ceased to be a virtuous character. He would now deceive himself into confidence, and depends on forced alacrity and artificial valour to extricate him from his present difficulties. Despondency too deep to be rooted out, and fury too irregular to be successful, have, by turns, possession of his mind." What is said about the artificial valour, and so forth, is all mere assertion, which needs to be met only with a negative. The despondency lies deeper than regards "this last push." It is engendered of the feeling and consciousness that he has lived long enough, and lived in vain, for that which should acccompany old age, and would be the guerdon of an ambitious life's labour.

As touching Macbeth's genuine intrepidity forsaking him with his virtue, Steevens quotes several authorities. He declares, too, "one of Shakspeare's favourite morals is, that criminality reduces the brave and pusillanimous to a level." I know not where he finds this moral inculcated. There is no lack of courage in Richard III.—Hamlet's uncle—Iago—Edmund—Aaron, the Moor—and these are the wickedest characters drawn by Shakspeare. Certainly, moreover, the examples cited are neither forcible nor felicitous—a loose expression of Othello's

deadly grief, which, by the way, Steevens not alone misrepresents, but misquotes—a biting stricture upon Edmund, by Albany—a sort of superstitious self-confession of Iachimo, wrung from wounded pride when worsted in combat by Posthumus, disguised in rags—a line from Hamlet's famous soliloquy, which the critic misunderstands and misapplies—and finally, a passionate exclamation of Imogene to Pisanio, which Steevens again misinterprets and misapplies. To some it may appear a *labor ineptiarum* to enter more largely into this; but, in truth so much faith is put, by the multitude of Shakspeare's readers, in the guidance especially of Johnson and Steevens, that it is desirable to shew, when occasion offers, how far they were from being infallible in their several conclusions, or even from being correct in their judgment as to particular points, and accurate in their statements. Steevens, to establish the proposition to which I have adverted, goes on thus :—"*Every puny whipster gets my sword,*" exclaims Othello—"*for why should honour outlive honesty?*" That is, as the critic would fain convey, that by the loss of honesty, or, in other words, by criminality, Othello feels himself reduced to the level of a puny whipster, and recognises the justice of his degradation. But is this really what the Venetian general says and means? Not at all. Othello in rushing at Iago is, by a sudden effort, disarmed by Montano, and given into custody, with the direction—

> " Let him not pass,
> But kill him rather!"

The affront of stripping any soldier of his weapon is deadly. Othello, too, is generalissimo and Governor of Cyprus. He cries out then, in that bitterness which mocks itself—

> " I am not valiant neither;
> But every puny whipster gets my sword.
> *But*, why should honour outlive honesty?
> Let it go all!"

Not "*for.*" Othello does not mean that he has lost his courage, because of his criminality—or his honour, because he has outlived his honesty ;

> " For nought did he in hate, but all in honour."

No! he dismisses the insult from his mind, with the " but" why should honour—that is, the sense of honour—the nice and lofty—the chivalrous sense of honour—outlive honesty? meaning at once personal purity and reputation, as in the passage of Cicero—" Nihil enim in vitâ magnopere expetendum nisi laudem atque honestatem." " Let it go all!" The whole subsequent address to Gratiano, wherein, while he vindicates his prowess, he shews him the absurdity of supposing he meditated escape, bears this out. It is not that he *can* not, but that he *will* not use his valour.

> " Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed.
> Here is my journey's end—here is my butt,
> And very sea-mark of my utmost sail;—
> Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
> Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
> And he retires :—*Where should Othello go?*"

There is no question of personal courage. The real import of the words used by Albany and Iachimo have been sufficiently explained. In the one case, it is indignation against Edmund, whose valour over-

crows his guilt; in the other, it is wounded pride that speaks. Then as to Hamlet's asserting "thus conscience does make cowards of us all," Steevens altogether misrepresents the meaning. We are not to understand by conscience, here, the faculty whereby we judge of our own guilt or innocence, and whose "small, still voice," if breathed against us, might make us cowards. By conscience here, Hamlet means consciousness—the faculty of knowing one's own thoughts as those of an individual being—and which, to those dreams that might come in the sleep of death, would give their efficacy and terror. The matter in debate is, whether consciousness will or will not continue after death, and during the sleep of death. It is the conscious doubt, that may not be silenced or satisfied in this world, that creates

"——the dread of something after death."

This it is which—

"Puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of."

Hamlet never once adverts to personal or physical courage, as affecting a man guilty, or the reverse, in this life. The cowardice to which he refers is exclusively in regard of jumping the life to come. Steevens proceeds:—"Imogene tells Pisanio he may be valiant in a better cause, but now he seems a coward." Well, what is this but a taunt of poor Imogene in her agony? There had been no courage in murdering the afflicted lady. Honest, true-hearted Pisanio, never contemplated the crime. The words are idle words, and have no bearing upon the "favourite moral," that criminality reduces the brave and pusillanimous to a level. Fie! fie! George Steevens! But from Shakspeare he turns to Dr. Johnson, of whom he says, "No man was better acquainted with general nature;" and from him, in a passage of his "Irené," he gets support. The Doctor observes, concerning a once faithful Bassa—

"How guilt, when harbour'd in the conscious breast,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great!
See, Cali, dread of kings and pride of armies,
By treason levell'd with the dregs of men!"

This was well enough for the Doctor, who, parenthetically be it remarked, proved too much for Steevens, who would hardly dispute that, in spite of treason, and though steeped in guilt, there has been many "a very valiant rebel"—but it was far beside Shakspeare, the great master in depicting human nature, to propound a doctrine, which, as a general principle, all experience proves to be preposterous. Neither Marius nor Sylla were free from guilt, yet who ever doubted their moral or physical courage; and Catiline, stained with every vice and crime of which humanity is capable, yet died a hero.

From the grounds, however, which I have enumerated, Steevens comes with great complacency to the conclusion, that it is not to be supposed Shakspeare would have exhibited Macbeth with increasing guilt but undiminished bravery; and that it is not to be wondered at "he should have lost the magnanimity he displayed in a righteous cause against Macdonwald and the Thane of Cawdor." Now, the very terms in which this conclusion is couched deserve remark, before I proceed farther. They shew how little conversant the laborious grammarian and metre-monger and word-weigher and type-ranger was

with the drama itself, in its entirety—with the drama, as a story and vehicle for the evolution of an idea. Macbeth never displayed any magnanimity against, nor was he ever placed in any hostile relation towards the Thane of Cawdor. Sweno, Rosse says, was assisted by Cawdor; but not personally in the field, not openly. Macbeth, the victor in the fight, knew nothing of Cawdor's treason, the precise nature of which, moreover, is, to the last, doubtful. Angus says to Macbeth—

> " Whether he was
> Combined with Norway—"

whether he was instrumental in inducing the Norsemen to invade his native country—

> " Or did line the rebel
> With hidden help and vantage—"

the rebel being, of course, Macdonwald—

> " Or that with both*
> He labour'd in his country's rack, I know not;
> But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
> Have overthrown him."

These strictures, upon my part, may, to many, appear no better than cavils. But it is not so: Steevens was a cautious, careful writer, and a most pains-taking corrector of what he wrote—all of which was, for a great length of time, before him. We may assume, therefore, that whatever appears in his last edition he gave deliberately to the world. The making Cawdor, then, an antagonist of Macbeth, may be a slip of memory, but it is of a nature which could not have occurred to one who had studied the play, as a whole, with a tithe of the diligence Steevens employed upon lines and words and syllables of it. But it is more, and worse than a slip of memory. It is an error, into which no man who felt and understood the spirit of the drama, the character of the hero, the nature, scope, and power of the supernatural interference, could by possibility have fallen. Make Macbeth but aware, not alone—as Steevens would—of Cawdor's overt act of rebellion, but of his secret treachery when the victorious generals encounter the witches on the heath, and the whole marvellous art in the conduct of the story disappears; the subtle, cementing, subterraneous power is gone—Macbeth is a vulgar murderer!—the poetry of his character evanishes—the witches and their incantations are things to flout at—and the lofty, tragic scene, sinks into a shambles.

Steevens next enters upon a favourite theme with the commentators—a comparison between the courage of Macbeth and that of Richard III. It is to try the Scottish sovereign by a hard test, and an unfair one, if the relative circumstances in which each hero was placed be not taken into consideration. In blood-guiltiness they are alike. Therefore, so far as this may produce despondency and depression of spirit, they suffer equally. But observe how different their positions on the eve of that bloody fight which is, for each, to close his slaughterous career. With Richard, all has hitherto been prosperous. His foes have fallen before him;—his friends are numerous and true. He confronts Richmond, upon Bosworth Field, with every advantage of number, discipline, supplies, material, and generalship on his side.

* The foreign invader and the rebellious subject.

"KING RICHARD. Who hath descried the number of the traitors?
NORFOLK. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
KING RICHARD. Why, our battalia trebles that account;
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want."

The great historic names of England's nobility are also with him. He has to encounter a novice in strategy.

"KING RICHARD. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?
RATCLIFFE. That he was never trained up in arms.
KING RICHARD. He said the truth.
The hostile array is despicable."

To his army he exclaims—

"Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'ercloy'd country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assured destruction."

Yet forced with all these odds, and in the vigour of manhood, waking, he suffers from deep despondency, and asleep he is shaken by terrible dreams. That he o'ermasters these and falls in the field, after having fulfilled every duty of a great general and a gallant soldier, is no more than was to have been expected, from the whole tenour of his life and character. Turn to Macbeth. The picture is reversed. Everything that was in Richard's favour is against the Scot. Never had one undaunted spirit to make head against such fearful odds. Calamity upon calamity, each direr than its predecessor, comes crashing upon him. If he do not shrink under them, surely no mortal wight ever evinced more indomitable courage. The thanes fly from him, and with their followers swell the English army to an amount he cannot encounter in the open field. He resolves to defend his castle to the last. Like Richard, he suffers from despondency, but from no fanciful feeling of temperament. It is because he has lived long enough, and finds he has lived in watchfulness and pain to a bootless end. The enemy bear down upon him in overwhelming numbers, headed by Siward, one of the most renowned captains in Christendom.

"SEYTON. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.
MACBETH. I'll fight till from the bones my flesh be hacked.
Give me my armour."

His last human tie is severed by the death of the queen. His faith in "the spirits that know all mortal consequents" is shaken when he learns that *a* wood comes toward Dunsinane. Nothing is left for him, in either world, to lean upon. But what is his resolve?—

"To die at least with harness on his back."

*Arm! arm! and* OUT! He will not abide the enemy's onset behind stone walls. He sallies. The scene changes to a plain before the castle. Meantime the work of treachery goes on against him. Great Dunsinane admits the invaders. His band is assailed in front and rear, and has to form a double front.

"SIWARD. This way, my lord! The castle's gently rendered.
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight.
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
MALCOLM. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
SIWARD. Enter, sir, the castle."

The scene now draws to a close. Steevens says, "He has twice given us reason to suppose he would have *fled*, but that he *cannot*, being *tied to the stake*, and compelled *to fight the course*." Pshaw! whither should he fly? The last push has been made, which was

> "To cheer him ever or disseat him now."

He has lost one and all the *causas vivendi*. What to him was mere life after? It only remained that he should be *convinced* of the juggling of the fiends before he yields up his breath. This comes upon him in the most appalling manner, from one with whom he would not fight if he could avoid him. But is this from cowardice? No. The feeling is a recurrence of his earlier emotions. It is, indeed, of another order. The last shock, and the most terrible, passes away, and his firm nerves are again his own:—

> "Though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane,
> And thou opposed being of no woman born,
> Yet I will try the last. Before my body
> I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
> And damn'd be he that first cries Hold, enough!"

A hoary head, the ghastly emblem of Ambition's vanity, is raised upon a pole, and the moral, "We still have judgment here," is fulfilled.

Now, having contrasted Richard's position with Macbeth's, during their final struggles, is it so clear that the palm of higher courage is to be conceded to the former? I submit that it is not. The just conclusion would be rather in favour of Macbeth; for though both exhibit dauntless valour, it must be admitted the courage of Macbeth was more severely tried. The reasoning of Steevens, however, leads him to a different result. It is curious, as shewing into what shuffling and falsehood a Shaksperian commentator may be betrayed, in support of a favourite theory. He says—"The precautions of Richard concerning the armour he was to wear in the next day's battle, his preparations for the onset, and his orders after it is begun, are equally characteristic of a calm and intrepid soldier, who possesses the *wisdom* that appeared so formidable to Macbeth, and *guided* Banquo's *valour to act in safety*. But Macbeth appears in confusion from the moment his castle is invested, issues no distinct or material directions, prematurely calls for his armour, as irresolutely throws it off again, and is more intent on self-crimination than the repulse of the besiegers, or the disposition of the troops who are to defend his fortress."

Surely all this is idle assertion. Macbeth's preparations for the siege had been made long since. Cathness has spoken of his preparations in strongly fortifying Dunsinane—the Doctor's remark in reply to the king confirms the statement:—

> "Hearest thou of them (the English)?
> Doctor. Ay, my good lord, your royal preparation
> Makes us hear something."

Macbeth does issue, very distinctly, the only orders appropriately called for in his situation. He has been upon the watch. As soon as he learns the enemy is drawing near, he sends out to reconnoitre more nearly:—

> "Send out more horses—skirr the country round!"

When the English and the rebels are before his fortress, he orders and heads a sally. As to his armour, though he puts it on before it is immediately necessary to go into action, yet it cannot fairly be said to

be assumed prematurely. The English are in full march upon him, and before their actual arrival, he had, no doubt, duties, with respect to his own force, which might be most becomingly performed in martial array, and with the general's staff truncheon, or baton, in his hand; nor is it at all true, as Steevens asserts, that he "as irresolutely throws off his armour again." In his anxiety to go forth from the room in which he is, he desires some piece of his armour, that there was a difficulty in fitting on, to be brought after him. When he next appears, the scene is still within the castle, but in the open air—there he is completely armed; from thence he issues his final orders—

> "Hang out our banners:—on the outward walls
> The cry is still—'*they come!*"—

"Arm! arm! and out!"—and from thence he rushes forth to "die with harness on his back." Neither does he waste time on self-crimination which should be employed in action. He gives way to his sad thoughts only in the intervals of action. Not a moment is thrown away. His reflections on his condition, "I am sick at heart," &c., take place while he is waiting for Seyton—his conversation with the Doctor while he is putting on his armour and giving orders to Seyton—his soliloquy, "I have almost forgot the taste of fears," while Seyton is absent to inquire wherefore was the cry of women—the sad philosophizing upon the loss of his only friend, to whom he could impart joys and griefs, hopes and crimes, as in the sacred secrecy of a confessional, interrupts no business. On the instant of his messenger's return, he breaks off with—

> "Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly!"

Can it be truly said, then, that Macbeth's musings are more out of place, on the eve of conflict, than the utterance of Richard's gloomy forebodings, on the night before and the morning of the battle? It would, methinks, be difficult to prove it so.

The crowning absurdity, however, of the acute and accomplished Steevens' comments upon the character of Macbeth, and its comparison with that of Richard III., is to be found in his summing up; wherein, after lauding the latter for having struck down five counterfeit Richmonds, whereas the Scot only slew one Siward, and giving Richard the palm, as the more scrupulous and least bloody murderer, he goes on to say—"Can it, then, be a question which of these two personages would manifest the most determined valour in the field? Shall we hesitate to bestow the palm of courage on the steady, unrepenting Yorkist, in whose bosom ideas of hereditary greatness and confidence, resulting from success, had fed the flame of glory, and who dies in combat for a crown which had been the early object of his ambition; and shall we allot the same wreath to the wavering, self-convicted thane, who, educated without hope of royalty, had been suggested into greatness, and yet, at last, would forego it all to secure himself by flight, but that flight is become an impossibility?" If we were to judge by this passage alone, we should be forced to believe the writer had never read either play, or had the slightest acquaintance with either of the characters whose feelings, prospects, position, and nature, he so totally misrepresents. To touch but one point. So many of the house of York (to say nothing of the house of Lancaster) had a prior claim to Richard, that, at the outset of his career, for him to be

king, stood not within the prospect of belief; whereas, according to Steevens' own note, the crown of Scotland, not being hereditary (he should have added, from sire to son), Macbeth, according to the custom, stood, of right, next in the succession to Duncan. I have now dwelt at considerable length on this subject; but if I have succeeded in exploding the notion of Macbeth's want of courage, and in exposing the miserable shifts to which Steevens, who speaks for those commentators on Shakspeare who preceded him, and whose opinions have been adopted by those who followed him, was driven, I shall not regard my time and labour as thrown away.

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## THE HOMEWARD AND OUTWARD BOUND.

BY MISS ELIZA SKELTON.

The flush of day had pass'd away, the sun had sunk to sleep,
And the quiet of the twilight hour lay brooding on the deep;
And the silver glory of the moon as yet was faint and far,
And through the fading crimson shone one solitary star.

The silver glory brighter grew, the crimson pass'd away,
And one by one each sister star came with her golden ray,
Till the full-orb'd beauty of the moon in perfect lustre shone,
And all the shining host of heaven were gather'd round her throne.

Upon that purple, twilight sea, two stately vessels met;
The breeze was light, the sky was calm, and every sail was set;
With snow-white heads that touch'd the sky, with streamers long and gay,
Two lonely things, they meet, and pass each on her lonely way.

They come—with bright and outspread wings, with gliding steps and slow,
And the parted ocean wakes and sings before each sable prow;
And the tiny billows rise and chafe against each swelling side,
Then foam and break on the shining wake that tracks the backward tide.

The Homeward and the Outward bound—from distant points they come—
One seeks some radiant foreign shore, and one is steering home;
And from each there soundeth a voice of joy, a voice of joy and pride,
As they meet, and greet, and pass away, on that blue and glassy tide.

"We sail for merry England, for our happy English land,—
Another week of sea and sky, and we shall touch the strand;
Through storms and clouds, through wind and calm, a thousand miles we come:
We sail for happy England, for our own beloved home!"

"*We* go to a land of sun and song, a land of scent and bloom—
Where the fountains leap like lights along through groves of faint perfume;
Where the nightingale her mournful lay is murmuring sad and low,
And golden blossoms stoop to kiss the golden waves below.

"There, 'mid dark rocks, the pearl-drop lies, the coral blushes red;
With shells that mock the rainbow's hues the yellow beach is spread,
And birds most beautiful and strange flit through the balmy air,
And silver lakes reflect a sky for ever calm and fair."

"But *we* sail for merry England, for our happy English shore—
Her white cliffs soon will greet our eyes, her welcome breakers roar.
Land of the mighty and the good! land of the brave and free!
*We* sail for happy England—and oh! *who* would choose with ye?"

# AN AMERICAN CAUCUS.

BY UNCLE SAM.

A CAUCUS is a contrivance for giving something like unanimity to each party, Whig and Tory, at American elections. Previous to a general election, party meetings are held to choose a caucus, or committee; and the caucus afterwards meets in conference, to determine upon its "ticket," or list of individuals, to be recommended as candidates for office. The voting in caucus is a very quiet, business-like affair, but the previous meetings exhibit a vast deal of energy, combined with trickery and intolerance of conflicting opinion, quite incompatible with the theory of sober republicanism. One party may advertise a meeting at a certain place and hour, and the opposing party may occupy the site an hour before the appointed time. A democratic Whig may be pouring forth his eloquence in Tammany Hall on the "internal improvement ticket," quite unconscious that twelve "anti-internal improvement" men may be just about to put out all the lights.

If the reader will imagine himself entering a crowded room, having a large table at one end, lighted by oil lamps, and the whole of one side fitted with glass cases, containing the muskets and accoutrements of the "Jackson Rangers:" if he will imagine one man leaning against the wall, whittling (cutting up) a stick for amusement; another chopping up cavendish (flat cake) tobacco into small pieces, and slowly placing them in his waistcoat pocket; a third reading a newspaper, folded so as to expose only one column at a time; a fourth sitting on a form, embracing his feet, which he has pulled up and placed at his side for that purpose; and within view, about fifty independent citizens chewing tobacco and munching unlighted cigars,—he will have a picture, in his mind's eye, of a meeting, for caucus purposes, in the "Military Hall,"—a building otherwise appropriated for the marching and counter-marching of the volunteer military—not far from Independence-square, Any Town, U.S. He must imagine the whole assembly to be, in point of dress, very far superior to the same (mixed) classes in any provincial town in England, bearing, in this respect, comparison with any popular meeting in the metropolis. It might, perhaps be excepted to this statement, that in the article of pocket-watches, the number would be two to one in favour of the London meeting.

At a caucus I attended in Philadelphia, a regular "down east" Yankee addressed the meeting, to its very great amusement; for, be it understood, Mr. Slicosgrees, a real Yankee, "raised" in Rhode Island, is as great a curiosity in the "city of brotherly love" as the "Brummagem tee-total blacksmith" would be in London. Previous to presenting the speech of Mr. Slicosgrees, however, it may be well to give the order of the caucus proceedings. About seven o'clock in the evening, some citizen called out—"The convened time is up! Any gentlemen as contradicts *that* had better take his watch to be repaired. Who calls to order?" Thereupon, another citizen rose up and answered for himself:—"*I* do, sir. *I* call to order, gentlemen; and I propose that Phineas Ortolff and Optimus Pickleham be appointed secretaries.

(This motion was carried without being seconded or opposed.)

ORTOLLF. I propose that Jefferson Oppenshaw, Esq., shall be chairman to this meeting.

PICKLEHAM. I second that motion, gentlemen, and you couldn't do better than carry it unanimously.

(Cries of "*How do you know that?*" and "*Carried animously.*" Oppenshaw walks forward towards the chair, takes out his handkerchief, and wrings his nasal organs three times, amidst three rounds of applause; then unloads his hat of several papers, and concludes the pantomime by exchanging smiles with a near friend, as much as to say, "This is the pinnacle of popular favour, isn't it?")

CHAIRMAN. I thank you for this unexpected honour.—(*A laugh.*) I was not aware, until last Thursday week, that I should be called to occupy this chair at such an important caucus. Gentle*men*, the eyes of the Empire State, of the whole of these States, of the whole world, indeed, are upon us! Allow me to say, in the language of Washington, "America expects every man to do his duty."* Will we do our duty?

("Yes, yes. Bravo!" Great cheering.)

CHAIRMAN. Be united, gentlemen, and we will hurl the kitchen cabinet tyrants from their stools.

("And the stools at their heads!" Great laughter.)

CHAIRMAN. Jackson, the hard, the hickory, and his jackall, Van Buren, the little magician, shall be no longer terrible. They shall give way to honester men, if you will but be firm, and go the whole ticket.)

(This observation caused some confusion; a great number of the crowd having exceptions to make to the "whole ticket," or list of all the democratic Whig candidates for places in Congress and the State legislature. "Except Smith," "Except Brown," "Except Tomkins," and "Except Smith, Brown, and Tomkins," were cries which lasted some minutes, during which the chairman looked decidedly uneasy, and fearful of the fate of the "whole ticket.")

CHAIRMAN. Gentle*men*, if we are not more unanimous, we shall be ridden over roughshod. Hear my words, gentlemen, and, as Mr. Colquhoun says, "Be silent, that you *may* hear." An elective monarchy is at hand—nay, now exists—and will continue its frightful career if you are not awake. Therefore, I say, in the expressive language of the Governor of this State, "Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!"

("We are awake!" "What shall we do?")

CHAIRMAN. A gentleman asks what we should do. Is he a foreigner? ("No.") The answer is simple enough; but I will speak it as loud as my voice will permit, and with the patriotic feeling which swells my heart as an American citizen. It is, gentle*men*—Take the whole ticket in your hands, and, to use the expressive, although homely words of the pioneers of the west, *go the whole hog.*

("Bravo!" "Down with Jackson!")

CHAIRMAN. Gentle*men*, the eloquent Mr. Tickster will now address you.

* The worthy chairman, in this instance, only made the very common American mistake of appropriation. Americans have a clear right to everything English.

Mr. Tickster here commenced a speech which occupied nearly all the evening. He was "on the floor" an hour and three quarters, by the clock of the Court House, but the following part of his peroration is all I have in remembrance. "One sigh for the spirit of George Washington, who would have spurned Andrew Jackson, as a rotten terrapin-shell without a heart; one tear to the memory of the great and good and brave La Fayette; one mournful groan for the heroes of the revolution, now no more; one sympathetic throe of affection and condolement for those who lost their legs, and those who lost their husbands in the last war; one burst of indignation at the enslaving despots of the old world (cheers), and sorrow at the condition of their slavish subjects; and we must then rise up, like a giant after giving way to his feelings and the affections of his heart, and we must look around us. We must drive back the wily Indians, who sneak into our territories in the west, to commit the most cruel devastations, and we must watch the dastardly, abominable, infamous, and never-to-be-sufficiently-punished criminals, who are attacking our very existence by endeavouring (vain reptiles!) to induce us to manumit our slaves in the south. (Partial cheering and disapprobation.) Little did our forefathers, who beat the British at the revolution—little did the gallant band of patriots who fought during the last war (great cheering), six of whom died at the battle of New Orleans (immense cheering), sprinkling their purple gore over the Alabama and Tennessee cotton-bags, after firing twenty-three rounds of rifle shot—little did the framers of the constitution——"

Some confusion in the Hall prevented my hearing the climax of this magniloquence. An Irishman, having entered the place in mistake, wanted to get up a cheer for Jackson, and on being informed that the assembly were convened on the *anti*-Jackson ticket, was exclaiming—"*And t*, or anything else—only have Jackson! Don't throuble yourselves about Van Bruin, the Dutchman. Jackson's the boy!" During this confusion, Mr. Tickster concluded his speech, and Mr. Slicosgrees, the real "down east" Yankee, addressed himself to harangue as follows, being at the onset honoured by the Philadelphians with cries of "Go a-head, you Yankee! What's the price of wooden hams and nutmegs?"

Slicosgrees. Feller citizens, I opine it don't convene with a citizen as considers these here States first chop and stumping the varsal world, by almost an everlasting majority, to look streaked and skeared and ryled at any of the doings of the superfine darned idiots who go about onhung, wishing to destry the democratic Whig government of our free and enlightened country. The rael valley of our institutions, whips, by a long chalk, the valley of the conflustigrated institutions of the old world. Feller citizens, we are a peowerful people, as sure as eggs is eggs; we are flying, full split, with a locomotive, hot-pressed speed, whilst the old world is dying of age and ugliness. But in our all-fired haste in going a-head, it's enough to put one's Ebenezer up, and make the blood bile, to see the locofocoes trying to stop the high pressure. I bust with dander when I think of the onconstitutional traitors—the President and his crew. Who's dead, and what's to pay now, that the collectors and the land-officers wont have anything but gold and silver? I estimate that dirty copper and silver aint so cruel elegant as to beat *U*nited States

bank-notes, spic and span new. *That* you may depend; and whoever prefers a small quantity of hard Jackson,* as they call it, to a pocketful of shin-plasters,† as they call 'em, is a goney. See how almost all things is deprecated; and from commerce being in a dreadful handsome state, as it was a few years ago, we seem to have come to the eend of almost all things. When I was last down to Alabama, cotton was four cents a pound cheaper than the nateral market. This treasury question is a snarl agin the upper crust, real jam, citizens, I *can* tell you; but let us be spry at this election, and we'll give the whole biling of the varmint a slockdologer in considerable less than half of no time. Put the leak into them this hitch, and I calculate they wont blart out any more locofocoism from July to etarnity. Feller citizens, jine me in snagging 'em, and we'll put some wrinkles in their horns and whittle off their impedence till it's as fine almost as nothing whittled down to a point. Raelly, gentlemen, they reckon they are as big as all-out-of-door—they estimate they are giants; but I tell *you* they are the most cryingest, most yellingest, and most windiest critters of dwarfs. Let them take their change out of that. Perhaps we wont snicker and larf like all vengeance when it's gone goose with them. It happifies me——

(A voice cried "Couldn't you leave off if you're tired?")

If you're impatient, I guess I'll put up my duds, and let go before my mouth gets rusty about the hinges. But I'll jest finish what I was a saying. It happifies me to think that I can go the whole ticket. This great meeting is a sight to behold: I never seed the beat of it since I was raised from a seedling. If you will all foller my steps to the polling windows, we'll substaquilate the loafing locofocoes in two twos. Let them put that in their pipes and smoke it!

(Cries of "Go a-head, Yankee!")

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## THE MAGDALEN TO HER HOME.

BY ALICE WHARNCLIFFE.

She came unto her home—her youth's glad home—
But *desolation* had been there before her;
And taken (like the ocean's stormy foam)
Treasures away that it could not restore her.
And she who, silent and unbless'd, had pass'd
Its threshold-stone, returns, unbless'd, at last.

"Can this be *home!* Of the bright jewels left
Unto the keeping of its sacred walls
None are remaining—every link is cleft!
Vainly my spirit on each lost one calls:
Like the Colossus on the Theban plains—
No voice replies, although the shrine remains!

"Shadows lie heavy now where sunshine threw
Its first and latest smile, in childhood's day;—
Years have pass'd by since some fond hand withdrew
The vine-boughs, that in wild disorder stray
Over the broken lattice, trailing low,
Veiling, with clust'ring leaves, the noontide's glow.

* Cash. † Bank-notes.

" Thus I let in the light—alas! how changed
The merry room, once ringing with the sound
Of kindred voices, as yet unestranged,
And loving only the bright home they found
In their first hours of life—ere sin's alloy
Had stain'd the golden chalice of young joy!

" This was our household gathering place of yore—
The morning greeting and the evening prayer
Were utter'd here;—these *thou* shalt hear no more!
And though I kneel where stood my mother's chair,
'Tis not that she will hear me—for alone
Thou givest back my own sad dissonant tone.

" Young hearts, linked closely by affection's chain,
Were dwelling here of old—where are they now?
Might I but clasp ye to my breast again,
And with my tears wash from each drooping brow
The ashes of affliction I have thrown
So thickly on ye, my beloved—my own!

" And yet 'tis better thus, than to behold
Beloved and loving faces turn'd away—
Or hear my sisters' voices changed and cold
From the sweet tones they had in childhood's day—
Or, with a breaking heart, bear the upbraiding
My mother's cheek and bright hair spoke in fading.

" Oh, what hath come between us? Not the grave—
For earth's last accent is forgiveness—yes;
But here, repentance, powerless to save,
Brings the lone wanderer where none may bless,
With a sad welcome, her return to home,
Or whisper peace where joy no more may come!

" I—like the fabled Belides of old—
Have sought to fill the fountain of my heart
From frail and broken cisterns, that could hold
No drop of the deep love of mine a part!
And time hath pour'd out, from my home's pure urn,
The streams to which I thirstingly return.

" Surely my breast hath reap'd the whirlwind, sown
In stormy aspirations wild and high,
And passionate affection, dimly shewn
In the self-sacrifice of which I die!
Yet there were moments whose deep bliss repaid
The agony of years—had they but stay'd!

" But in its eager and impetuous flight,
My soul hath been an eagle, and gone near
The lightning clouds that edge the source of light!—
And lo! the pinion and the heart are sere!
And both are fall'n to earth more sadly lone
For the forbidden brightness they have known.

" Be still, my heart—be still! or break the chain
That binds thee, like that wounded eagle here,
Who, struck from his proud eyrie to the plain—
Bleeding, and fetter'd in the dust—must bear
No pain so wearing as the thirsting sense
Of the bright past—which Time makes more intense!"

# THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

"Stung with the thoughts of home." — THOMSON'S *Winter*.

## III.

THE gouty passenger, as we shall be better informed hereafter, was a certain contractor, who, not very long before, had been indicted for fraud, and sentenced in severe penalties. Having secured, as already mentioned, a double place for his single convenience, he seemed to question the right of any other person to interfere with what remained. As to the "dark" lady on his own side, he took no more notice of her than though she had never been in existence; nor is it surprising, for she was, in fact, by this time pretty nearly out of it—the contractor's body occupying two-thirds of the seat, while the redundant folds of his Bath wrapper totally obscured what might still have remained discoverable of his thin neighbour. His look of defiance, therefore, was wholly fixed on the youth in the diagonal direction, whose hale and good-natured countenance certainly refuted any pretensions to a place in the "Invalid," being in a state somewhat similar to the poor, honest, houseless girl, who, on applying for shelter at the "Refuge" for unhappy females, was told she must first go and qualify.

After some miles, the rain began to fall violently. Under a closed window the factor was safely nestled; but the aperture on the other side admitting the weather directly on the tender optic membrane of his despised companion, she ventured to raise the glass a few inches before her face, on which the man of fraud, abruptly extending his arm, thrust it again into its first position. Elliston, who, really, on his own account, would have desired as much air as possible, felt so thoroughly indignant at this piece of brutality, that seizing the tassel, and at the same time pulling up the frame, observed—"Pray, madam, consult your own convenience, and suffer me, for the rest of the journey, to undertake that it be attended to;" on which, the contractor spirted some half-articulate language of abuse, which the other had too much discretion to regard.

It was towards the evening, when the company had resumed their seats after a dinner at the usual house for stopping, where the false factor had secured to himself nearly the whole of the fire, and demolished quite the whole of a bottle of Madeira, that, to the notes of ventricle growling, which, with him, were both matins and vespers, he fell into a roaring sleep. The cartilaginous bassoon which nature had fixed in the centre of his face, seemed to emit indications of rest, while accompanying groans gave equal evidence of endurance. The one-third of the seat which he had at first conceded to the "dark" female was now taxed down to the poor modicum of a fifth. Too nearly suffocated to utter complaint, she might, in fact, have been altogether annihilated, but that her extreme thinness yet preserved vitality in the cleft it occupied.

The trick of nodding appeared (like everything else upon the road) to be overtaking the whole coach, and our young traveller began presently to doze, like a judge, upon his seat. How long he slept he

could as little ascertain as Gulliver himself when he took his first nap, on being thrown on the shores of Lilliput, but his recall to reason was one of the most unequivocal facts, perhaps, ever recorded.

A jolt of the coach, in passing over the rotten highway of a certain borough, threw him, bodily, with so much force athwart the horizontal limbs of the snoring factor, that, "ululante dolore," snatching his short crutch at his side, he let fall so absolute a crack on the sconce of his unconscious offender, that in reverberate accents, shrill as the sea-bird, and with talons almost as fatal, Elliston seized his assailant by the folds of his fleecy "comforter," and would certainly have strangled him outright, had he not been awakened to fresh terrors by the shriek of the poor obumbrated lady, who, by this time, having been entirely forgotten, appeared to exclaim from the very tomb itself.

This triple indication of distress brought the horses abruptly to a stand, and the coachman alighting to learn the nature of the *melée*, both combatants united in abusing him for his interference, on which he deliberately resumed his reins, leaving the two gentlemen, as he expressed it, "to fight it out for the young 'oman as they pleased."

In due time they arrived at Newbury, their resting place for the night. Elliston would now willingly have offered his assistance to his fellow sufferer, the lady, but to his relief, he heard that "*Henriquez*" was in attendance. Hereupon, the identical footboy whom we first noticed on the flags of Piccadilly, descended, or, rather, was handed down—for, in point of fact, he was so nearly frozen as to resemble a stuffed figure over the shop-window of a juvenile outfitter. During the last ten miles, the coachman had suffered him to creep into the boot for the little warmth it might afford, and he was now lifted out quite as hardened, and nearly as black as his companions, the portmanteaus. Instead of being in attendance, therefore, on his mistress, the poor urchin was taken into the stable, where, undergoing the operation of friction between some wisps of hay, by the hands of the ostler, he was restored, by degrees, to whatever consciousness he once possessed.

Too full of the past for hunger, and too anxious about the future to be sensible of cold, our dispirited adventurer stood leaning against the doorway of the inn, scarcely aware of the repeated supplications of waiters that he would occupy the parlour.

He had been already some time in this state of abstraction, when the hostess herself, impressed, no doubt, by his travelling in the "Invalid," and having no evident infirmity upon him, that his case was one of morbid affection, now advanced towards him. The sorrows of a handsome youth are petitioners rarely dismissed abruptly from the avenues to female sympathy; and as the landlady was really a kind woman, she was willing to extend her good offices on this occasion, beyond the mere civilities of her calling. Dropping him a courtesy, she said, "I fear, young gentleman, this is but a chilly spot. Pardon me, but you appear to have no friends with you; we have a brisk fire within the bar— my little family are just going to sit down to supper, and we would contrive to make you comfortable, if you would step in and partake of what we have." Never did our friend feel more truly grateful than at this moment. His eye glistened with gratitude; his heart positively leapt with delight. "My dear madam, I thank you with real sincerity," replied he; "it would indeed be an act of charity."

Following his conductress, he instantaneously found himself in the midst of the domestic circle. A table was most invitingly spread, and there was an air of comfort around, which finds a way into the closet of the heart, while the force of splendour passes not the antechamber of the senses. "I believe I must tell you, sir," continued his hostess, looking round with evident pride; "this is the birthday of my eldest girl, so we have a little more going on, this evening, than usual; and the younger ones sit up to supper."

Elliston had now an opportunity of observing the party, which consisted of the landlord's father, a small, good-humoured old man, who chuckled at everything he saw and every syllable he heard. Two plain, or rather heavy-looking young men, sat at a distance, evidently guests; their apparel was, however, remarkably neat, and their deportment equally precise; for at every word addressed to them, they rose from their chairs, acknowledging the favour by a kind of half-bow. The family of the house constituted the remainder of the company,—namely, two or three nicely-dressed children, who were collected around their grown up sister, a fine girl, who had that day attained her sixteenth year. The landlord who, in the interim, had been informed of the presence of his new guest, now made his appearance, and the whole party sat down to supper.

Elliston, warmed by the good cheer, but still more charmed by this spirit of hospitality, rendered himself, as will readily be believed, highly agreeable. He talked much of London—its incidents—its places of amusement—the French Revolution—the taking of the Bastile, at all of which the little old gentleman laughed, as the landlady expressed it, "fit to kill himself." But they all laughed, with the exception of the two plain young men, who still persisted in rising from their chairs, on receiving any portion, which in the course of the repast, fell to their share. Elliston, who by accident, or it might have been otherwise, was seated next to the fair object of the evening, took occasion to allude to the circumstances of it in so well-timed and happy a manner, that the blushes mounted in the cheeks of the daughter and the tears in the eyes of the mother, at both of which the old gentleman laughed and laughed again.

Still more animated by the passing scene, Elliston now began to repeat bits of poetry and recite scraps of plays; so that by nine o'clock he had levied contributions on almost the whole acting drama, which though not always apposite to the moment, never failed to make the old gentleman laugh, and, we are justified in adding, were equally successful in pleasing his sweet neighbour.

The revel was now at the best, and we might have searched in vain the whole of his Majesty's dominions to have found a similar number of persons assembled, at this precise moment, more completely happy than the innkeeper's party.

The landlady now turning to her daughter, "Alice, child," said she, "do sing to us your favourite. The sentiment is not quite suited to a birthday merrymaking, sir," continued she, addressing herself more particularly to Elliston—"but she does sing it so sweetly, that I much question whether any of your town ladies could excel her." Our enraptured visitor was by no means slow in backing the suit. Not to have surrendered would have been the part of sterner stuff than the temper of poor Alice; with but little hesitation, therefore, she began

the beautiful ballad of Burns, "Ye banks and braes," &c., which she sang in a style so inartificial, but at the same with taste so evidently cultivated, that the old gentleman, for the first time, did not laugh, but participated in the milder sensations of delight which occupied the whole circle.

It was now nearly eleven o'clock—for time had played its usual trick with joyous occasions—and the party being about to separate, the little old gentleman, as though to recover what he had lost in the muscular indulgence of his merry spirit, burst into a laugh still more hearty than he had yet displayed. Amongst other things, in the course of Elliston's "speechifying," in the earlier part of the evening, he had invested the two plain young men as "Good Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern," and had placed them against the wall, during some recitation from "Hamlet," but having neglected to give them their freedom in due form, they had not taken the freedom themselves of breaking their bondage, but had maintained their mural position throughout the ballad. But on the challenge of the good grandfather to finish the punch, they now stepped forward, and bowing at the same time, took their departure together.

Elliston now retired to bed, but not to repose. So little inclination had he to sleep during the night, that already had it been announced to him the "Invalid" was again starting, before he had closed his eyes. A sudden resolution seized him not to resume his journey—the anticipation of another day with his companions of the preceding, filled him with disgust. He pleaded headache, and in due time the moving "oubliettes" was on its toilsome way without him.

He soon, however, rose, and after a hasty breakfast, turned his steps in the direction of the bar—to thank his hostess for her hospitality—to gain information respecting other conveyances, with sundry further inquiries, scarcely suspecting, what no one else in the world could have doubted, that the lovely ballad-singer was in the slightest degree concerned in the matter.

He had certainly reason to be grateful, for on encountering the waiter, he found that the only demand made upon his purse was a charge for his bed and breakfast, which though highly favourable to the state of his resources, he would have resisted, had he not been persuaded he should be giving pain.

In the same apartment, which a few hours before rang with the light tones of merriment, but now restored to the trim precision of a well-regulated bar, Elliston made his acknowledgments to his hostess, somewhat less than one hundred times, for her benevolence of the day previous. Alice abruptly entered, but not suspecting a visitor, would have withdrawn. "No, young lady," said he, taking her hand and gently detaining her, "I am come to thank you, too—and how sincerely, I cannot explain. Believe me," continued he, dejectedly, "I may have to look back on the dawn of yesterday with sorrow—with contrition—but let this, at least, be void of mystery, my heart's gratitude for the joy it participated at its close will never—never be obliterated."

But his hour was come. Mounting the roof of the four-horse coach, with a spirit far weightier than all his worldly effects, once more was he on the king's high road. His gaze, more cleaving than his steps, was still fixed beneath the portal of the inn, and with the

hope—with the belief—that he was followed by two sparkling messengers, bright as the herald of day, he gave the signal of a last farewell; when turning sternly round upon his onward course, he looked again his fortune in the face.

"Alas! alas! omnia idem pulvis," cried he, as at that moment, the road itself afforded a ready illustration of human things. And in this wise, dead to all around him, and buried in his own thoughts, he passed speedily into a new existence, as he opened his eyes in the bright city of Bath.

## IV.

We have been more circumstantial in the account of this escape from London,—for we can hardly call it flight,—than the event absolutely demanded; but the incident was one to which, in after life, Elliston himself so frequently alluded, that we have ventured to be so far particular.

Arrived at Bath, Elliston soon discovered the friend already in his confidence, who willingly renewed his promise of giving him an introduction to Mr. Dimond. But the opportunity not appearing at that moment the most favourable, something was to be done in the interim; for the state of his "viaticum" by no means flattered him with any hope of playing the "walking gentleman" on the *pavé* of this elegant place of resort. After sundry failures in applications for employment, he obtained the situation of clerk to a lottery-office keeper, at a salary of one guinea per week. Here, ensconced behind a wooden desk, sat the future "hero of a hundred" playhouses; and the infant majesty of Elliston cribbed in the mahogany fixture of "Hazard's" agent. Often with a sigh did his thoughts revert to the "*confitures*" and first-floor scenes of Madame Cotterille; as often, with still deeper sensations of sadness, to the place he once held in his uncle's esteem. What rendered his time still more burthensome was the want of its occupation, for he had little more to do than to sit on a tall stool, and hand over the candidates for the favours of fortune to her ministers in an inner apartment. In a very few weeks, however, the introduction to Mr. Dimond was accomplished—lottery tickets gave place to box tickets, and the "Wheel of Fortune" was studied under another roof.

Bath at that period was a nursery for the London stage, and though the theatre (since converted into a religious meeting-house) was small, yet under Mr. Dimond's able management and judicious engagement of performers, plays were represented in a very finished manner, and theatrical entertainments ranked amongst the leading objects of this polite portion of the world.

On the 21st of April, 1791, Robert William Elliston made his "first appearance upon any stage," at this city, in the character of *Tressell* in Richard III. The result was all he could have wished. He was received with favour, and went through this well-judged and unambitious part with entire success. The Bath critics had never been found too indulgent, nor a Bath audience to be satisfied with an indifferent material. The following notice, however, appeared in one of their leading journals:—

". . . . . A young gentleman, whose name we are not yet in possession of, but whose connexions, we understand, are of the highest

respectability in the university of Cambridge, sustained the character of Tressell. He displayed considerable ability—far greater, indeed, than could have been anticipated from his age, which cannot be more than sixteen or seventeen years."

The Bath theatrical season being near its close, and most of the ensuing acting nights appropriated to benefits, no immediate engagement could be obtained in that place. But fortunately for our young debutant, Wallis (the father of Miss Wallis, then the reigning favourite at Bath, who subsequently became Mrs. Campbell, and a popular actress at Covent Garden Theatre,) had witnessed this successful exhibition in *Tressell*, with which he was so much pleased, that, unsolicited, and on what could scarcely be called a personal acquaintance, he wrote to his old friend Tate Wilkinson in his favour, earnestly recommending him to his notice. As Wallis was a man on whose judgment Wilkinson could safely rely, Elliston received at once an invitation to visit Leeds, which, without hesitation, he joyfully accepted. Not very long afterwards, Wallis had the following reply from the managerial autocrat of the north:—

"On hearing the young man read and rehearse, whom on a late occasion you recommended to me, I forthwith engaged him, and he appeared on the 30th of May, at Leeds, when he acted *Dorilas* with much approbation. He is already very generally liked, and being a sensible youth, gives the best evidence of becoming an improving actor. His features and voice are very pleasing, and his person good; but his powers are not extensive. He is of much service to me; and if he always behaves as well as with me, he will be an acquisition wherever he goes. He has not the common fault of young people—rant—rant. A little more energy and variety would do him no harm."

Tate Wilkinson, known so long as the "eccentric," might, with equal justice, have won the appellation of the "honest," for to either, his title was good. He was born in the year 1740. Foote introduced him first to a London audience, in his "Tea" parties at the Haymarket Theatre. At these entertainments, he occupied the time between the acts of his master, by giving imitations of certain actors; which, perhaps, might have been considered by some, the plums of the pudding. On one particular evening, however, he seized an opportunity for throwing in so humorous a mimicry of "*Aristophanes*" himself, that the whole audience were convulsed with laughter. Foote was not a little angry; indeed, he shewed so much ill-temper in the affair, as perfectly to convince the offender that he was—not a man to be imitated.

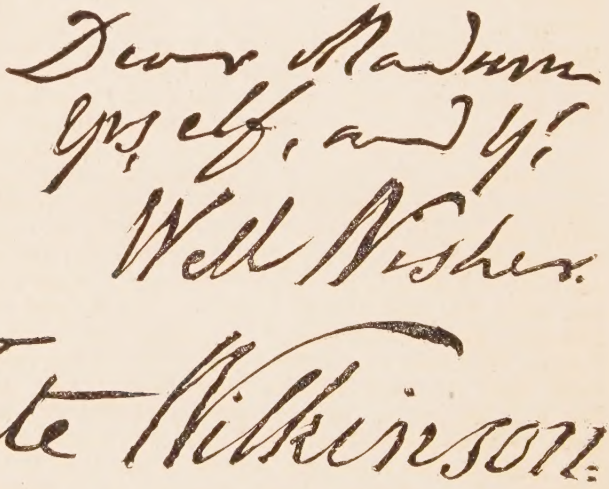
Wilkinson, by his own perseverance, acquired means, and became ultimately the much respected manager of the York company. He had, however, sundry peculiar habits. During his career as manager, if any member of his company had obstinately neglected to listen to his advice on any particular point of acting, or the like, he would mount on some future night into the gallery, and hiss most strenuously —an expedient which presently brought the trifler to his senses. On one occasion being more than usually indignant at some very slovenly exhibition on the stage, he more than usually thus expressed it. The delinquent actor, however, seemed to have friends around him, for on a cry of "Turn him out!" poor Wilkinson was unceremoniously handed down from his own gallery, and ejected into the street. Not-

withstanding, he still maintained this useful and very disinterested experiment.

To personages more worthy his regard, and of higher consideration in their art, he would prefer addressing himself by writing when he believed that any advice of his might be of service. We have an original letter of Wilkinson to this effect, addressed to Miss Campion, who was afterwards Mrs. Spencer, and ultimately Mrs. Pope, on her first appearance at York in the part of *Juliet*. The letter is singular enough—written in characters half an inch high, on the largest and coarsest folio, exhibiting much such a billet as would raise a laugh in a harlequin farce. The matter, however, is of better proportion, which we here beg leave to transcribe, particularly as the lady in question became subsequently so celebrated in this character of Juliet, at Covent Garden Theatre :—

" Oct. 5, —95.

" Dear Madam,—Without compt, I think that your Balcony Scene, in many Passages, has more Simplicity than that of any Actress of ye many I have seen from the ye year 1752. But here and there you want Quickness and Variety, as for instance, ' Romeo, Juliet, all slain,' &c., which shd run into a sudden climax ; and you shd say *Pha e ton* not *Phæton*. You shd also be discovered on ye Bed exactly ye same as when left after ye Draught. In ye Soliloquy, you shd plead to Tibalt in your Frensy, on one side, & on ye other, as to Romeo. I can give you a better mode of waking in ye Tomb ; and where you stab yrself, I will shew you Mrs. Cibber's method. When you have to say ' There rest and let me die,' ye Dagger shd remain, and not be thrown away, as that is a contradiction to ye Words. Favor me with a Call by half pt 12 on Thursday, after I have seen yr Monimia, and every Hint in my Power you may command for ye mutual Interest of,




When Wrench made his *debut* in the York company, Tate took his usual station in front of the house (for he went there to admire as well

as to censure); and at the end of the play, which was "Speed the Plough," wherein Wrench had acted the part of *Henry*, he hobbled into the green room, exclaiming—"Where's Mr. *Drench?*" (for he seldom called anybody by his right name.) "Here, sir," replied the young actor. "Sir, you're a clever *Wench*," continued Wilkinson, tapping him on the shoulder. "There's some roast beef in you, Mr. *French*."

But to return to our own hero. Elliston having immediately acquired notice, became soon the favourite "leader" on the York "circuit." Never had a "junior" risen so rapidly into business, or gained so many verdicts by virtue of a speech. A constant succession of new and unstudied characters being put into his hands, his time was fully occupied for several months. Nothing could be more encouraging than this early period of his career. In equal favour with his manager and the public, and receiving nightly the "spirit-stirring" reward of his daily labours, we might have been induced to believe that smiles alone were the wages of indiscretion, and a light heart the consequence of folly. But the unfailing lesson was at hand—hitherto had he had no time for thought, or thought only on one subject. His mind now underwent a painful reaction. He became reserved, gloomy, depressed. A recollection of his uncle's repeated expressions of hope and confidence in his advancement to academic honours, pierced him like so many daggers. Months had passed away, and no indication had he given of contrition; no intelligence, which would at least have removed suspense, had he communicated or attempted. Late, but more bitter, was his remorse; and he now became so totally changed in manner, and unfit for his professional duties, as to excite the anxiety of those around him. For some days, he withdrew altogether from the theatre, and resolved at length to address Dr. Elliston by letter. After many unsuccessful attempts, he composed the following:—

"Sir,—However dismayed I find myself in this undertaking, and however ashamed I feel at my conduct towards you, yet I know the attempt to gain your forgiveness is my duty. I have taken courage, therefore, to proceed. Fearful as I have reason to be of your anger, how shall I address you—or what can I allege?—I can see no middle state between that of the beloved nephew (as I have a thousand proofs to know I once was) and the discarded Robert Elliston. If but a faint ray of hope would break in to lead me to suppose I should ever regain your confidence and esteem, I should then indeed be happy. Of my transgressions, let me confess, I am truly, deeply sensible. Unfortunately for me, the profession I have chosen by no means meets with the concurrence of even my general friends,—and the world at large has hitherto held it in the light of contempt. What was the infatuation which first prompted me to swerve from the path of wisdom and rectitude which you had pointed out, I know not: had I followed that, I might have made a reputable stand in life—at any rate, moving in a circle more honoured than that into which I have thrown myself. But it is not for me to aggravate my misfortunes; my task should rather be to reconcile them. If I succeed in removing any portion of your anger, I more than repay myself—if not, it is at least a trifling evidence of my affection, though repaying not a thousandth part of what I am indebted to you. Mitigate, I pray you, your resentment. My most sanguine hopes do not hint at sudden, or perhaps at any period, entire forgiveness. Suffer me to write to you now and then—

to feel that I am addressing you—to relieve my aching heart, by assuring you how I love and honour you. May I entreat, too, you will not let my mother participate with me your anger. I declare to you she is blameless in respect of this step I have taken. Imperfectly as I may have written, I still venture to send you this sincere confession; but no attempt at extenuation of my conduct. Your justice I must ever fear—in your mercy I may have hope.

"Your affectionate
and contrite nephew,

R W Elliston

"York, April 6th, 1792."

The very dispatch of this letter brought relief to his heart, which he fain would have mistaken for pardon already received—a delusion not very dissimilar to that in after life, when, on giving a bill at six months to his timber merchant, he exclaimed, "Thank God, that fellow's paid!" The sincerity, however, which dictated the above epistle we do not for a moment question; and his very sanguine temper came not inopportunely to his aid. Elliston returned to his duties, a new man. What the Bath waters could never have effected, his own prescription had readily accomplished. His health was restored—and thus his first engagement at York was brought to the pleasing termination of pecuniary profit and editorial approbation. But alas! nothing was responded from Cambridge—no reply reached him from his uncle. This continued silence reduced him again to a state of great mental suffering. Till now he had not felt himself disowned:—any reproaches had relieved him—any sentence had been milder. This was the more distressing as it was about the period of his making a first appearance on the Leeds Theatre. His fame had long preceded him in that quarter; and on the following week he was to justify his credit. He felt he should fail, and became indeed almost indifferent to the result. The night arrived; and in the most flattering manner he was received in the part of *Young Marlow*. But his forebodings were no less true. He did fail—his acting was languid or unnaturally forced; and although the press appeared to acknowledge all that had been hitherto reported of his quality, yet he well knew his effort on that night dropped short of the goal. A second hollow triumph like the first he was persuaded would undo him. Determined to recover all, he repeated the character in such good heart, that his spirit was rekindled, and the flame he watchfully fed with unabating industry.

After eight months, however, from the date of his first epistle, he contemplated a second. But as most penitential compositions, like love-letters and sea-fights, are pretty much alike, we shall forbear serving up any further entertainment of the sort, and merely offer our guests a broken corner—this is given from

"Hull, Dec. 25th —92,
"At Mr. Thompson's, Black Fryar's Gate.

". . . . . Do not mistake me, sir; my supplication is not prompted by any hardships which I have suffered, for I am receiving a competency—am respected as an actor, and welcomed as a friend. These sighs arise from the degrading position in which I stand before

you. With respect to the profession I have chosen, I know public impression is unfriendly to it. Some of its members may be profligate and immoral; but the state of an actor is that of being almost as much before the public when off the stage as on it. His errors and indiscretions are presently abroad, and the world therefore may too hastily be led to imagine that the life of an actor is inseparable from shame. But, sir, this is not true; or if it be true, I have indeed been singularly fortunate in being placed amongst so many worthy exceptions. Believe me, sir, it shall at least be *my* endeavour to carry into this profession, and to maintain throughout my career, whether it be brief or extended, the principles and conduct of a man of honour and morality."

Well said, resolution!—and nothing, we can assure our readers, will give us greater pleasure than in finding ourselves enabled, as we proceed, to prove how satisfactorily our young moralist redeemed those weighty pledges, for we are quite sure that trials will await his fortitude.

Having dispatched this second letter, he was fully resolved to arm himself for the worst; and as he was daily adding to the stock of his professional renown, he had reason to believe that public favour might in some degree compensate the loss of parental regard.

Amongst other subjects of meditation, let it not be supposed the gentle Alice was forgotten. "When the heart of a man's oppressed with care," nothing could have come kindlier to his relief. He steeped his thoughts in the recollection of her beauty, as a kind of anodyne to his aching uncertainty; and cajoled himself into love to supply the void of a sequestered home. He even went so far as to compose eight lines towards a sonnet; but as the second decade of Livy is not more irretrievably lost, we can give no copy of the fragment.

It was early in the next year, February, —93, and on a certain morning about as forbidding as that on which he "left his father's house," when in the act of raising the street latch of his lodging, to proceed to rehearsal, Elliston was startled by a double rap at the entrance, which set his very pulse into a gallop. It was the postman—a letter—not for his landlady, though she was still indebted in her Christmas rent, nor for the medical student in the second floor, who had really a great frailty for corresponding, but for himself—"Mr. Robert W. Elliston"—the post mark "Cambridge," and the handwriting, that of his uncle, the master! The contents might have been the bursting of overcharged anger, and a sentence of final abandonment—but never, surely, had slighted lover been thrown into such ecstatic joy by the impression of a seal as our dramatic truant at this moment. He kissed it—pressed it to his bosom, and played about as many antics as Tom Jones, on discovering Miss Western's pocket-book on his road from Upton; and a very simpleton, indeed, were any stander-by who could have been persuaded that the specimen in question was no other than a lecture from a grave old gentleman and master of a college. Yet such was the case. No rehearsal that morning. A half-guinea fine stood in the place of "Mr. Elliston called for the reading of the new piece at ten," for there was another manuscript to be looked at, and that the letter from Sidney!

The tone of the Doctor was just that which a man of sense and sensibility would have adopted—it was the dove with the olive—but the waters were not subsided. "Much as I have cause for indignation,"

said he, "I write less to reproach than to instruct—less to satisfy any vindictive feeling which I might have towards you, than to offer a lesson, which, if yet timely, will content me more than the exaction of penalties. Tears, and a mere confession of error, are little—they may indeed be a suit for pardon, but they are no evidence of amendment. This, as it can only be the work of time, so will I consent to receive no other evidence of it. No renewal of my favour will I offer you on trust—whatever portion of this you may acquire, you must win. If these be not the most indulgent terms, I am sure they are the most valuable I can offer you." In alluding to the stage, the Doctor observed he was willing to accredit some truth to the apology expressed on the condition of an actor, but the regret that his pupil had embraced the profession would attend him to his grave.

Our happy friend, it will readily be believed, lost no time in forwarding a grateful acknowledgment to his excellent monitor, in which, in the full confidence of his virtuous abundance, he renewed those several bills he had formerly given for the payment of good conduct, loading them with such additional interest, that we forbear to set them out, lest our readers should tremble for his obligations.

The spring of this year terminated his engagement with Wilkinson; and he hastened early in May to London, for the purpose of paying his personal duty to his uncle Elliston, who had been, for some time past, on a visit at Professor Martyn's, in Frith Street, Soho. On his arrival, however, he learnt the Doctor had quitted London for Cambridge—a piece of intelligence which came not unacceptably to his temporary relief; for, to confess the truth, his courage had been wondrously oozing somewhere during the whole journey, so that he was in fact "little better than a coward," as he mounted the steps of the botanical lecturer. Of his uncle, Martyn, he had never stood in quite the same awe, so that, on the whole, it might have been fortunate that events had thus turned out—for he now consulted with this relative the most prudent way of proceeding; and, by his advice, finally resolved on going to Cambridge, though he had no hope of any boon beyond a mere interview with the master. "Your happiness," observed the Professor, "is an object as much at your uncle's heart as ever; but Dr. Elliston is not a man to be grievously offended, and be again won by a few idle regrets. To youth, he has always been considerate—ever made allowances ——"

"——Yes, sir; and they were never short allowances, believe me," interrupted the abashed actor, in a manner which flavoured a little of the lamps—"he shall find me yet worthy his regard."

To Cambridge he went. The sight of old St. Mary's Church, and the glories of the Senate House, now barred against him for ever, smote him in keen recollection of the past; and as he trailed along the quadrangle of the small college, over which he once had bounded, tears rose in his eyes, and depression weighed down all sentiment of fear. His uncle received him with the affection of a well-disciplined mind; and heard, with more than patience, perhaps, the repeated story of contrition. But Elliston was no guest at the Lodge. This interview was all that was conceded; and if he did not commence his return with a heart abounding in satisfaction, it had been at least supplied by a modicum of instruction, which, we have reason for believing, played also the part of meat and drink to the body, during nine hours on his journey back to London.

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